



October 1933

The World Faces Eastward. See page 129

What it Means to be a Scenario Writer. See page 138

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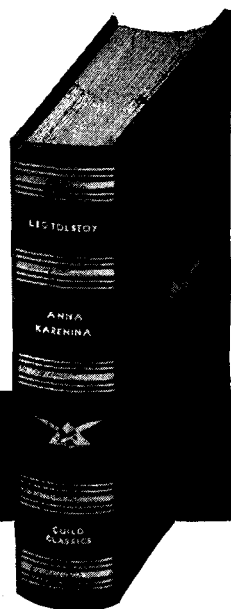
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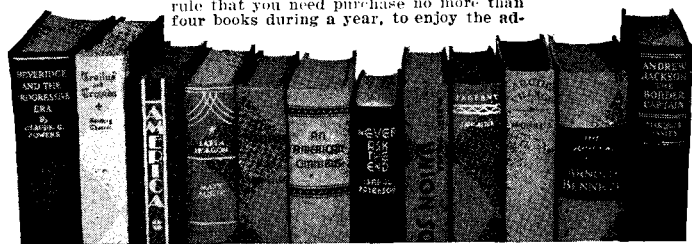
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The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME XXX

October 1933

NUMBER 118

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cation office, Federal and 19th streets, Camden, N. J. Editorial and general offices, 730 Fifth avenue, New York. Printed in the United States. Copyright, 1933, by The American Mercury, Inc. Entered as second class matter January 4, 1924, at the post office at Camden, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly on the 25th of the month preceding the date. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of subscribers' addresses. The American Mercury is indexed in The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.

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CHECK LIST of NEW BOOKS

HISTORY

THE HISTORY OF THE BALKAN PENINSULA.

By *Ferdinand Schevill*. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
\$5 5½ x 8½; 614 pp. *New York*

The first edition of this well-planned and useful work appeared in 1922; the present extensive revision was undertaken by the author in collaboration with Dr. Wesley M. Gewehr. The matters discussed are anything but simple; in truth, Balkan politics is synonymous with obscurity. But out of confusion order emerges, and with the help of the excellent maps any reader should be able to follow the narrative. Dr. Schevill is by no means without opinions about the vexatious problems he discusses, but he nevertheless deals with them in an impartial spirit. In his final chapter he tackles the question of Balkan federation. The obstacles to it, he concludes, "possess an enormous vitality and hardly, if at all, show any evidence of decline". There is a brief but good bibliography, followed by a table of sovereigns and an index.

HISTORY OF GERMANY: PEOPLE & STATE.

Through a Thousand Years.

By *Hermann Pinnow*. *The Macmillan Company*
\$2.75 5¼ x 8; 473 pp. *New York*

This history begins with the earliest known times of the Germani and ends roughly with 1929. Dr. Pinnow stresses politics and sociology, and is inclined to pass over rapidly such things as literature, music, and science. Within its limits it is a useful volume, but it suffers greatly from the complete lack of maps. It is almost incredible that a book of this nature should be put out without a single illustration of any kind, map or portrait. There is a subject index and also a name index, but both are far too short. The translation is by Mabel Richmond Brailsford.

TRAVEL

A MILLION MILES IN SAIL.

By *John Herries McCulloch*.

Dodd, Mead & Company
\$3 5½ x 8½; 263 pp. *New York*

Mr. McCulloch here serves as ghost for Captain C. C. Dixon, a Nova Scotian who followed family example by entering the British merchant service as a boy, and was for many years seaman, mate and

master on windjammers. Altogether, he logged more than 1,000,000 miles in sail, including no less than 504,710 in two ships. His narrative, like that of most sailors, has mainly to do with storms, but his interest in meteorology gives it some unusual touches. He says that the highest temperature he ever encountered in equatorial waters was 86°, and that ten crossings of the line on the Pacific side showed an average of but 79°. There is an interesting first-hand description of the Sargasso Sea, which Captain Dixon explored at length. There are sixteen pages of half-tone illustrations.

RIO GRANDE.

By *Harvey Fergusson*.

Alfred A. Knopf
\$3 5¾ x 8¾; 321 pp. *New York*

Of the twelve chapters of this book, six were published in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, mainly in somewhat shortened form, in May, June, July, August, September and October, 1931. They will be remembered for the graceful and charming writing in them, and for their vivid evocation of the romance of the Rio Grande valley. Mr. Fergusson is a native of it, and is familiar with every mile of it. He paints a brilliant picture of it as it is today, and then explores its melodramatic history. There are chapters on the early Spanish conquerors, on the American mountain and prairie men, and on the Indians; and all the salient characters of the past, from Padre Antonio José Martínez to Kit Carson, are dealt with at length. The book has a good index, and at the end are fifteen pages of illustrations.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

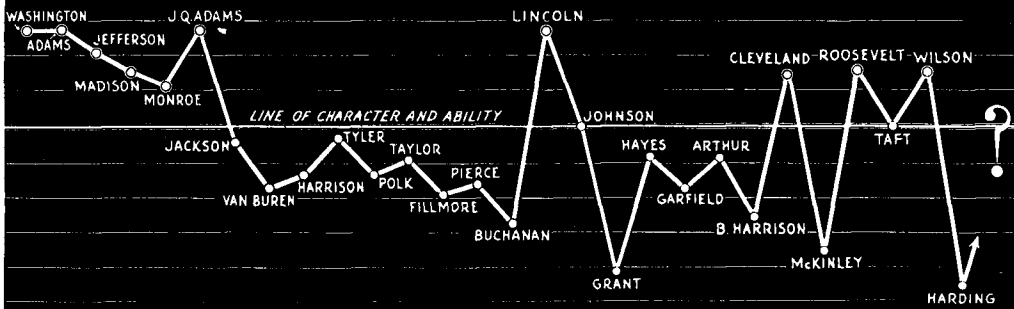
YOUTH IN SOVIET RUSSIA.

By *Klaus Mehnert*. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*

\$2 4¾ x 7¾; 270 pp. *New York*

Herr Mehnert is a German born in Russia in 1906, of a family that had been settled there for generations, but retained its German nationality. During the first year of the World War he escaped to Germany, but he has been back to Russia many times since, and his intimate knowledge of Russian ways and the Russian language has enabled him to come to close quarters with Russians of his own age. He describes at length their manner of life under Bolshevism and the ideas current among them. The extravagances of the social revolt that followed

Continued on page vi



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Continued from page iv

the revolution, he believes, are abating, and the young Russian of tomorrow will be a fellow living under sharp restraints and full of a sense of his duty to society. The book is pleasantly written, and shows some aspects of Russian life that have missed most other visitors. The translation is by Michael Davidson.

THE INVESTOR PAYS.

By Max Lowenthal. *Alfred A. Knopf*
\$2.50 5½ x 8¾; 406 pp. *New York*

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company, or the St. Paul, as it was generally known, was, from 1864 to about 1909, one of the best run roads in the United States. But from then on till 1925 the market value of its securities shrank \$455,000,000. In the latter year it collapsed and went into receivership, and during the next six years its records were minutely examined by several courts and by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Mr. Lowenthal, a New York lawyer, has gone through all the evidence, and here gives the substance of it. He presents the facts clearly, gives names, and quotes heavily from the official testimony. The story he tells is one of the most astounding in the history of American finance. The banks bled the investor mercilessly, but they took good care of their own money: they withdrew most of their investment before the collapse of 1925. Justices Stone, Brandeis, and Holmes of the United States Supreme Court on one occasion denounced the St. Paul with a severity that has become historic. There is an index.

BIOGRAPHY

IVAN THE TERRIBLE.

By Stephen Graham. *The Yale University Press*
\$3 5½ x 8¾; 335 pp. *New Haven*

Ivan IV, called the Terrible, ruled Russia in the years 1533-1584. His cruelty knew no bounds. He butchered his own son and at least 3,000 other subjects, and in almost all cases for the most preposterous reasons. Yet he did a lot to build up Russia. He annexed Siberia, and brought Poland to heel. He cut deeply into the plunder of the church, and promulgated many laws which were beneficial to the common people. His one life-long passion was to marry an Englishwoman. He once asked

*Continued in back advertising section,
page x*

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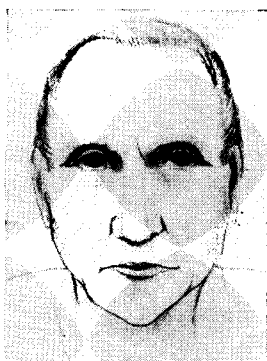
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viii



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The American MERCURY

October 1933

THE WORLD FACES EASTWARD

BY HOWARD F. BARKER

FROM 1453, when the capture of Constantinople by the Turks shut off the last overland route to the East, until 1492, Europe was in a stupor—unhappily conscious that its old trade connections were gone, but with nothing new in sight. Then came the series of reports by Columbus of new lands to the West, and presently every intelligent statesman and man of business could see that there were other avenues to Fortune beside the old roads to the East.

The ensuing Age of Exploration is terminated early in the Seventeenth Century by most American school-books, which say that an Age of Settlement then opened. Many Americans accept 1620 as the pivotal year, but as a matter of fact, the landing at Plymouth Rock was only a small episode. Before 1620 nearly a score of other settlements had been made in the New World. Havana dates from 1511, Panama from 1519, Lima and Buenos Aires from 1535. St. Augustine, Port Royal, Jamestown, Quebec and Fort Orange (Albany), on the North American continent, all antedate Plymouth. And in a few years after 1620, Portsmouth and Dover in New Hampshire, New Amsterdam (later to

become New York), Ferryland in Newfoundland, and St. Mary's in Maryland, became permanent habitations. One settlement after another was established without making much of a mark on the wilderness. They were only outposts and amounted in their day to nothing more than experiments.

But these early settlements, like the explorations, were preliminaries to what was to become the major population movement of modern times—the outflow of people from Western Europe. Gradually, as the Seventeenth Century gave way to the Eighteenth, the rush began. For a long while Eastern Europe was but little affected; it was Western Europe that supplied the wanderers. North America attracted most of them, but many went to South America, Africa, Australia and New Zealand. The fact that they spread out to so many parts of the globe shows that more emphasis should be laid on their exodus *from* Europe than on their arrival *at* their points of destination. But the migration was mainly westward and the Americas were its main beneficiaries, and in consequence its major effect was the peopling of the Western Hemisphere.

This movement cut the Eighteenth Century into two parts, terminating the period of exploration and experimentation, and initiating the era of migration proper. Just what event should be taken as marking the change one can hardly say, but the founding of Savannah in 1733 is perhaps as good as another, for the colony of Georgia, forming around this point, soon encouraged the peopling of South Carolina and hence of the whole Southern Atlantic region of what was to be the United States. It was about 1750 that the spread of the people of Western European blood began in earnest.

That everything which occurred before 1750 was only preliminary can be demonstrated by the case of the United States, which received most of the immigrants. In 1750 what is now our area had a population of less than 1,250,000, but by 1850 it had shot up to 23,000,000. Today it has reached nearly 130,000,000. The known migration in the hundred years from 1830 to 1930 was over 35,000,000. Although not all of this was permanent, it probably meant a net movement of more than 25,000,000 people.

Now, all of that has become history. The current of migration began to ebb even before the World War, and 1932, a year of stagnation, completed the cycle. Within living memory, the migration to this country was often over 700,000 and occasionally over 1,000,000 a year. After the World War our new policy of limiting immigration matured into one of rigid restriction. Under the latest control act quota arrivals cannot exceed 150,000 a year. At the moment, indeed, our net immigration is less than zero, for more people are leaving than are arriving. But even if one concedes a flow of 150,000 immigrants a year, or even somewhat more, it is still obvious that the mass movement is at an end.

Migration to Canada has held up better, but is also on the ebb. Some 6,000,000 have been carried in this current in the last eighty years. Since 1920 their annual numbers have seldom passed 150,000, but they were frequently more than twice that in preceding years. That South America is seeing a similar decline may be judged by the experience of the two countries there—Argentina and Brazil—which have been the most eager recipients of European population. Argentina's immigration has amounted to about 6,000,000 in the last seventy years, but it has gone above 150,000 *per annum* only three times in the last ten years, and has been offset by heavy emigration in the last four. Brazil has received about 4,000,000 immigrants in the last hundred years, but since 1920 the flow has substantially exceeded 100,000 in only one year, and since 1930 it has been officially restricted.

Migration, of course, never produces as much of a shift in population as the gross figures seem to indicate, for many of the adventurers undergo a change of mind or loss of nerve. The United States has held only about two-thirds of its immigrants as permanent residents; the other countries hold even lower proportions. But when a formerly great immigration sinks to a point at which it can be nullified by emigration, a fundamental change is evident.

The subsidence of trans-oceanic migration from Europe in the post-war period and its virtual stoppage in 1932 must be reckoned as one of the really important facts of recent history. The Atlantic no longer provides the setting for the drama of migration on a large scale. The new movements now visible in the world are not westward, nor do they take their rise in Western Europe.

The most significant and largest of them since the War have occurred in Asia. The

migration from China proper to Manchuria is comparable with the great rush to the United States. Prior to 1923 the immigrants were mainly Koreans, with a few Japanese and Russians, but beginning about 1923 there was a large and rapid increase in the proportion of Chinese—mainly peasants making permanent settlement instead of merely engaging in seasonal work as they had done theretofore. It has been estimated that their flow ranged from 400,000 in 1923 to a peak of about 1,200,000 in 1927 and that it still runs to about 300,000 annually. In some of these years over half remained as permanent settlers. The military disturbance in Manchuria-Manchukuo is the result of the collision of the two population streams—Koreans and Japanese coming in from the East and Chinese from the South.

The other great current of migration in the Far East in recent years has been from South-East China and, in some degree, from India, to Malaya, the East Indies and the Philippines. Especially large gains are shown in the Straits Settlements and in the Federated Malay States.

Thus at the moment when the outflow of Western Europeans seems to be drawing to an end, another great movement of population takes its place. The currents are welling up in the East as those in the West quiet down. The year 1932 will be remembered as the date of the subsidence in the movement from Western Europe and of the rush into Manchuria.

II

The population of the world today is more than three times what it was in 1750. In that year a quarter of the whole population was of European blood, with very little overflow outside the continent. To-

day at least 33% of humanity is of European extraction, and there are between three and four people of European ancestry outside of Europe for every ten still in the homeland. Since Western Europe supplied most of the migration now ending, and has about half the present population of the continent, its index is twice that just stated. That is to say, there are now seven Western Europeans abroad for each ten still at home.

The League of Nations has lately published some excellent figures on the recent growth of the world's population in connection with its World Economic Survey for 1931-32. There are many inaccuracies in the data, but the information furnished is still sound enough to afford a fair grasp of the situation. Judged by the figures for 1930, there are today about 2,000,000,000 people in the world. Nearly half of them are in Asia, with some 70,000,000 in the adjoining East Indies and Australia. A generous 500,000,000 live in Europe, a liberal 250,000,000 in the two Americas, and perhaps an eighth of a billion in Africa.

The rates of increase in the decade 1920-30 are fairly well known for all except about 600,000,000 people living mainly in China, the interior of Asia and the interior of Africa. In the areas of record, the average increase in the ten years was 14.8%, or about one to seven. For the whole world, including China (which has a decidedly low net rate of gain), this probably means an increase of 12%, or about one to eight. The Americas progressed at better than the average rate, showing an improvement of about one to five. The greatest gain was in South America. Partial statistics for that continent disclose an increase of one to three, as compared with only one to six, at most, for North America.

During the decade, the population of the United States increased 16%. This rate was more than the world average, but not high by any other standard. For years, the gain in the American population had been more than double the current rate. For eight successive decades, from that beginning in 1790 through that beginning in 1880, with the exception of the one containing the Civil War, the American increase averaged 34% a decade. Even in the war-torn decade, the rate of gain exceeded that of any of the last four decades, running from 1890 to 1930.

Europe as a whole gained in population during the last decade at less than the world-average of one to seven, but Europe falls into two parts. Western Europe, extending as far east as Sweden, Germany and Italy, had a rate of gain not much over a third that of the rest of the continent. Its rate was 7.5%, or about one to thirteen. But Eastern Europe's was 20%, or one to five.

Thus the population of Western Europe is becoming stabilized, and the increasing age of the population and the declining birth-rate indicate that a further slowing down of population growth may be expected. In the whole area from Ireland and Portugal to Sweden and Italy nothing points to any new population pressure. Italy, which has a reputation for encouraging large families, gained only 6½% during the last decade. Holland was the only country in the whole region matching or even approaching the world-average rate.

But in Eastern Europe the situation is quite different. Russia and its Baltic neighbors moved forward at the dizzy rate of 22½%. The Balkan countries gained at the average rate of 13½% or nearly twice that prevailing in Western Europe, and among them Greece and Bulgaria showed gains of 27% and 23%, respectively.

In 1920 the population of Western Europe exceeded that of Eastern Europe by 11,000,000, but by 1930 Eastern Europe is reported to have acquired an advantage of 22,000,000. In this report there may be some exaggeration, for the League of Nations does not attempt to separate the population of Soviet Russia into its European and Asiatic elements, but it remains an unquestionable fact that Europe's center of population is now moving eastward.

Asia, like Europe, has its regions of comparatively stable population and its regions where marked gains are occurring. Growth is slow throughout most of China and India. The only great part of the habitable world which has increased more slowly in population than Western Europe is China. The high birth-rate there is offset by an equally high death-rate. In India, a similar situation permitted a net gain of only 10%.

In China increases in population may be expected in spite of the constancy which has prevailed there for many years. If this expectation becomes a fact the historians of the future will look back on the second quarter of the Twentieth Century as a time of tremendous change. Given the spread of scientific devices for increasing the food supply and a further improvement in medical practice—both of which seem probable—the population of China will increase as never before in recent times.

In Asiatic Russia there has doubtless been a substantial growth of population, but the League statisticians find no means of measuring it. A gain may be assumed, however, on the basis of developments east of the Urals in the last seventy years. Russia was well established in Asia by the sixth decade of the past century. In 1860, Russian subjects in Siberia, the Steppe country, Turkestan and the Far East num-

bered perhaps 13,000,000. Today the same territory is occupied by between 25,000,000 and 40,000,000. M. Obolensky-Ossinsky, former president of the Central Statistical Board of the U. S. S. R., estimated 24,000,000 in 1926, but a comparison of estimates by the League of Nations and the International Statistical Institute for 1929 would indicate between 36,000,000 and 42,000,000 in that year. Much of the gain has been due to migration, voluntary or compulsory. At least 7,000,000 people have gone into the area within the memory of living men.

The three regions in the East where the growth of population is particularly rapid are, in the reverse order of importance, Manchuria, a boiling cauldron, which has benefited greatly from the remarkable immigration already mentioned; next, the insular-peninsular group composed of Japan, Korea and Formosa; and, most important of all but least appreciated, Indonesia, comprising the East Indies, Malaya, Siam and Indo-China.

The Indonesian group, excluding the Philippines, where the gain in the decade 1920-30 was only 16%, but including Java, where it approached 20%, showed an average gain of 25%, or one to four. Siam showed 25%, Indo-China 27%, and the Malay States and most of the East Indies rates of over 30%. That means 100,000,000 people where previously there were only 80,000,000.

In the same ten years, Japan, with Korea and Formosa, grew at the rate of 17%—77,000,000 people becoming 90,000,000. This was in spite of the fact that the population of Japan proper rose only 15%, or from 56,000,000 to 64,000,000. Statistics for Manchukuo (or Manchuria) are not available, but the vast migration to that area entitles it to mention as one of the chief centers of growth in the East. Like the other two major areas, it is part of the

Pacific littoral. Without question, therefore, the extreme East is gaining in importance relative to the rest of Asia.

The changes in population-totals by main areas in the last decade are discordant with those of the Columbian era and are thus prophetic of a new balance of man power. Eastern Asia on the one hand and Eastern Europe on the other begin to acquire new weight and promise to force adjustments of both the internal affairs of Europe and the interrelationships of Europe, the Americas and Asia. For historian, international trader and statesman the watchword becomes, "Look to the East."

III

If the present is really a period of transition from one major era to another, it should be apparent in the emergence of new forces bearing on the growth and distribution of population, and in conflicting tendencies as the old forces persist in spite of new ones. Such is the fact.

The main tendency in the old era was for population to spread itself more uniformly. The open spaces had a strong appeal; "new lands" was the magic phrase. Emphasis was on the primary development of untouched resources, and especially the development of new farms and mines. Secondly, there was a tendency toward an increase in density in certain areas already well populated, but these were mainly restricted areas—seldom of the extent of even a small country like Holland or Palestine, but more commonly cities or industrial areas.

Now a new tendency has emerged, which is best viewed as intermediate between the other two. It favors the growth of population in places hitherto not of advanced economy, but nevertheless popu-

lous. Thus one can now speak of the operation of three main principles producing gains in population: (1) in underdeveloped areas of slight population, (2) in retarded areas of substantial population, and (3) in highly developed localities of dense population. The third principle evidently denotes *intensive* growth; the second may very naturally be called one of *coördinative* growth; the first has often been described but seldom named, and may properly be called that of *promotive* growth.

The emergence of the coördinative principle heralds the new era. In the near future it promises to restore the importance of populations where numbers have outrun the means of subsistence and modern science has been relatively unappreciated. The masses in these hinterlands have been slowly but steadily influenced by the seepage of scientific information. In spite of all inhibitions and prohibitions, the backward peoples—Malays, Koreans and Russians alike—will continually become possessed of knowledge giving them better livelihoods and safer living. Their *per capita* demands for the fruits of science and invention may continue to be moderate, but the number of people involved will mean trade totals of large proportions. How readily such people may capitalize Western culture is evidenced by the rapid advancement of Japan.

The promotive principle is now waning in the world; new lands will lose significance compared to backward lands in the new era. The immediate advantage of the backward lands is that they consume as well as produce. They seldom suffer from overfilled granaries or bulging warehouses because they are themselves great markets. Beside, they represent kinds of supply and demand which are not subject to depletion or radical changes. Long after

virgin resources are a memory, the process of leveling up the industrial development of the various parts of the world will still be active and will react to the benefit of the hinterlands.

The intensive principle is also losing force; places already highly industrialized must gradually lose their advantages over those not so advanced. This will come about largely because of the natural spread of scientific and technical knowledge and the general adoption of better equipment. The decentralization of industry is inevitable. Again, the guarantee of consumption is important. The hinterlands of industry do not know the overproduction which threatens to ruin the industrial nations. In fact, their very shortcoming in the past—the failure of subsistence—is just what industrialization can overcome. Moreover, such progress as the crowded but underdeveloped areas make will be largely depression-proof. There the mathematics of supply and demand is much simpler than in highly organized areas which depend on external markets and sources of supply.

In the Americas and Western Europe there are no really large bodies of people without a semblance of modern conveniences. Since the Americas are still in fact the New World, the promotive principle—favoring areas having virgin resources—remains important here; yet the intensive principle, looking toward urbanization, already operates. Since immigration from Western Europe has largely subsided and its population is characterized by increasing age and a falling birth-rate, that area is the one mainly affected by the further growth of cities and industrial centers. Neither the two Americas nor Western Europe show any sign of forging ahead in population in the future as they have in the past.

In North and South America, as a unit, the development of the newer areas is still the most important influence on population movements. Its present effect is to produce a shifting southward along with the familiar shift westward. The coördinative principle has little bearing here, although there are some parts of Latin America which have long been populous and are not well outfitted. The intensive principle finds striking application in the growth of the cities of the United States. What the total of population in the Western Hemisphere will be and how it will be distributed by the end of the Twentieth Century will depend on the interaction of the three forces. An important question is whether the new lands of South America will again attract immigration. In the new era they may have much less drawing power than they have had in the past.

The United States still affords an excellent illustration of the tendency of population to increase promotively where agricultural and mineral resources have been tardily developed. California has increased 65% and Florida 50% in ten years, or, respectively, better than three and four times the United States average. Some may maintain that this growth occurred under the coördinate principle, because these areas have long been fairly well populated. Contention may also arise as to the moving force in the building up of the industrial districts of the South, such as the Piedmont and the Tennessee Valley regions, where there has been rapid growth. But although the two principles are readily confused, consideration will indicate that neither our West nor our South is densely populated nor backward in the sense that some parts of the Old World are. Their gains are not total gains for the United States, but rather in the nature of adjustments.

In conflict with the main tendency of the American population to move westward and southward into the areas of least development there has been a tendency for it to shift toward the cities of the North and the East, and especially toward the Great Lakes area centering on Detroit. This is in application of the rule of intensification, and indicates, as a military man would say, that we are beginning to consolidate our position in contrast to aspiring to new victories. Thus the United States joins Western Europe as a part of the world concerned with refinements in the distribution of population.

In Western Europe gains under the intensive principle are partly mere shifts in centers of concentration. Furthermore, they have little effect on the total numbers because of rural depopulation, such as is especially evident in the British Isles and France. Ireland, Scotland, Wales and the rural districts of eastern England all show declines of population. A great area in Central France is likewise losing people.

Urban concentration is noticeable throughout Western Europe. In England, the districts adjoining London have gained at rates four and five times the English average for the last decade, which was only 6%. In Italy, the region around Rome shows a similar phenomenon, and the German population is likewise focusing on Berlin and Hamburg. The attraction of these and other cities is so great as almost to still the call of lands overseas.

Several countries show definite shifts in their centers of concentration. In France marked increases are shown in the industrial North and in Lorraine. In the coal-fields on the Dutch-Belgian border there is a noticeable thickening of population. In England some parts of the Midlands are attracting new people, and there is at the same time a general shift from north

to south. In Spain are occurring movements as great as those directed toward Michigan and North Carolina in the United States; there the industrial ports like Barcelona and the iron and coal regions in the northern and south-central parts are making rapid gains.

What has been said gives a general view of the shifting of human forces in the Americas and Western Europe. Similar detail is not warranted for the East: it is simply too vast to describe in a short statement. Passing eastward or southward from Germany, and continuing on the road to Bagdad and thence across Southern Asia, out into the Pacific and up the east coast of Asia, one sees people by the millions who have not yet gained what the West considers an adequate living:

<i>Area</i>	<i>People in millions</i>
Soviet Russia	160
Poland and her Baltic neighbors . . .	40
The Balkans	75
The Near East, from Turkey to Arabia and Persia	35
India	350
Indonesia	100
China	350
Japan and dependencies	90

All of these figures are conservative, and China, especially, may be more populous than indicated. Dr. Walter F. Willcox, editor of "International Migrations," finds substantial grounds for holding his estimate of China's population to slightly less than 350,000,000, but the League of Nations and the International Statistical Institute agree that it must be more than 450,000,000.

How important the descendants of these people in the aggregate may be in the balance of human power at some future day may be left to speculation. Our study has indicated that certain groups of them will

soon make their weight felt in world affairs. Eastern Europe with its more than 275,000,000, Indonesia with its more than 100,000,000, and Japan with command over nearly another 100,000,000, are three groups which are already making marked headway under the new principle of population growth.

The advantage which the situation gives to lands with huge populations and low standards of living is quite out of accord with conditions in the Columbian era; it is rather reminiscent of medieval and ancient times. The potentialities of China, Japan, Indonesia and Russia awaken memories of the glories of Egypt, Persia and Macedonia, and convince one that a new era has opened in which, as in ancient times, the East will be ascendant.

IV

Mankind could not forever style the period beginning in 1492 Modern Times. The least that could be expected was that some part of it would one day be reckoned as Early Modern Times. As matters stand, it is probable that our descendants will mark off 1492-1932 as the Columbian Period of Occidental Expansion and not deem it modern.

One should bear in mind that many a man who lived in the 1490's never heard of Christopher Columbus. He had no more tangible evidence of the throttling of old forces and the unleashing of new ones than most of us have now. Major periods in history do not announce themselves loudly. They take their beginning in a succession of events, no one of which may seem extraordinary.

The capture of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453 was the one event most responsible for the restlessness of Columbus and most prophetic of his discoveries

and their effect on mankind. But it took the stoppage of caravan service to the East, the explorations of Vasco de Gama and others, the voyages of Columbus, Amerigo Vespucci, the Cabots and others working westward, and many other events to make the public of that day realize that the destiny of the world lay to the westward.

The concatenation of events in recent years is quite as easily underestimated, but quite as certainly momentous. Today the world faces eastward because it has seen

a stoppage in what for centuries was the main flow of population and a welling up of new currents destined to shift humanity's center of gravity eastward. In the detail of evolution, much depends on the maintenance of industrial development along the Pacific littoral of Asia and much on the immigration policy of the Americas, especially South America, and something depends on living conditions in Western Europe, but there are strong indications that the Columbian Era has now closed.

CAMERA OBSCURA

BY JAMES M. CAIN

OF THE 300 or so writers actually employed in Hollywood, I suppose I know fifty, and I don't know one who doesn't dislike movie work, and wish he could afford to quit it. This is a singular state of affairs, for among the actors, directors, executives, and the other people engaged in the business the feeling is the other way around. They find it, to be sure, very trying. They rarely make a picture without getting into some sort of nasty mess; they find the studio is doing them dirt, they see their pet scene on the cutting-room floor, they quarrel among themselves, they live in a state of constant turmoil. But all this is temporal, accidental, and local. The cinema itself to them is Heaven, and however badly it may be run in spots, it is fundamentally so perfect that it would be impossible to imagine an improvement.

For writers, however, it is Hell, and it is Hell no less if their corner of it, as often happens, is very well run. For some, of course, it is worse than for others. The ones who find it least irksome, oddly enough, are those who were professional novelists, playwrights, or story writers before they came to it. This is not because they are better at it, or are more politely treated, or have thicker skins. It is because, for them, it is not the only egg in the basket. If they fail at it, or get into a row with some supervisor, or for one reason or another have to leave, they still have their trade to fall back on. To them,

the movies are only a sideline, and an unimportant one except for the money that is in it; their real work, the thing that seems worth while to them, is something else. Thus they shed studio grief easily, and even manage to regard it a bit humorously.

But the man who used to get out notices for Ziegfeld is never going to write a play, and knows it, and neither is the man who used to cover fires for the New York *Daily News*, nor the man who used to write light articles for *Time*, nor the man who used to bust bronks for Hoot Gibson. If they don't get a whiff of stardust here, there is no place else they will get it, and so they are the bitterest about the business.

It sounds somewhat odd to hear one of them denounce it with passion, for to look at him you wouldn't think he was capable of passion, and to look at his record you wouldn't think he cared about anything much, so long as he got paid. But that is the curious thing about a writer. No matter what queer things he used to do, no matter what queer things he does now, such as advertising himself in the movie annuals, no matter how smugly he tells himself that 1,000 bucks a week pays for everything, no matter what kind of cheap hack he may be, to all signs and appearances, there comes a time in his day when he has to be a writer. Within his limits, he has to come to grips with his job, to do his best. Yet his best, if you are

to believe him, is the one thing the movies won't let him do.

None of them, then, gets any satisfaction out of it. They get money, but nothing more. Some take the disappointment lightly, others tragically, but for all of them it is there, and it is what I want to probe into here. I have to warn you that I am a disappointed movie writer myself, so you can take my remarks at a proper discount. I have had two flops. I think they were due to bad judgment, *i.e.*, to the acceptance of assignments I had no fitness for, rather than to any special ineptitude for the work, but I would mislead you if I let you think I only half tried, or that they weren't real flops. I worked as hard as I knew how, and yet both times I flopped flat.

But I would mislead you, too, if I let you think my failure at this task mattered as much to me as my failure at other tasks. When I am going through the back files of some magazine, and come across an article of mine that I feel was bad, I can't look at it. I have to flip the pages fast, and if it was an especially bad article, I am upset for the whole day, and have to pound the typewriter furiously to shake it out of my mind. The movies had no such power to punish me. I disliked the fact that two companies had paid me money, and had got nothing for it, for that was a new sensation to me, and a disagreeable one. I was in a scramble of personal emotions, for on both lots there were men who had treated me very decently, whom I had got to like, and whom I had let down. Moreover, I was sad in the pocketbook, for I like money as well as anybody else, and movie money will buy as much as any other kind of money.

But all that involved what you might call my social conscience. My artistic conscience barely stirred. And if I had turned

in a fine story, I don't think it would have turned any handsprings either. That is what I want to get at here: Why is it that the movies seem unable to afford the writer the requital that he finds so quickly elsewhere; burning shame for work badly done, glowing pride in work that hits the mark? If I do get at it, I ought to be able to shed light on a somewhat broader issue, which is the cinema's claim to a place in the sun. Is this really destined to be one of the major arts, worthy of serious critical attention? Or is it only a rich relative of the Muses, dressed in all her fine raiment, but condemned to go forever without a lover unless she pays him a fat sum to get in bed with her?

II

The woe of the movie writer, of course, is no special discovery of my own: it is discussed all the time, together with various theories to explain it, and I think it would be well to clear the deck of some of these before going on.

You have heard, no doubt, that moving picture studios are dreadful places, run by barbarians with no idea of manners, and callous to all the finer ideals that are supposed to animate a writer. This doesn't happen to be true. I have worked in a number of places in my time, and I have never worked any place where courtesy was more in evidence than on a movie lot, or where the daily contacts were more pleasant. The capacity of a studio to make life agreeable for you, indeed, savors almost of the magical. If you are bothered by street noises, they will whisk you to a place where you can hear nothing but birds; if you dislike to talk over the telephone, the girl at the board will tell your lies for you; if you like tea at four-thirty, it will arrive at four-thirty sharp.

You can have no complaint about the arrangements for your comfort, and you can have no complaint about the treatment you get from your colleagues. If you are stuck, ten of them will sit around and try to pull you out; if you need a gag, somebody will think of one, and shoot it to you quick. Wash out all stories about the ghastliness of life on a movie lot. They are like stories about the illiterate Broadway producers: funny when told, but lamentably far from the truth. A movie lot, making all allowance for feuds, quarrels, and turmoil, is more like a big club than a place of employment.

Movie executives are anything but barbarians. The business is full of nepotism: the incompetent brother-in-law is a great trial to everybody, including his wife. But that is true of every business. And there is the occasional irritating roughneck. But taking one man with another, you can be sure that he didn't get to be supervisor, or associate producer, or production manager, without knowing a great deal about moving pictures. And you can't know much about moving pictures unless you know something of the world. These fellows have been around, they have good manners, they talk well, they have some presence. They are not, as a rule, very well educated, if by education you mean the possession of college degrees. Yet they will often surprise you by their exact information on some recondite subject: like most self-made men, they have to work hard for knowledge, and when they get it they have it.

They have one bad fault. They are prone to condone bad work if the picture makes money, and overlook good work if the picture flops. But here again, something must be said for them. The pressure on them to produce profits is simply enormous, and if it ever got around that they

had their minds on anything else they would be very badly off indeed. Too, they have found out by rule of thumb that good work is usually profitable and bad work not, so that they don't lose much sleep over occasional exceptions.

This brings me to the most important legend of all, so far as this discussion is concerned, which is that the studios don't want good work from a writer, but only the cheapest stuff he can think up, and the more stereotyped, mawkish, and salacious the better. This is an idea that is held, not only by the outside world, but by the writers themselves, to a very large extent. It is their most frequent out, what they blame their troubles on. Well, I don't believe it. I have sat in a good many moving picture conferences, and I have yet to hear an executive say, "Boys, it ain't sexy enough." What they usually say is: "Boys, it's no goddam good. Maybe you need more time. Take it. But it's got to be a whole lot better if we're going to schedule it."

When the boys get back to their office, no doubt they feel hurt. No doubt they feel that this is a story about a sensitive young something or other, and as such must be pretty good. No doubt they feel that they are sensitive young somethings or other themselves, and couldn't possibly have thought up anything but a masterpiece. No doubt they feel that the movies are run by a lot of ex-button-hole makers who wouldn't know something good if it was handed to them on a silver platter. No doubt they pity themselves handsomely, but I'll tell you why their effort was turned down. It was no goddam good, and that was the beginning of it and the end of it.

They want good stories, and they will hire any writer, from G. B. Shaw to Mike Romanoff, who shows a glim of a shadow

of a wisp of a promise of giving them good stories. By good they mean just what you mean by good. That is, they mean what you mean when you have paid your money and want something to show for it. They don't mean what you mean when you sit around as a kibitzer and think up bigger and better ideas for the movies. Sad experience has taught them that whimsical political satire in the Gilbert and Sullivan manner, hot appeals to reason in the Heywood Broun manner, screwy pictures of sheep in the Swedish manner, screwy pictures of feet in the German manner, and screwy pictures of flywheels in the Russian manner, produce only snores, even in the most cultivated noses. And sad experience has taught them that many of their own screwy tricks, effective enough once, nowadays produce only snores, too.

They have learned that good means good. It means what you paid for: that kick, that excitement, that emotion, which takes you out of the seat you are sitting in, transports you to where things are going on, and holds you there in hot suspense to see how it all comes out. They'll give you all those. If you want Gilbert and Sullivan, they'll get you Danforth; if you want Broun, they'll get him; they've got all the sheep, feet, flywheels, shipwrecks, ostriches, palaces, legs, wapitis, conveyor belts, and elephants there are. But one thing they demand: it's got to be good. And if sometimes it isn't good, be assured that they know it as well as you do.

They have to get out 550 pictures a year in this place, exclusively of shorts, newsreels, and novelties, and there just aren't that many good stories. Just the same, good is what they want. Nothing is too high-brow for them, or too fine, or too delicate; there is no technical problem they won't solve for you, provided it has that thing.

III

The first thing that catches your ear, when you go on a movie lot, is that these people don't say "movies," or "talkies." They say "pictures." And it is not long before you realize that this is no chance word. It states the essence of the business.

That thing up there isn't primarily the record of a novel, a play, or a story. It is a series of photographed pictures. All its main problems are identical with those of the old postcard series, where a cat stalked a bird in six views, or a dog rescued a boy from the water, or a hobo stole a pie from a pantry shelf. The basis of the cinema is a photographed picture, and that it moves, or that it talks, is incidental. This moving and talking may lend verisimilitude, or variety, or divertissement for the ear, but the main thing remains: a photographed picture.

Now, when you use a photographed picture as a means of expression, there are certain things about it that do not occur to the average person, and they bear directly on what I am getting at here. I can illustrate by quoting a conversation I once had with a cartoonist, at the time when a prominent lady tennis player was exhibiting her drawings and attracting some attention with them. I asked him what he thought of them.

"Oh," he said, "they're all right, I guess. They're not drawings, though. Anyway, not what an artist means by drawings. They're nothing but sketches from photographs."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"I don't know how I know. Don't *you* know? Can't you feel that lifelessness about them? All those figures are in poses no artist would ever think of. Look at that one. Only the camera could get a woman in a stoop like that. You see, to

get the feeling of life in a figure, you have to pose the model, or imagine the model, in a position that makes the stresses of the anatomy effective. If you don't, you get something like the snapshot of a runner as he breaks the tape. Usually, he doesn't look to be running at all. He looks to be falling down, or walking, or standing still. It's the same way with these things. I don't know what to say about them. There's nothing to say. *They don't say anything.*"

Bearing in mind that last remark, which I put in italics as the key to this discussion, consider now photography in comparison with that branch of graphic art to which it would seem to bear the closest relation: portraiture. Consider the pictures of Sargent, who specialized in portraiture, and who always got a likeness as good as the camera gets. When you look at his portrait of Joseph Pulitzer, do you say, "What a man!"? You do not. You say, "What a picture!". But when you look at a photograph of Pulitzer, it is the other way around. You examine his face with interest, take in all details of costume, from the flapping black hat to the great cape, and never give a thought to the photographer at all. Why? Because the portrait *says* something. What you see is Joseph Pulitzer, but what you *feel* is John Singer Sargent. In some curious fashion, with paint as a medium and Pulitzer as a model, Sargent's imagination speaks to your imagination, says something that transcends all models, however eminent. It would be the same with any model, a peasant girl, say, or Lord Ribblesdale, a dull man, but the subject of a very fine portrait.

But the photographer imagines nothing, communicates nothing. He poses the model, adjusts the lights, uses a soft focus or a sharp focus, retouches afterward, goes

through an elaborate routine, and in view of this, it is common to hear eminent custodians of the little birdie discussed as "artists." Yet obviously there is no art here, no message from one imagination to another imagination. No matter what lofty thoughts the photographer may be capable of, or the beholder may be capable of, what goes on the plate is the model, and that is all that goes on the plate. It is all the photographer can give, all the beholder can get. To the extent that the model is interesting the picture will be interesting, but only to that extent: even the best photographer couldn't make the Brain Trust look like anything.

But, you say, the writer is not a photographer. He makes up stories, and these are what the models narrate. Furthermore, he doesn't deal in still pictures, where a comparison can be made with drawing. His figures move and talk, and are so lifelike that the proper comparison is with the actors in a play. Well, I doubt that. The moving photograph, I think, is much closer to the face on the plate, in all its profounder aspects, than it is to the living actor. There is, for example, the matter of the period of interest. You get sick of the moving photograph with the same appalling swiftness that you get sick of the still photograph: all movie shots have to be brief, and intercut with close-ups and angle shots, else you would go insane from the monotony. Again, when drawing and photography do meet on the screen, drawing wins by so many miles that it is not even a race. I think it is agreed, both in the industry and out of it, that Mickey Mouse is the one outstanding accomplishment of the talking picture to date. Yet it is not photographic. It is made with a camera, but it is a drawing; that is, it is one imagination speaking to another imagination.

But let us waive these points, which may

seem a little thin, and consider the proposition that the photographed model is to all intent and purpose like the actor in a play. Superficially he is, of course, but with this difference: the actor is not part of the play. He is part of the performance, but he acts only as surrogate for a character. The character has an imaginative existence apart from his performance of it, and the play has an imaginative existence apart from all performances of it. This is something that even the most naïve realize, for you hear them as they go out: "Good show all right, but that kid was lousy"; or: "Nothing to it, but Cornell was good." The actor may hurt the play, or he may help it, but always the play is one thing, the actor another.

That is not true of a movie. The story has no existence apart from this version of it: the two are frozen together on that film for all time, and they cannot be separated. There is a script, and you can consult it, but you will not find a script in the sense that a play has a script or a symphony a score. It is a set of notes for a director, set down in jargon that only he can understand. Furthermore, it often gives no clue to what comes out on the screen. "Camera," it says, "pans to get section of crowd." But "section of crowd," as the director shoots it, may be the big scene of the picture. There is nothing in the script to show it. If you want this story, you have to get it from that film: for the first time in the history of such things, imagination and performance go together, and there is no way to get them apart.

Now, it doesn't help the writer any to realize that a studio, with its great resources, can give him a production such as no stage producer can give him. It can, and it does. But this is the spot he is in: Since the whole enterprise is in one lump, it follows that things must be arranged so

that this particular cast can do its best. If he has written for the stage, he has heard a producer say, "Don't write an actor. Write a character. When you get a live character on paper, we'll find the actor to play it." But the very nature of this movie business compels him to write for an actor. Chevalier, for example, likes to play in a straw hat. It makes him feel like Chevalier. And in his pictures you will usually find some comic bit that involves a straw hat.

Well, suppose the writer, assigned to a Chevalier picture, remembered his stage tradition and said: "To hell with Chevalier. I'm not writing Chevalier. I'm writing a character, and my character doesn't wear a straw hat. Anyhow, I've got more things to worry about than spotting a hat gag so that Frog can get a laugh." The supervisor, I think, would look at him in some astonishment. What character? There will never be any character except as Chevalier plays it. It is sink or swim with Chevalier, and anything that helps him belongs in, as they say.

But suppose the supervisor were such a supervisor as never existed, and said: "Maybe you're right. Do it your way, and we'll see." And suppose, after it is finished, the studio sees that it isn't a Chevalier picture at all, but a Bing Crosby picture. Next day the supervisor will be back. "This guy, you've heard him, likes a spot where he can go la-de-da, m'm-m-m-m'm, you know, on the chorus? See if you can fix up a couple of those lyrics so it works in right, will you?"

First draft, second draft, final draft, or whatever draft it is, that is the way it works out. The words are the supervisor's, the voice is the camera's. It is the same with Blondell's legs, Cagney's sock, McHugh's laugh, West's bosom, Merkle's accent, Brown's mouth, Fields's juggling,

Durante's nose: there is hardly an actor without an asset to be taken into account, so we are right back where we started. They move, they talk, they look exactly like actors in a play, and yet we have the same old model, the face on the plate: regardless of what the writer, the director, or anybody else is trying to say, that is what comes out on the screen.

It is this, I think, that makes a writer get sick at the stomach when he walks on a movie lot, causes him to feel that in some vague way he is a prostitute of the arts. It is not that he is jealous of the actor. It is not that he has highfalutin notions about the sanctity of writing as compared with other branches of the business. He gets off some nonsense to that effect, of course, and half believes it. But the trouble is not that. It is inherent in the business. Imagination is free or it is not free, and here it is not free. It serves the medium, instead of the medium serving it, and once that is felt, that is the end of pride, of joy in getting things down on paper, of having them appear in front of your eyes. And for my part, no matter what technical improvements are made, I can't see that it can be changed even a little bit. So long as this is photography, it is there to stay.

But even this is not the end of it, so far as the writer is concerned. If the camera has a defective capacity for conveying what somebody imagined, it has a positive genius for conveying what nobody imagined. Once I saw Charles Bickford in a picture called "East of Borneo," liked some things he did in it, and called him up to tell him so. He wasn't home, but Mrs. Bickford was, and we got to talking about the picture.

"Tell me," I said, "did Charlie really have to work with those alligators, or was his end of it all done in the studio?"

"He certainly *did* have to work with the alligators," she said. "And oh my, did you notice that place where the alligator was in the boat? That alligator wasn't supposed to be there. When Hobart screamed that time it was a real scream, and Charlie didn't know what to do. It was an awfully expensive set-up, and they had three cameras on it, and he hated to make them shoot it over. So he picked up the oar and beat the alligator over the back with it, and it got out of the boat, but he was scared all right."

It was the wow shot of the picture. It was very valuable, for it made possible fine lobby stills showing Bickford slashing at a snapping alligator, and it pulled them in by the thousands. But who imagined it? Not the authors. Not the director. Not Bickford, for he wasn't imagining about that time. He was trying to get out of a spot, and if you ever saw a half ton of alligator go into action against a man, you can know how hot that spot was. Nobody imagined it. It was an accident. But if it had collided with the story, the story would have been scuttled so fast you couldn't see it go down. When a beauty like that is caught on a negative, story, art, and all such things must make way for it.

In the picture "Tarzan," a lioness went up a tree after a man. The authors didn't imagine that. How could they? Lions don't climb trees. It was in there because Goebel happens to have a cat that flouts zoölogy and goes aloft. So they baited her with meat and got her up there. "It looked funny," said Goebel, "but they went for it, so I guess it was all right."

In hardly any animal picture does the negative show exactly what the authors wrote. In "King of the Jungle," the script called for a lion to kill a bull. The bull pitched nine lions out of the stockade, and when he was withdrawn, being too clawed

up by that time to look pretty in a picture, a second bull pitched out five more. The human race, apparently, had been under some slight misapprehension as to who the king of the jungle really was, and the lion never did kill the bull. So they cut in some footage of the fight, and let it go at that.

Then there is the kind of shot that depends on mechanical effect, and achieves, in verisimilitude, much more than could be achieved by any imagination, however lively, as no imagination has ever beheld such a thing. The gigantic ape in "King Kong," the rubber octopus in "Below the Sea," the sinking submarine in "The Devil and the Deep,"—all these go far beyond imagination, in the sense that no imagination could possibly pretend that it knew what such things look like. In other words, the writer not only works with a medium which grossly fails him at times, but one that runs hog wild on him at other times, and makes him say things which no man in his sober senses could mean or believe.

Were he an artist in paints, words, or musical notes, he would be working with a medium absolutely under his control. But this medium is always climbing down from its tripod and telling him what to do. "We can't do that, old man," it says to him. "No way to photograph a thought, you know. Of course, they put it on the sound track in 'Strange Interlude,' but for a thing like this, it's too screwy. I tell you what we can do, though. We'll sink this guy in a shipwreck. We've still got the tank we used in 'Hell Under the Waves,' and that ship model from 'Express Liner,' and we'll put the fast camera on it, so those bubbles come out slow and big; we'll do a real, first-class, up-to-date underwater job on it, that'll look like a million dollars, and we can do it for seven fifty, anyway a grand, what do you say?"

He obeys the medium, the medium

doesn't obey him. And then, when his work has had its brief flurry, it is dead. Old movies can't be re-issued. As we have noted, the story is shackled to a single set of costumes, sets, and technical devices, and when these are out of date, they sink it. If, as sometimes happens, a movie is made over, there is an entirely new version: not a scrap of the first author's work remains. It is the final garland of the movie writer.

IV

I think it is clear now why the serious critic so persistently holds aloof from moving pictures, and why he will probably continue to do so. Inevitably, he is Posterity's bookmaker, and Posterity is not going to be fooled by straw hats, legs, noses, alligators, process shots, or anything so ephemeral, however ingenious it may be. It pays off on wings, on that imaginative vitality which can fly down the cruelly long distance through the years.

Thus the critic is concerned with what, in telegraphy, is known as the phantom circuit, that electrical area which exists apart from all wires, all models, all costumes, all effects: the imagination we have been talking about. But when he looks for it on the screen, where is he to find it? Did the writer put it in, or the director, or the actor, or was it just an accident, like Bickford and the alligators? And suppose he does spot it, and thinks he knows whom to credit it to, how can he mark odds on it when it is glued to celluloid, is not free, and can never fly?

It is as though, in music, he were invited to pass on a composition, and then discovered that the only way he could ever hear it was on a particular phonograph record. It is imprisoned there, and he can't be concerned with things in a prison, any

more than a scientist can be concerned with formulas reserved to a commercial trademark. Something snide gets into the business, and repels him. And he can never be quite sure that a crash of cymbals which he especially admires is not, in reality, the sound of the conductor falling off the podium.

I think it is clear, too, that the writer, if he has his mind on Bigger and Better Things, will forever be disappointed here, and that he will always yield place to the man in front of the camera, who is the model, and the man behind the camera, who is the director. Yet it might help him a bit to have a clear idea what his function is, and discharge that function, instead of aspiring to functions which simply are not there. I think an industry usually has an instinct for what is good for it, and from this industry you hear nothing about Bigger and Better Things. All that kind of talk goes on outside. This industry believes that its future lies in entertainment. "Give us down-to-earth stories," say the exhibitors, in the trade periodicals. "Give us something the customers like. Cut out the highbrow fol-de-rol, and learn SHOW-MANSHIP. Good human STORIES. Stories with REAL SITUATIONS. Stories with EXCITEMENT."

Well, there are worse trades than con-fecting entertainment, and if you realize clearly that you *are* at work on entertainment, something that lives tonight and tomorrow is forgotten, then the suspicion that you are a prostitute of the arts loses much of its sting. If entertainment is all that it comes to, then we are all work-men together, aren't we, putting up a little show? The question of who is most important hasn't much point if it is realized that nobody is important. With that always kept in mind, I think writers could have a lot more fun than they have now, and do better work. There is good entertainment and bad, and a chance for plenty of honest resourcefulness.

For my part, when I go to a movie, I am entertained best if it is unabashedly a movie, and not a piece of dull hoke posing as something else. I fell for Jo Swerling's "Below the Sea," rubber octopus and all, but I detested "Cavalcade." I liked Frances Marion's "The Champ," but "Cynara" gave me a pain in the neck. I think that is the way most of the customers feel, and I think it shows the way to the proper sphere for moving pictures. In other words, it is better to shoot at a balloon and hit a balloon than to shoot at a star and hit a cornfield.

ALL DRESSED UP AND NOWHERE TO GO

BY JAMES T. FARRELL

A LOOF and alone, and smoking a cigarette, the great Studs Lonigan stood on the sidewalk by the vacant lot at Fifty-eighth street and Indiana avenue watching the punks play at war. It was a Summer morning in 1917.

The punks had two trenches facing each other, and they were having a war with sand-filled tin-cans. The nearer trench was a wide hole, partly covered with tar paper, and protected by earthworks of sand, large stones, and grocery-boxes. The farther trench, protected with similar earthworks, was long and narrow, and connected by a communication trench with a shallow reserve trench. In front of it was an observation post, consisting of a deep hole.

Studs watched the punks fling their sand-filled tin-cans back and forth, wondering where they could have collected so many cans. He sneered heavily. If it had not been for that goddam recruiting sergeant he wouldn't have to stand and watch loud-mouthed punks in short pants fight an imitation war.

"Gwan home and get yer diapers pinned on, sonny!"

That humiliation clung to him. The memory of it made him feel small and ashamed. What they should have done was to jump the fellow, even if he was a sergeant in the U. S. A. They could have done it too, he and Red and Kenny.

All last night had been a nightmare. Studs had hardly slept, and when he had, those dreams! But now he had to laugh.

It had been neat, the way Kenny had copped that banana-cart from the dago. And they had gone down to Kenny's basement and eaten the bananas, drinking water from a milk bottle. Then, they'd snuck a ride downtown on the el, climbing up from the back, and over the railing. They should have jumped the goddam sergeant.

"Gwan home and get yer diapers pinned on, sonny!" the beefy-faced big stiff had said, looking straight at Studs. Then he had turned aside, and let fly a gob of tobacco juice. They should have jumped him. And yes, they *could* have.

Studs saw Andy Le Gare and Danny O'Neill rise from the farther trench holding between them a five-gallon oil-can heavy with sand. They manoeuvred into position and prepared to heave their mighty trench mortar. Just then Dick Buckford rose from the nearer trench, and threw a small tomato can that whacked Andy's arm. Andy let out a yell, and dropped the can on his foot. He dived back into his trench. Amidst a shower of cans, O'Neill retrieved the mortar, and followed Andy. Dick Buckford, Fat Malloy, Jack Glynn, and Young Horn Buckford all arose in their trench and laughed. Studs laughed, too, wishing that he had been in the trench and in a position to plop goofy Le Gare like that with a can.

He felt like getting in with the punks at the nearer trench. But hell, that was only *playing* at war. He wasn't a kid in short

pants. But maybe he wasn't a man, either. They wouldn't take him in the Army.

"Gwan home and get yer diapers pinned on, sonny!"

Home! He felt as if he didn't have any home. He wasn't understood there. His mother was always trying to make a priest out of him. And his sister gave him a great big pain. He'd like to kick her in her teeth. Well, let the Old Man yell. He knew now; let him yell. Studs hadn't wanted to go to school, and he wouldn't.

At home they were always fighting. Last night he came in, sick from the bananas, and found out that Father Mahin from Loyola had called up about his long absence from school. And the Old Man had got a tuition bill for that instalment he had spent.

Well, let them yell. He hadn't wanted to go to school. He felt like blowing from home, and going on the bum. He could grab a freight, enlist in some other town, and go to the war. Then, after a while, they'd learn how he had died a hero's death. And how'd they like that! The Old Man would be plenty sorry then, and it would serve him right. And there'd be a special high mass at St. Patrick's, said by Father Gilhooley. And they'd be there, crying, and perhaps even the Old Man might cry. And then, maybe, Lucy Scanlan would be proud she'd known him, and maybe she'd cry too.

But Studs didn't want to die. Well, maybe he wouldn't. Maybe he'd enlist and be a hero, and not get killed, after all. Maybe he'd return as a lieutenant, or a major, or even as Colonel Lonigan, with his chest full of medals. His picture would be in the papers, and when he came home they'd be pretty proud to see him.

Led by Ralph Borax, the enemy in the farther trench spread out in front of their earthworks, and kept up a steady stream

of tin-can firing, while behind the barrage O'Neill and Andy Le Gare got into position, and heaved their trench mortar into the enemy trench, sending sand and wood down upon Buckford and Malloy. The raiding party returned to its own line. Andy jumped up and yelled that they were smashing the German line, and Dick Buckford plopped him on the side of the ear with a tin-can.

Studs laughed. But he couldn't keep his mind off the trouble at home. It was all out now, and that was a relief. The worst that could come was better than that constant black cloud, that going home every night worried with fear that the Old Man had found out. Now he had. He'd got very sore. He always did things like that, always acted as if there was no side to a question but his own. And the Old Lady cried, saying they were disgraced, babbling that she would never again be able to hold her head up, and that they'd have to move out of the parish because she could never face Mrs. Reilley, and Mrs. Gorman, and Mrs. Donoghue, and Mrs. O'Brien. And Fran, sticking her nose into it, saying he just wanted to be a bum! What business was it of hers? He never butted into *her* affairs. Why should *she* butt into his? If she wasn't his sister, he'd kick her teeth down her throat, even if she was a girl.

But he forgot his problems and laughed as the punks argued. Fat Malloy jumped out of the trench and in that bullying-loud mouth of his shouted:

"Come on, you birds, play square! We said that the ones who lost the toss-up had to be the Germans. And you guys lost. Play square!"

"You guys ain't got any sportsmanship," Young Horn Buckford replied, wiping his nose with his dirty hand.

"We ain't the Germans," said Andy Le Gare. "You cheated on that toss-up."

They flung cans at Andy, and he ducked. But he popped up again with: "You guys would cheat your own mother!"

O'Neill smacked Young Horn Buckford in the shoulder, and Andy yelled loudly: "Hurrah for us Americans!"

The punks didn't even know that the great Studs Lonigan was watching them. He felt like getting in, but he couldn't. He wasn't a punk, and he couldn't play punk games. He wished that Red, or Paulie, or some of the guys would come along. Then they could all get in, and that would be different. It wouldn't be just him alone playing a punk game. Or they could bust up the whole thing.

O'Neill got out from the reserve trench, and yelled that he was wounded and couldn't be hit. He went over and walked along the far side of the prairie, past the baby buggy where Young Horn had left his baby brother.

"Hey Goof!" Studs called.

O'Neill came over.

"Where you going?"

"Hospital," said O'Neill, showing a hand bleeding from a small scratch.

Studs shook his head quizzically as he watched the punk cross the street and enter Levin's drug-store. He wanted to get into it, or break it up. He looked at his long pants. Well, before the war was over, he'd be in and get the real stuff. Suppose he did get killed? He'd be a hero, wouldn't he?—one of his country's heroes—along with those who'd died in other wars to make America the land of the free and the home of the brave. And it would only serve the Old Man right.

Screwie McGlynn, the laundry driver, hopped off his wagon and joined Studs on the corner. He said:

"That's why this country is great. These kids exemplify the unconquerable Ameri-

can spirit. They show in their way why this country can lick the world, and why our boys aren't going to stop, once they get started, until they march straight into Berlin."

Studs nodded, assuming a mature, man-to-man air.

"Pretty crazy, but it's great to be a kid," a needle-faced stranger said, ranging himself alongside them to watch as the battle raged.

Studs tried to convince himself that he was not envying them, and that hell, he'd grown up past all that kid stuff. But he knew that he couldn't fool himself and tell himself lies, and that when he wanted something he wanted it, and all the telling himself in the world that he didn't want it couldn't make him get rid of that wanting. The same way, he tried to make himself believe that he didn't really love Lucy, and that loving a girl the way he loved her was goofy.

"Kids will be kids," Screwie McGlynn said.

"Yeah, they will," a bakery driver said, joining them.

"Yeah," the needle-faced guy said.

"No time in life like when you're a kid," the bakery man philosophized.

"Jesus, you should have seen them belly-aching and arguing before it started, all about who'd be the Americans. I thought they'd end up in a free-for-all over it," said Studs, a man in a man's world. They laughed, and he laughed the loudest, but not a punk looked to see Studs Lonigan, a man in a man's world.

II

Smiling-eyed, curly-haired Lucy Scanlan, plump, pretty, flowering beautifully into young womanhood, came along. Studs saw her, and she saw him. He took out a

cigarette, and lit it like an expert. He talked with the other men, and laughed, as if Lucy might have been in Africa. She stood a few yards away from him on the sidewalk, watching. She did not look at him. He tried not to look at her. But all the while he watched her out of the corner of his eye.

She might be going to the store. He could go along, help her carry the groceries home, go to the park with her, like he had done last Summer on the day when they'd sat in the tree, and he'd kissed her and seen her blue bloomers, and she'd sung "In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia." He looked at her out of the corner of his eye. Lucy!

Screwy spoke of playing pirates when he was a shaver, living only about a hundred miles from Hannibal, Missouri, the town that Mark Twain had written about. The bakery man talked of barefoot days in Indiana. Studs listened and laughed with them over their pranks. He looked at Lucy, cold. She looked at him. Their eyes met. She turned away as if he were a stranger.

He wanted to be a soldier now, marching away in uniform. If he died it would serve her right. He loved her, but what did she care? If he came back with medals all over his chest she might change her tune. He'd walk along Indiana avenue in a major's uniform, with his sword at his side, and she'd come up and say:

"Studs, I'm sorry!"

And Major William Lonigan would walk by her as if she was a flea.

The battle continued. Lucy walked on. Maybe on the way back, with her arms full of groceries, she'd speak to him, and he'd help her carry them. Or maybe he wouldn't. She'd say, "Hello, Studs," and he'd say, "Hello," and let her go on with all her groceries, and she'd drop them.

He'd just laugh at her. She'd laughed at him more than once, not thinking how he had felt. He wouldn't care about her feelings now; he'd just laugh back. He who laughs last, laughs best, and Studs Lonigan was the kind of guy who always got the last laugh on everybody, and he'd get it on her.

He watched her go. She didn't look back. To Hell with her! Lucy!

"Ah, great sport!" Screwy said for the sixth time, nostalgia aching in his voice.

"Say, you know, kids all over the city are doing this, digging trenches. There's trenches in just about every vacant lot in the city," the bakery man said.

"There is?" the needle-faced stranger said, a dumb, questioning expression on his face.

Now, if the bunch had only thought about doing something like this a couple of years ago. It would have been fun. It still would be, if they'd all come around and get in it. But no, it was punk stuff. If America had only entered the war then! Studs had a mind to get into the game anyway. But he'd be a goof, even in the eyes of the punks who all respected him. He belonged on the sidewalk.

"Yeah, great sport!" repeated Screwy for the seventh time.

In Studs's mind Private Lonigan, with a steel helmet and in khaki, dodged star shells, crawled through the shell holes of Flanders Field, and flung a hand grenade into a German machine-gun nest. With bayonet fixed, he jumped in, and made the Germans who were still alive yell "Kamerad!"

He lead them back across the midnight of No Man's Land, and into his own trench, and there he turned them over to that same recruiting sergeant.

"Gwan home and get yer diapers pinned on, sonny!"

The men from Studs's man's world left, and he stood alone on the sidewalk, watching the punks. He looked towards Fifty-eighth street to see if Lucy was coming back. Mrs. Dennis P. Gorman stopped by him, and Studs perfunctorily tipped his cap. She said it was dangerous for those boys to be doing that. Why, it was rowdyish and disgraceful. She passed on, indignant.

War reigned in the prairie. And in the mind of Studs Lonigan. Suddenly a wildly flung tin-can hit the Buckford baby. It squawled. The kids collected around it, and Young Horn wheeled the buggy out on to the sidewalk. The baby continued squawling, and women gathered around it. Studs singled out twelve-year-old Horn, a loud, snooty kid with a head about three sizes too large for him. He told him he ought to be socked for letting the baby there where it might have got killed. Dick came up, and told Horn it was his fault. Horn said it wasn't. The women gushed over the baby. Dick kicked Horn's tail, and Horn yelled as loudly as the baby. The scene grew confusing, and the baby's bawls persisted and persisted.

Young Horn wiped his tears away with his sleeve, streaking his face. A woman bent down to pick up the baby.

"Hey, what the hell, that guy ain't hurt," Horn yelled to her.

"The poor baby. The poor itsy-bitsy thing. Is oo hurt? Did the nasty boys hit oo?" the woman said, picking it up.

"Hell, last week, I had him down the block, and you know what he did? He fell out of the buggy on his bean, and it didn't hurt him none. You can't hurt that guy none," Horn said.

Dick Buckford kicked his brother. He sent Horn home bawling, wheeling the buggy. Horn turned and yelled back: "I'm gonna tell Mother on you!"

III

The punks tried to get back into the spirit of the battle but couldn't. Studs turned and walked down towards Fifty-seventh street. He wished he'd see Dan Donoghue or some of the other guys from the old Indiana avenue bunch he'd gone with at St. Patrick's grammar-school. He felt like going over to Prairie avenue to see if any of the guys in the Fifty-eighth street bunch were around.

But he waited. Lucy might be coming back. He walked up and down, past her house, on to the corner of Fifty-seventh, back to Fifty-eighth street. His stomach was still like a lump of lead from the bananas. The punks went home for dinner. The twelve o'clock whistles blew. They made him lonely. He thought about all his troubles. Lucy still wasn't coming back. He didn't see anyone else. He didn't feel like going home because he couldn't eat any dinner.

He thought of the hero he'd be in the war if he could only get in. He stood on the sidewalk, looking at the deserted trenches. He went over to them and looked down into them. He jumped into the nearer, liking the smell of earth he got. He picked up a can and flung it at the other trench. He went and inspected it. His troubles weighed on him. He was sore, goddam sore at the world. He was going to pay it back too.

His anger got the better of him. He kicked in the farther trenches, tearing down the earthworks, ruining them. He went over and started kicking in the nearer trench. He heard a laugh. He looked up, and saw Lucy Scanlan standing on the sidewalk. She passed on, holding her proud head high.

Studs walked away toward Fifty-eighth street and Prairie avenue.

CHAIN DEPARTMENT-STORES

BY EDITH M. STERN

CHAINS of department-stores arose largely in the United States during the Coolidge-Hoover Inflation. Some of them were outgrowths of the large mail-order houses, which decided to take a stab at the retail business. Others were organized by throwing together stores already in existence.

Such reasoning as went into their formation seemed, on paper, to be logical enough. It was all based on a single and apparently simple principle; that the needs, tastes and desires were similar throughout the nation, and that in consequence chains could buy and operate more cheaply and therefore more profitably than stores working independently. With central financing, it was believed, a stronger monetary position would be gained; with central management, a higher type of executive could be put to work; with advertising centrally directed, its costs could be cut; with centralized control over expenses, a more efficient system of budgeting could be worked out; and above all, with quantity buying there would be enormous savings on the cost of everything purchased.

But not one of these theoretical benefits has worked out in practise. That central financing has been, to put it mildly, not a complete success is shown by the fact that all save a few of the chains are now either in the hands of receivers or under control of the banks. This weakness cannot all be blamed on the Depression, for the individually operated department-stores have not

crashed proportionately: in a city so large as New York, for example, only two independent stores have fallen into the hands of the banks. One chain, whose stock has since sold as low as \$1 a share, offered it to the public at around \$40. Even if the total volume of business had held up (which it did not) and if all the money subscribed had been received (which was not the case), the flotation cost was so great, and the invested capital so much, that a profitable turnover was impossible.

Still more devastating has been the débâcle of the hope of increased efficiency, without extra expense, by engaging and paying for a higher type of executive in the central offices, with a consequent saving on the payrolls of the local stores. Experience has demonstrated that competent executives cannot be eliminated in the individual stores if they are to be successful, since every store continues to present individual problems despite the most expert kind of central management. In other words, if a store manager of \$10,000 a year calibre is required for an independent store unconnected with a chain, a store manager of \$10,000 calibre is still required for that store, however many \$50,000 sachems sit behind mahogany desks at headquarters. This holds true not only of store managers but also of local executives. There may be expert buyers in the central offices, but because of local variations in demand it is essential that capable local buyers be retained. Also, there is an additional ex-

pense in the salaries of district managers who correlate the separate stores with the central offices.

In regard to the third mirage of economy, centrally directed budgeting, again the facts have not borne out the theory. Every store presents an entirely different problem, regardless of its class of clientèle or its volume of business, and thus standardized budgeting becomes impracticable. Too much depends on the physical and architectural layout of the store. On paper, there is no reason why every store doing, say, an annual business of \$3,000,000 should not manage with one window-trimmer and an assistant. But windows, unfortunately, are not made of paper, and if the store happens to be on a corner it may have twice as many windows as another store, similar in volume of business but located in the middle of a block, and one window-trimmer and an assistant cannot properly take care of it.

Again, in a store which consists of only two stories and a basement maintenance will naturally be less than in a store which requires the running of one or more elevators. Then there is the question of numbers in the sales force, which, as any department-store man knows, bears a more direct relation to the actual physical coverage of floor space than to volume of sales. Standardized budgeting, consequently, however soundly worked out by efficiency experts, has to be scrapped time and time again by store managers when the peculiar physical arrangements of individual stores have to be considered.

The same difficulties arise in the matter of centrally directed advertising. The best brains that money can buy lay out carefully conceived advertisements and send them out to all the branch stores of the chain, but how can advertising be standardized in ten, twenty, fifty or eighty dif-

ferent localities? Style demands vary; seasonal demands vary; local industrial conditions vary; and the advertising manager in New York simply can't keep attuned to the daily local conditions that are so important in advertising which depends on its immediate, next-day appeal.

Even if centrally directed advertising were suitable for use everywhere at the same time, which it is not, how could it be budgeted? The same quarter-page advertisement costs \$86 in Washington and \$250 in Philadelphia, a few hours away. The individually operated store can budget its advertising according to the prevailing volume of business and the cost of lineage, but if local managers were to use all the units of advertising that are sent them from headquarters the cost would soon make it impossible to do business. Their own judgment has to enter in; and again there is expensive duplication of function.

II

But blackest of all has experience turned the great white hope of the chain-department store—the economy and efficiency of central buying. Merchandise can be divided into two general classifications, hard lines or staples, and articles involving a style factor. In staples, at least, it would seem that the discounts made possible by quantity purchase should counterbalance any minor additional expenses incurred by elaborate organization. But even here the individual department-store comes out best. Though it is true that discounts vary proportionately with the amount of merchandise bought, the law of diminishing returns still runs, and there is an inevitable point beyond which reductions and discounts cannot go.

Moreover, the independent stores are not excluded from the blessings of quantity

buying. There are firms of buyers having headquarters in New York whose business it is to buy for various numbers of individual stores. The better among such firms work for a flat fee set according to the volume of business of the client store. By pooling the orders of its clients it can give them the benefit of large discounts. Even assuming that the buying office is not content with its legitimate fee—an occurrence rare among the firms—and fails to pass on the full discount, a substantial amount could be diverted to make up for the 3% to 5% which represents, at best, the proportionate cost of the central buying department to total central expenses.

What is more, the number of commissions offered to the buyers for the chains by manufacturers is probably larger than those offered to independent buyers. There is absolutely no check on the central, all-powerful buying organization in the chains. If a local buyer attempts to check up on them in an attempt to save his conscience, he may lose his job, since very likely he holds it at the pleasure of the very man he is trying to follow up. For two years one district manager attempted to discover why the cash discount on a certain article appeared in the books as only 7% when he knew that it should have been 8%. He never found out!

When one comes to the large class of articles which are not staples and in which the style factor plays an important part, the central buying scheme fails even more abysmally. No two department-stores, anywhere, have precisely the same demand, nor is there any adequate way of classifying them. Perhaps such gross extremes of costly error as the sending of \$1000 worth of snow equipment to a Miami branch store because it happened to be part of the standard inventory of that particular class of store could be obviated through a

classification by climate. But a hundred other elements of difference appear when style factors enter in.

The classification cannot be made according to volume of business. It cannot be made according to location or size of the town. The dress that is a best-seller in Philadelphia may not be so in Wilmington, an hour away, or in Chester, Pa., a much smaller town. Nor will the best-seller in Chester necessarily be one in Steubenville, O., which is about the same size.

A striking example of this sort of complication was presented by the case of some consignments of dresses to Williamsport, Pa. The competent store manager there made a survey of his ready-to-wear department and decided that the styles being shipped from New York were too advanced for Williamsport. He wrote in detail to the central office, requested shipments of six-months-old styles, and was laughed at for his pains. Four weeks later the New York buyer visited his Williamsport store for the first time. He stayed on the floor for one day, and, being also a man who knew his business, agreed unqualifiedly with the local manager. Yet neither can the problem be solved by sending six months old styles to all towns similar in size and type to Williamsport, because Springfield, O., which is comparable, demands nothing but the last word in fashion.

Another time it seemed logical in a central buying office to send a large consignment of washerettes (miniature size washing-machines) to Philadelphia. They failed to move. But when they were transferred to nearby Newark, also a good-sized industrial town, they sold rapidly. The answer is that Philadelphia is not an apartment-house town and consequently the demand there is for full size washing-machines. Now, no one not familiar with

local living conditions could have avoided making the mistake, but the duplication of freight alone cancelled any profit that might have been made when the machines were finally sold. In brief, the local buyer cannot be eliminated. Foresighted buying does not depend merely upon intelligence; it involves intimate, detailed knowledge of a myriad of local factors.

A further large loss in connection with centralized buying arises from delays—and delay is fatal to the profitable operation of department-stores because their profits lie largely in the rapid turnover of stock. The net profit on individual items in a well-conducted store is not a large one, rarely more than 5%. Where the money is made is by the reinvestment of capital again and again in rapid succession, and consequently it is essential that stock be kept moving. In order to effect this the buyer must keep his finger on the pulse of demand.

The most effective way of doing it has been worked out in the independent stores by a system of want slips. Want slips are notations made out by the salespeople of any articles requested by customers which are not in stock. Any buyer worth his salt goes over them daily before he leaves his office; they are the quickest, surest, most effective means of finding out what the public wants. But in the chains want slips are useless, for the multiplicity of stores creates such an amount of red tape that quick action becomes an impossibility.

Examples of the kind of bungling that ensue are innumerable. There is, for one, the case of the leatherette pillows seen by a store manager in a competing independent store. He bought one, forwarded it to the New York office, suggested who might be the manufacturer, and requested that a gross be sent him to be tried out. He waited. He waited some more. For

six weeks he waited, and then he received, not a gross, but only a dozen of the pillows. What had happened was this:

The sample pillow had caught the fancy of the New York buyer. In fact, he liked it so much that he decided to stock every store in his chain with similar ones, but the manufacturer was able to turn out only five hundred dozen, not enough to assign a gross to the original store. And not even the dozen which were finally received were sold. By the time they arrived the season for canoe pillows in that locality was past and they had to be laid aside (with the consequent tie-up of capital, so fatal to department-stores) until the next year.

But this does not comprise the whole sad tale. Meanwhile, the competing store, where the pillows had first been seen, had been unable to re-order from the original source because of the large order given by the chain. But being able to work directly, without intermediary, its buyer hastened to another manufacturer, had the pillows copied, and sold over a thousand dozen in two weeks!

Again, there is the case of the store manager who sent in a requisition to the central office to purchase pongee (which is as much a department-store staple as sugar is a grocery staple) at a certain price. After two weeks the New York office answered that it could not be obtained at this price, as it had risen a cent a yard. The local manager wrote, "Buy it anyway."

Two more long and dreary weeks elapsed. Another letter arrived from the New York office. This time the cost of pongee had gone up another half cent; was it still wanted at the increased price? Frantically, the store manager telephoned to New York, "Buy!" The following day he received a third letter. New York headquarters had not booked the order

because it had discovered that it had a contract for pongee at the old market price of a month before, and would forward the goods as soon as they were received.

The store manager, wise in the ways of chain stores and wishing to hold his position, which, like most executive positions, had been filled from headquarters, did not insist on the immediate delivery he knew was necessary. Two weeks later the case of pongee arrived by express, and when the difference in the cost of expressage and in freight was figured in, the cost of it was approximately the same as if it had been shipped by freight in the first place, and at the higher price.

In the meantime, the store had missed sales, not only on the initial order of one case but on duplicate orders of two cases more, and its silk department had suffered materially both in actual business and in good-will, for hundreds of customers had to be told that there was no pongee in stock, which seemed as strange to them as if a grocery store had turned them away when they asked for sugar.

III

So much for wastages that can be considered in terms of dollars and cents. But there is another steady, omnipresent drain in the chain department-stores which, though more subtle in its manifestations, is equally fatal. This is the appalling wastage in human energy that the system involves—a wastage almost incredible to anyone who has not had direct experience of it.

It is no mere sentimentality to say that a happy and contented employé is the most efficient. The employés of the chain department-stores, from the highest to the lowest, are neither happy nor contented. There is not a local executive who would

not jump at the chance to work for an individually owned store. There is not a capable man who continues to work for a chain after he finds a way of escape. The turnover of personnel is tremendous. Everyone is hopeless about his own future, and nearly everyone is hopeless about the future of the system. All work in a dreary atmosphere of discontent, of confusion and of frustration.

To a very large extent this discontent is found even in the apparently enviable men on top, the executives in the central offices. If they are intelligent—and most of them are—they cannot help realizing that their offices are largely unnecessary, when time and time again it is brought to their attention that individual local direction is more important than anything they can do. But in order to hold their jobs they must continue to prove to the stockholders that they are needed. They must continue to send out orders, directions, advice, circulars and memoranda. They must continue to show large savings effected by quantity buying, though they know from unhappy experience that thousands of dollars worth of merchandise that will be snapped up in Topeka may languish, unsold for months, in Spokane.

The organization is so huge that they cannot possibly keep in touch with what their colleagues are doing, and so they frequently find themselves in idiotic positions because of sending out conflicting orders. The president of one organization, for example, sent a letter to one of his store managers congratulating him on his good sales record and urging him to redouble his efforts, as the inventory of his store was still too high. In the same mail the merchandise manager wrote a letter to the same manager also congratulating him on his sales showing, but giving him orders to increase his stock immediately.

Going down the hierarchy, the next in command are the district managers. Their positions are responsible, but maddening. One district manager, happening to be in San Antonio, received a note from the central office to the effect that, since he was in Texas, he should take a run over to Amarillo to clear up a little matter that had arisen in the branch store there. Apparently the central office did not know that the distance between Amarillo and San Antonio is about the same as the distance between New York and Chicago.

But educating his superiors in geography would barely scratch the surface of a district manager's troubles; he simply has too many stores under his direction to cover them adequately. In one district, by no means untypical, the manager, a hard-working, conscientious soul, had not yet been able to visit all his stores at the end of two years. Another district manager, in the course of one year, traveled 69,000 miles by automobile in an attempt to cover his territory; sometimes he visited stores in as many as five towns in one day, and consequently inspected them inadequately. The subdivision of present territories would cause an increase of district costs fatal to the general budget and, what is more, would destroy the very *raison d'être* of arrangement of stores into districts.

Mail is another one of the district manager's afflictions. He is steadily pelted with so many communications from central department heads who must justify their existence, and he receives so many letters from the stores under him, that he is swamped. Even if he had nothing else to do it would be impossible for him to read all this, much less digest it and act upon it intelligently. One desperate district manager engaged an assistant whose sole function it was to read and sort the mail.

IV

Still more unfortunate is the position of those poor wretches, the store managers. They have no sense of security, for chain department-stores seldom give them contracts. They call themselves checkers; on the huge board of the chain they are jumped about from place to place and have no chance to become acclimated anywhere. Always they find themselves in conflict with the central executives, who do not, and cannot, appreciate their peculiar individual problems. And always, for two reasons, these central executives are in the better position.

First, they are physically in closer contact with the heads of the organization. If they wish to complain of a stubborn, unreasonable local manager they need only run in to the office next door, while the helpless local man must write or telephone, and then cannot be sure whether the recipient of his grievances has digested his dinner or not and how he will react to them. Second, the store manager has most likely got his position through the very central executive with whom he differs, and holds it subject to that personage's pleasure, for it is inherent in the chain store scheme that important executive positions shall almost always be filled from headquarters.

The same relationship with the general staff holds true for local buyers and department heads, with an added complication. In individual firms, if they use the kind of New York buying office described above, the store buyer is the boss, and the buying office, to whom the store pays a fee, is the hired hand. Obviously, that buying office does all it can to please and render service to its clients. But in the chains the positions are reversed and the relationship of buyer to buying office

works backward. Here the local buyer is the hired hand, and his store is the servant, not the master, of the central office. An entirely different psychology results; a psychology which has unfortunate effects on the disposition and consequently on the efficiency of the local buyer when he sees customer after customer being turned away because articles for which he has sent in requisitions have not been stocked.

If the store manager could take it out on his minor executives perhaps he might find some compensation, but here too he is blocked. Though he is given responsibility, the authority to fulfill that responsibility is withheld. He is powerless to hire or fire his subordinate executives because they, like himself, are usually placed from headquarters. Perhaps he is given assistants with whom it is impossible for him to work. Perhaps he will have to witness gross inefficiency in his staff and be unable to do anything about it.

There is the instance of the store manager who suspected a buyer of dishonesty. He felt almost certain that the man was a thief and if he had not been a slave to the chain store system would have fired him. But it is one thing to say, "Mr. Jones, will you please tender your resignation?" and quite another to write to the central office, "Please dismiss Mr. Jones, who I believe has been stealing," and thereby not only incur the unpleasant danger of a libel suit but perhaps even lose one's own job in case Mr. Jones, who has been appointed by the same superior, is teacher's pet. So this manager waited watchfully, and months later he caught the buyer in *flagrante delicto*. But meanwhile the balance sheets which he had to turn in and for which he was accountable had suffered to a serious extent.

One might assume that all this would result in a life of carefree gaiety for the

minor executives, but it does not. Like their immediate superiors they too feel helpless and insecure. Job fear is rampant throughout the entire staff. The turnover in the upper personnel is rapid, and a remote shift in the central offices, or a shift made by the district manager in order to accommodate himself to a shift in the central offices, may tumble them all out of their jobs, like so many wooden soldiers in a row. However much they may have pleased the man under whom they actually work, there is little help for them.

Furthermore, however satisfactory their work may be, it is unusual for advances to be made within the store. An assistant buyer in Oshkosh may work himself to the bone and be duly appreciated by the buyer and the store manager, but if that buyer and manager are shifted to Kankakee, and if Mr. X in New York has a nephew whom he wishes to place as buyer in Oshkosh, there is, in most cases, no friend at court to further the interests of the assistant and advance him to the position of buyer.

Going still further down the line, the sales staff has its own troubles. Salespeople, of course, are hired by the local executives, so they do not often encounter the uncongenial associations which cause so many executives to leave the chain stores. But they may work like Trojans and present a magnificent showing of sales without necessarily furthering their own interests. If the business of the chain as a whole has fallen off, their store, with the others, will have to suffer a salary cut. As for their hope of promotion within the store, it is almost *nil*. There is little expectation that a salesperson will ever rise to be a buyer, for the good jobs are filled from the central offices, and it is hardly to be expected that the president of the cor-

puration can keep in personal touch with the excellent work of Miss Smith at the handkerchief counter in Des Moines. So the humblest saleswoman, like her superiors, becomes imbued with the "What's the use?" point of view so detrimental to good work.

V

Finally, there is one more factor which, almost alone, would be sufficient to spell ruin for the chain department-store scheme. The department-store is unlike any other kind of store. Of all businesses it involves the most fundamental human relationship, the most complex and personal connection with the consumer. This connection is not maintained by the mere giving of value. Different customers will patronize different department-stores for exactly the same article at exactly the same price because of the intangible but all-important factor of good-will, which depends on the personality of the store. The independently operated department-store has a distinctive personality. Its owner takes pride in it; it belongs to him; it is his creation; he beams upon it. His attitude toward it is the same as a woman's toward her home, and just as the layout and number of rooms in two homes may be identical, and the furniture similar, yet each home have a personality reflecting that of its mistress, so it is with department-stores.

In the chain store scheme it is inevitable that the stores are largely devoid of that personality. There is some attempt to overcome the lack by drawing on local men for executive positions wherever possible—especially in the smaller towns, where a "Good morning, Mrs. Brown," is worth a multitude of bargains—but

somehow the supply of local men never seems to be sufficient; they prefer to work independently to the last gasp; and the staffs continue to be drawn from the reserves of the larger towns and cities. Thus there is no way out. Department-stores simply cannot maintain distinctive personalities under a system which owes its very existence to central control and standardization.

Today only two of the six chains that were floated during the boom are still solvent. One of the wrecks is no longer even listed on the big board. The stocks of the two survivors, on July 31 last, sold for an average of about one-fifteenth of their boom prices, while the Dow-Jones industrial averages, on the same date, were at least a quarter of their all-time high. The stocks of the mail-order houses have reflected the general advance in prices a little more; as I write, they are now worth about one eighth of their previous highs. But even this mild rise is due more to the expectation of increased mail-order business with the revival of the farmer's prosperity than to the earnings of their retail branch stores.

As for the innumerable smaller department-store chains which never attained the dignity of board listings, it is a safe estimate that over 70% of them are insolvent. Only such chains as were formed over a long period of pre-boom years by individual merchants setting up new stores when they found that the field of their initial venture was saturated, or by the gradual banding together of their resources by merchants in diverse towns, show even faint signs of life. They present fewest of the phenomena of typical chain store operations; they are nearest the individual department-store; and they are therefore the only groups likely to survive.

AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

LAST onslaught of the local Methodists upon the Demon Rum, as reported by the Long Beach correspondent of the *Los Angeles Times*:

In a drastic bone dry resolution, the Southern California Methodist Conference today voted to expel from church membership any member who drinks beer, legal or otherwise, after being admonished by a pastor.

The resolution, adopted in the closing minutes of the convention, placed the conference squarely behind the Eighteenth Amendment and against any attempt at its liberalization.

Under the resolution, expulsion from church also faces anyone connected in any manner with the sale of beer if he or she is found guilty after a trial and then "evinces no real humiliation." In this category would come anyone who applies for or obtains a beer license or even an attorney acting for a client engaged in the sale of the brew.

A similar penalty awaits property owners who use or rent their places for the dispensation of beer. A soda fountain located on a member's property and engaged in beer selling, it was pointed out, is liable to bring that member to trial and expulsion from church under the far-reaching resolution.

From the same paper:

A wedding on the stage of the Realty Board Auditorium Saturday night probably will go down in the annals of Los Angeles marital unions as the most unusual yet recorded.

Dr. W. H. Graves, naturopath and chiropractor of 2330 West Eighth street, took for his bride Miss Carol Anita Hofer of 2718 West Eighth street, while several hundred followers of nature trails watched.

The auditorium stage was set with leafy boughs. It represented a path through woodlands trod by the nature lovers on their Sunday hikes, when formal wearing apparel is replaced by shorts as the men and women of nature clubs trek into the depths of woodlands.

In the orchestra pit were a piano and a violin. The curtain rose on the leafy setting. Across the stage trooped several hikers, friends of the bridal pair. The hikers were applauded by their friends in the audience, which broke into a storm of commendation when the bridal couple made its entrance. The bride wore an abbreviated hiking costume and the bridegroom wore shorts. All the hikers were in shorts.

The first lines spoken by the featured pair had to do with how nice the woodland spot was for such a meeting. Weary from their hiking, the two reclined upon a leafy couch, to eat apples. The two-piece orchestra played an appropriate number, "Sleep," as the couple slept. At this point entered a tiny Cupid in the person of Claire de Rome, who has never in her life tasted cooked food. The bridal couple do not eat cooked food, nor do their friends.

Cupid, or Claire, amid great applause, shot a dart at the sleeping couple, whereupon a minister, the Rev. E. P. Shannon, entered and the couple rose from their couch of nature. A few words, different from the time-worn ritual, and the two were made one.

The minister left the stage and the two again reclined on the leafy couch, after which Cupid once more entered, to send another dart in their direction, on which they awakened again and compared notes on what had transpired. The lines spoken by the pair at this point indicated that what had taken place was of the stuff of which dreams are made.

"Why," said the bridegroom, "I had the strangest dream—"

"I had one, too," said the bride.

And, as in the old song, the bridegroom said to the bride: "You tell me your dream, and I'll tell you mine," as the couple left the stage.

After the ceremony the newlyweds again appeared on the stage, this time in evening clothes. A few lines were spoken, then a social and dance took place on the auditorium floor.

FROM the *Examiner* of the same burg:

You'll feel like the angels above
If you'll take my chiropractic rub.
Considering the Depression real,
I'll trade for anything
From pins to veal.

L.A. 2607.

FOOTNOTE upon Hollywood social life, as revealed by an advertisement in the *Reporter* of the same town:

MR. AND MRS. NEIL HAMILTON
WISH TO ANNOUNCE
THAT THEY HAVE BEEN HAPPILY MARRIED
FOR ELEVEN YEARS
AND THAT IN SPITE OF THE
MANY RUMORS APPEARING IN THIS
AND OTHER PUBLIC PRINTS
AND HEARD WHEREVER ALL TRUE
GOSSIPERS FOREGATHER,
THEY INTEND TO REMAIN SO FOR
MANY TIMES ELEVEN MORE.

THE life of the spirit in the Christian town of Burlingame:

DON'T MISS THE GREAT BIBLE LECTURE

Sunday Night, at 7:45

THE DEVIL'S VACATION!

The Exact Location of the Bottomless Pit in which Satan Will Be Bound 1,000 Years; How Many Persons Will Be Converted While the Devil Is Bound; a description of the chain used to bind him and what becomes of Satan after his chain is broken!

In the same lecture Evangelist Richards will tell of a Wonderful Round-Trip Excursion Christians will soon take among the stars, including 365,000 days in the Third Heaven!

These lectures are in Everson Taber-

nacle, Primrose avenue, Burlingame, just south of Burlingame avenue.

600 Free Seats. Written Questions Answered. Hear Evangelist H. M. J. Richards Over K.Q.W., Saturday, 5 to 5:30 P.M.

ILLINOIS

ADVERTISEMENT in the *Patoka Register*:

CHEAP FLOUR

48 lb. sack only.....\$1.00

This flour is supposed to have bugs in it, but I can't find any and I doubt if you can. Bolt this flour and it is just as good as any, or leave the bugs and use less shortening.

I eat it and you are no better than I am.

J. W. ALEXANDER

IOWA

SPIRITUAL news from Leighton, in the *Oskaloosa Herald*:

All the churches have been praying for rain the last few weeks, but none of them have had their prayers answered as promptly as those of two Reformed churches in Leighton were answered Tuesday evening. The members of these two churches had a joint prayer meeting for rain and they went home in the rain!

The meeting, which was well attended, was held at the Ebenezer Reformed Church, with the Rev. C. Witt, pastor of the Christian Reformed Church, in charge. After the services, which were in English, card games were played. Toward the end of the meeting it began to sprinkle, and it was raining rather hard before every one reached his home.

These two churches are planning to have another meeting together next Monday night, using the Holland language, at the Christian Reformed Church, with the Rev. J. A. De Jong in charge.

MARYLAND

PROFESSOR ALEXANDER GEDDES, poet laureate of Baltimore, looses a *Te Deum* in celebration of a recent historic event:

WE'VE GOT IT, BOYS! WE'VE GOT IT!

We've got it, boys! We've got it!

The good old lager beer;

Old gangs are 'round the corners,
For prosperous times are here.

We hear the glasses jingling,
Our hearts are full of cheer;
For Roosevelt's in the saddle,
And no one needs to fear.

Old Bishop Cannon's weeping,
His cannon's lost its fire;
For freemen are determined
To show their spirits' ire.

We've rid them from our country;
We've brought back liberty.
We've got it, boys! We've got it!
A drink for you and me.

We'll stand around and drink it
Where dear old comrades are,
We'll sing old songs of freedom,
And drink around the bar.

George Washington we'll worship,
With President Roosevelt, too;
For we all love our country
And the old red, white and blue.

For boys, it wasn't righteous,
The Prohibition law,
That ruined all the nation
And kicked truth in the jaw.

It tore the people's spirit,
It spread hypocrisy;
But God came to the rescue
And set our country free.

We've got it, boys! We've got it!
The steins are full to stay;
For Roosevelt's in the White House
With good times on the way.

We'll drink the old time lager,
We'll sit around and sing;
For gone is Bishop Cannon,
He'll never more be king.

We'll never have a desert
Where men are never free,
For the dries are dead forever
In the land of liberty.

NEBRASKA

FROM the publicity bulletin of St. Luke's
Methodist Episcopal Church of Bellwood:

The following questions have been taken
from the question-box and will be an-

swered next Sunday night: "Can people in
Hell see the people in Heaven?" "When
we get to Heaven, will we know each
other, and will wives know husbands?"

NEW YORK

A CHRISTIAN reader of the New York
Daily News gives the one and only true
explanation of a recent miracle:

I believe the blessed Virgin Mary was re-
sponsible for Wiley Post's flight around the
world. In the first place, Wiley began and
ended his flight on Saturdays, and Satur-
day is dedicated to the Virgin Mary. In
the second place, the plane is named
Winnie Mae, which means Winning Mary,
or Star of the Sea. In the third place, Wiley
carried a rosary and a St. Christopher
medal. And in the fourth place, this won-
derful nation of ours is dedicated to the
Virgin Mary, and that is why we have so
many heroes and heroines and the grand
old United States is the greatest nation in
the world. PROUD AMERICAN.

NOTES on the progress of theological sci-
ence in the great city of New York, from
one Monday's issue of the eminent *Times*:

1. Integrity of character is an essential
of "the durable satisfactions of life," which
cannot be enjoyed in their deepest sense
without religious faith, said the Rev. Dr.
Harry Emerson Fosdick in his sermon yes-
terday at Riverside Church.

2. Integrity of leadership and freedom
from that moral cynicism which is "so easy
to give way to" are the only forces that
can rid New York City voters of the "inept
and fumbling régime of Tammany Hall,"
the Rev. Dr. W. Russell Bowie, rector of
Grace Protestant Episcopal Church, Broad-
way and Tenth street, declared in his ser-
mon yesterday morning.

3. National greatness cannot be built
without religion, the Rev. Dr. Albert E.
Ribourg said in his sermon on "The Foun-
dation of a Nation's Greatness," yesterday
in St. Andrew's Protestant Episcopal
Church, Fifth avenue and 127th street.

4. The character of the American people
is at so low a level that there is a com-
pelling need for a spiritual regeneration

based on a sincere contemplation of the Deity, the Right Rev. Frank W. Creighton, Suffragan Bishop of Long Island, said yesterday morning at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

5. Environment is the basis of morality, the Right Rev. Louis C. Sanford, Bishop of San Joaquin, Cal., said yesterday at the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Incarnation, Madison avenue and Thirty-fifth street. "The word morals," he said, "means nothing more than custom or, as some Americans say, 'approved custom.'"

6. The Rev. C. Everett Wagner attacked excessive salaries and bonuses for officials of public utilities yesterday in his sermon at the Union Methodist Episcopal Church, Forty-eighth street near Broadway. "No official should receive more than \$40,000 a year," he asserted.

7. "In civilized lands we lose all sense of the value and beauty of human life when we see it in crowds," the Rev. Dr. Frederick H. Knobel, president of the United Lutheran Church in America, declared yesterday afternoon over WEAF in a coast-to-coast broadcast.

8. The battle of the present generation to recover the spiritual life was discussed yesterday morning in the James Memorial Chapel of Union Theological Seminary, 120th street and Broadway, by the Rev. Dr. Robert Russell Wicks, dean of the chapel of Princeton University. The problem of the spiritual life, Dean Wicks said, is the problem of an insatiable hunger that cannot be satisfied by anything purchasable.

9. The philosophy of the survival of the fittest leads to war, carnage, murder and misery, the Rev. Dr. Alexander Duff Gordon, pastor of the Norwood Christian Church of Winnipeg, Canada, said in a sermon yesterday at the West End Collegiate Reformed Church, West End avenue and Seventy-seventh street.

10. Mgr. Michael J. Lavelle, rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, called upon the congregation at high mass yesterday for more generous financial support.

NORTH CAROLINA

Dress reform pledge sent to the Better Christians of Smithfield and its environs,

and printed in the *Johnston County Record*:

I promise to abstain from all appearance of immodest dress—such as:

Low neck—Exposing back and chest.

Short sleeves—Less than three-quarter length.

Short skirt—Above shoe tops.

Young ladies—Not less than three-fourths of the length from knee to shoe top.

Little girls—Not above the knee.

Thin gauzy waists, exposing the skin.

The wearing of jewelry and rich and costly array. See I Tim. II, 9; I Pet. III, 1 to 6. Also see what Isaiah III, 5, and 12-26, says in regard to disobedient children and women who rule contrary to Godliness.

Unnecessarily bright and gaudy apparel.

The narrow or split skirt.

All extreme styles designed to attract attention.

Fancy and attractive head attire; extreme styles in dressing the hair and the use of cosmetics.

The short stockings for children, which to keep them up must necessarily require a tight rubber elastic, which in a measure will impede the circulation, and is strictly against the laws of hygiene.

This fad is carried beyond the rules of propriety by some large girls who should not have their legs so exposed.

It is also carried to such an extreme that it seems like cruelty to the little ones to see them going about with knees and legs bare, while mothers or fathers are protected from the cold by an overcoat or wrap. May every Christian woman take a firm stand against modern fads, for we feel certain that the Devil himself is the direct instigator of every form of immodest dress.

Signed

Your soul is more important than your body. Feed it.

WORKINGS of the Holy Spirit in Roxboro, as revealed by a reader of the *Courier* of the same live town:

On March 9, 1933, Barbara Jean Moore turned a kettle of boiling water over on her foot and limb and scalded it awful bad,

and I took her to Mr. Lee and he talked the fire out and she was three weeks a healing up and was perfectly healed in three weeks and I did not use anything but vaseline and prayed to God. I believe that if people would believe in God if they get sick it isn't necessary to have a doctor. Mr. Lee, if you happen to read this I thank you a thousand times for what you did for my baby. Also hope that God will help you with your wonderful work. I will pray and praise your good work of talking out fire everywhere I go. I thank you over and again.

MRS. IRA L. MOORE.

NOTE on the New Deal from "Visiting the Mills," a department of chit-chat conducted by Mrs. Ethel Thomas Dabbs in the celebrated *Textile Bulletin* of Charlotte:

GASTONIA, N. C.

The operatives don't know what to do with so much leisure time. The second shift—which goes on at two or three o'clock, as the case may be—begin at twelve-thirty to gather on the mill grounds; they sit around in the shade in groups waiting impatiently for their work time.

It is illuminating to hear some of their remarks as they discuss matters among themselves:

"My name has always been called Workman but I'll have to have it changed to Worknone."

"How do I feel about the eight-hour law? Well, by golly, I feel like I'm stealing something."

"I'm fifty years old and it is the first time in my life that I cannot work all I want to."

"I don't know but I'm hoping. But the way the necessities of life have gone up, I'm thinking we'll have no more, after all, than we had on low wages."

"The mills have been mighty good to us through the Depression, running at a loss, and I'm hoping they make a reasonable profit now, so that this thing will last. The big boss has had it as hard as we have—and a lot more to worry about."

"Yes. Where is another industry that

has cared for employees like the mills have? While they are now pledged to the government in a new deal, it is up to us all to be loyal and helpful to our employers."

And the listener felt like shouting "Amen!" to these fine, deep thinking mill-workers who are fair enough to see the other side and recognize the truth.

OKLAHOMA

MUSKOGEE dispatch in the *Tulsa Daily World*:

Ven Martin, a dry cleaner, says the Bible forbids him to sign the national recovery agreement.

"It was foretold 1,900 years ago that one should not sign this agreement," he asserted tonight. "The Bible prohibits signing it. I will abide by any agreement as to hours and wages but I'll not sign the contract. The thirteenth chapter of Revelations says that anyone signing this is marked by the sign of the beast.

"And that no man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark, or the number of the beast or the number of his name," Martin quoted, adding, "that mark is nothing else but the NRA eagle."

Other cleaners to whom Martin had expounded his theory, not so familiar with the Bible, hastily checked and found his quotation correct, and then adjourned after fixing Monday as the date for the next meeting to decide upon a code for their industry. All of them, including Martin, have shortened hours and raised wages.

CANADA

PUBLIC notice in the *Advertiser-Topic* of Petrolia:

Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Nader wish to thank all their friends for their prayers to Almighty God during the illness of Mrs. Nader, also for their flowers, kindness and solicitous enquiries. They also wish to thank Dr. Dougal, the supervisor and nurses of the C. E. E. Hospital, especially those who attended Mrs. Nader, and the customers who patronized the store and thus aided in paying expenses. We handle quality goods and will replace or refund money to any unsatisfied customer.

JONAH IN THE BIBLE COUNTRY

BY CHARLES LEE SNIDER

CHARACTERS:

BROTHER ADKINS, *deacon, and class president.*

BROTHER OWENS, *deacon, and teacher.*

BROTHER OATES, *deacon.*

BROTHER SAWYER

BROTHER PERKINS

OTHER BRETHREN

The scene is the classroom of the Men's Bible Class of the Benwood Baptist Church, in Benwood, a town of some 800 souls in the Carolinas. The secretary is seated on a cheap kitchen chair at a small pine table; some thirty-odd members are ranged on the plank benches which fill the room. The room itself is about eighteen feet square, and is part of an annex to the church auditorium. The ages of the members range from sixteen to sixty. They have been called to order by the class president, they have been led in prayer by Brother Oates, and everything is now ready for the teacher to take charge.

THE TEACHER (*Rising to his feet*)—Well, I'm glad to see so many of ye out today. Hope ye've all got up a good lesson. I ain't studied myself as much as I ought to. I was a-aimin' to a-studied it some more last night, but I got bothered yisterd'evenin' and didn't git home till late. But we'll do the best we can, anyway. So we'll go over the lesson now, and ast the questions, and see how much we know about it. Now, le's ever'body

answer; don't one wait for another. Le's all speak up and tell what we know; that's what makes it interes-tin'. What one don't know, why, maybe another'n' will, and that way we'll all learn some-thin'. That's what we are here for: to git all out o' the lesson we can. So le's all feel free at liberty now, jist as same as if we was at home. . . . Well, uh, what's the subject of our lesson this mornin'?

BROTHER ADKINS, BROTHER OATES, AND TWO OR THREE OTHERS—The Call of Jonah.

THE TEACHER (*With emphasis*)—Yeah. The Call—of—Jonah. . . . Well, uh, what part o' the Bible is it took from?

BROTHER OATES—Took from the Old Testament.

THE TEACHER—Yeah. Took from the Old Testament. . . . Well, uh, what book in the Old Testament is it took from?

BROTHER OATES—Took from the Book o' Jonah.

THE TEACHER—Yeah. Took from the Book o' Jonah. . . . Well, uh, what's our Golden Text?

BROTHER ADKINS, AND SOME OTHERS (*Reading*)—Go - ye - therefore - and - make-disciples-of-all-the-nations.

THE TEACHER—Yeah. Go ye, therefore . . . and make disciples . . . of all the nations. . . . Well, uh, we'll ast the questions now, like they're laid down here in the *Quarterly*. Now le's all answer. What one don't know maybe another'n'

- will, and that way we'll all learn some-
thin'. . . Well, uh, first question is,
Who-was-Jonah?
- BROTHER ADKINS—Why, he was the son of
Amataii.
- THE TEACHER—Yeah. The son—of Ama-
taii. . . Well, uh, next question is,
Where-did-he-live?
- BROTHER OATES (*Glancing at Quarterly*)
—Why, it says here he was a citizen of
Gath-hepher, or some sichy place. I
dunno how ye pernounce it.
- THE TEACHER—Yeah. Citizen of Gath-
hepher. 'Bout three mile north o' Naz-
areth. . . Well, uh, next question is, In-
what-reign-did-he-prophecy?
- BROTHER OATES—Reign o' Jerry Bowum, it
says here.
- THE TEACHER—Yeah. Reign of Jerrah
Boam. . . Well, uh, next question is,
What-was-the-call-of-Jehovah-to-him?
- BROTHER ADKINS—Why, it was to go to
Ninevey, and preach to all them people
there.
- THE TEACHER—Yeah. Go to Ninevah. And
preach to the people. . . Well, uh, next
question is, What-did-Jonah-do?
- BROTHER OATES—Why, he tried to run
away.
- THE TEACHER—Yeah. Tried to run away!
. . . Well, now, that didn't look much
like servin' the Lord, did it? When the
Lord told him to go preach . . . and
then him go run away?
- BROTHER ADKINS—No, that was not
obedience.
- THE TEACHER—No. That was not obedi-
ence. That was jist exactly the opposite
of obedience, wasn't it?
- BROTHER ADKINS—Yessir, I think it was.
- THE TEACHER—Yes, *that was jist ex-
actly the opposite of obedience!* That
was *disobedience*, wasn't it?
- BROTHER ADKINS—Yessir, I think it was.
- THE TEACHER—Yes. That was *plain dis-*
obedience to what the Lord told him to
go do. . . Well, uh, next question is,
To-what-point-did-Jonah-flee?
- BROTHER OATES—Fled to Jopper or some
sichy place. I never was no good on per-
nouncin' them Bible names.
- THE TEACHER—Yeah. Fled to Joppa. . .
Well, uh, next question is, What-hap-
pened-to-the-vessel?
- BROTHER ADKINS—Why, they come up a
storm and the ship was about to sink.
- THE TEACHER—Yeah. Come up a big
storm . . . ship was about to sink. . .
Well, uh, next question is, How-did-the-
sailors - discover - that-Jonah-was-fleeing-
from-Jehovah? . . . Some of ye answer
me that? . . . How-did-the-sailors-dis-
cover - that - Jonah - was- fleeing-from-Je-
hovah? . . . Brother Adkins, what do
you think about it?
- BROTHER ADKINS—Why, I think it was be-
cause they found him down there asleep
when that big storm was a-goin' on. All
the rest of 'em was up a-prayin' but
Jonah, and he was down there a-sleepin'.
- THE TEACHER—Yeah. Down there
a-sleepin' . . . when they found him.
Looks like he must a-been a purty good
sleeper, don't it?
- BROTHER ADKINS—Yessir, I think he was.
- THE TEACHER—Yeah. Purty good sleeper
he must a-been.
- BROTHER OATES—He didn't need no medi-
cine to he'p him to sleep. [*Laughter.*]
Man that could sleep like that, and all
that big storm a-goin' on!
- THE TEACHER—Don't b'lieve I could a-slept
much and that big storm a-goin' on. Do
you, Brother Oates? Ye think you could?
- BROTHER OATES—No, sir, I 'spect I would
a-been awake, like the rest o' them
people.
- THE TEACHER—Yeah. I 'spect most of us
would a-been awake. And a-prayin', too;
don't-che reckon we would?

BROTHER OATES—Yessir, I have an idey we would. I 'spect we'd all a-done some prayin' if we'd a-been on that ship and it a-lookin' like we was a-gonna be drowneded ever' minute.

THE TEACHER—Yessir, I have an idey we'd a-done some prayin'. . . . At least, we wouldn't a-done no sleepin', nohow. But old Jonah, though, he jist slep right on, didn't he?

BROTHER ADKINS—Yessir, it says the shipmaster had to come and wake him up.

THE TEACHER—Yeah. Shipmaster . . . had to come and wake him up. Well, he shore must a-been a good sleeper then!

BROTHER OATES—Don't look like they was anything the matter with his nerve, does it? [*Laughter.*]

THE TEACHER—No, I think his nerve was all right.

BROTHER ADKINS—Don't-che think, though, that old Jonah was like the sinner this day and time? I heard a sermon on that subjeck once and I thought it was one o' the finest sermons I ever heerd. The preacher said—the way he run it—the sense of it was—that old Jonah was jist like the sinner today. There he was on that ship, about ready to be sunk, and yit he didn't realize he was in any danger. And he said that was the way with the sinner today. The Devil had him put to sleep, so that he didn't realize the awful condition he was in.

THE TEACHER—That's a good point, Brother Adkins. I'm glad ye brought that out. You've said jist what I was a-wantin' to say, only you've expressed it better than I could. Boys, now that somethin' to think about. If they's any of ye here this mornin' that's out o' Christ, I want-che to think about that. Think about your lost condition, and remember that you're jist like old Jonah was on that there ship. There he was about

ready to be drowneded, and yit he didn't realize he was in any danger. Boys, now that's somethin' to think about. I want ye all to remember that lesson and take it home with ye, and act on it before it's too late. . . . Well, uh, next question is, What-did-they-do-to-him? That is, what did they do to Jonah?

BROTHER OATES—Why, they picked him up and cast him in the sea.

THE TEACHER—Yeah. Picked him up. And cast him in the sea. . . . Well, uh, next question is, What-happened-to-Jonah?

BROTHER OATES—Why, that old whale swallowed him.

THE TEACHER—Yeah. Swallowed by the whale. . . . Well, uh, next question in the book is, What-beautiful-prayer-did-he-make?

BROTHER ADKINS—Why, he prayed for the Lord to save him.

BROTHER OATES—Prayed for the Lord to deliver him out o' that old whale's belly. [*Laughter.*]

THE TEACHER—Yeah. Prayed for the Lord to save him. . . . Prayed for the Lord to deliver him . . . out o' the stummick o' the whale. . . . And then what happened?

BROTHER OATES—Why, that old whale vomicked him up. After three days and nights.

THE TEACHER—Yeah. Vomicked him up. . . . After three days and nights.

BROTHER ADKINS—Vomicked him up on the dry land, too, it says.

THE TEACHER—Yeah. Vomicked him up on the land. I'm glad ye brought that point out, Brother Adkins, 'cause if he had a-been vomicked up out in the ocean somewheres, it wouldn't a-been so convenient for him, would it?

BROTHER OATES—No, he mought a-got drowneded, unless he had a-been a mighty good swimmer, and close to the

shore. 'Cause I 'spect he was a-feelin' purty weak after three days and nights in that old whale.

THE TEACHER—Yeah, weak and hungry, too. I have an idey. I 'spect most of us would a-been a-feelin' purty weak after three days and nights in the stummick of a whale; don't-che reckon we would?

BROTHER OATES—Yessir, I have an idey we would. I have an idey we'd be willin' to obey the Lord next time. Like old Jonah was. That would teach us a lesson we'd never forgit.

THE TEACHER—Yeah. That would teach us a lesson. . . . Well, uh, next question is, Did-Jehovah-call-Jonah-a-second-time-to-the-same-service?

BROTHER OATES—Yes, he was called a second time. It says, "The word of the Lord came unto Jonah a second time."

THE TEACHER—Yeah. . . . a second time. . . . Well, uh, next question is, Where-was-the-city-of-Ninevah?

BROTHER OATES—Why, it was over there in one o' them old countries. Kind o' east direction, wasn't it?

THE TEACHER—Yeah. Kind o' east direction. East o' Palestine. . . . Well, uh, next question is, How-large-is-the-city-said-to-have-been?

BROTHER OATES—Why, it says it was "an exceeding great city."

THE TEACHER—Yeah. An exceeding *great* city.

BROTHER ADKINS—"An exceeding great city of *three days' journey*," it says, don't it?

THE TEACHER—Yeah. Of three days'.

BROTHER OATES—I dunno what that means by a three days' journey, but I reckon it means it would take old Jonah three days to git there, don't it?

THE TEACHER—Why, no, I don't hardly think so. What do you think about it, Brother Adkins?

BROTHER ADKINS—Why, if I understand it, according to the *Quarterly*, it means that it was so big it would take a man three days to walk around it.

THE TEACHER—Yeah. Take a man *three days* to walk around it.

BROTHER OATES—Gracious! It must a-been a tremenjous big city, then, if it took a man *three days* to walk around it.

BROTHER ADKINS—They had big cities back in them olden times. I 'spect they had some about as big as any we got today.

THE TEACHER—Yeah. They had some big cities. Back in Bible times. . . . Well, uh, next question is, What-was-Jonah's-message?

BROTHER ADKINS—"Yet forty days and Ninevey shall be overthrown."

THE TEACHER—Yeah. Forty days. And Nineveh shall be overthrown. . . . Well, uh, next question is, What-was-the-result-of-Jonah's-message?

BROTHER ADKINS—Why, they all repented, them people did.

THE TEACHER—Yeah. All repented.

BROTHER OATES—Repented in sackcloth and ashes, it says.

THE TEACHER—Yeah. In sackcloth and ashes. . . . Well, uh, next question is, Was-this-result-general?

BROTHER ADKINS—Why, yes, I think it was. 'Cause it says they all repented, from the King on down.

THE TEACHER—Yeah. All repented. From the King on down. . . . Well, uh, next question is, How-did-the-repentance-of-the-people-affect-Jonah?

BROTHER ADKINS—Why, it seems that he didn't like it 'cause they repented.

THE TEACHER—No. He didn't like it . . . because they repented.

BROTHER OATES—Seems that Old Jonah wanted the Lord to destroy them people . . . after they'd done and repented.

THE TEACHER—Yeah. Seems like he did. . . . Well, uh, next question is, To-whom-did-he-complain?

BROTHER OATES—Why, he complained to the Lord about it.

THE TEACHER—Yeah. Complained to the Lord about it. . . . Well, uh, next question is, Where-did-he-station-himself?

BROTHER ADKINS—Why, he went out on the east side o' the city, it says, and made him a kind of a booth out there, and sot in it.

THE TEACHER—Yeah. Went out east o' the city . . . and made him a booth. . . . Well, uh, next question is, What-did-he-wait-to-see?

BROTHER OATES—Why, he waited to see where the Lord was a-gonna destroy them people or not.

THE TEACHER—Yeah. Waited to see . . . the destruction o' the city. . . . Well, uh, next question is, What-came-up-and-covered-him-from-the-sun?

BROTHER ADKINS—Why, they was a gourd vine come up and covered him.

THE TEACHER—Yeah. A gourd vine come up that covered him from the sun. . . . Well, uh, next question is, What-happened-to-this-vine?

BROTHER ADKINS—Why, they was a worm come up and cut it down.

THE TEACHER—Yeah. A worm . . . come up and cut it down. . . . Well, uh, next question is, Did-Jonah-sorrow-personally-because-it-was-taken-away?

BROTHER ADKINS—Yessir, I think he did. It says he fainted from the hot sunshine.

THE TEACHER—Yeah. He fainted . . . from the hot sunshine. . . . Well, uh, next question is, What-parable-did-Jehovah-make-of-the-gourd-and-how-did-he-apply-it-to-Jonah's-state-of-mind? . . . Some of ye answer me that? . . . What - parable - did - Jehovah - make - of - the - gourd - and - how - did - he - apply - it - to -

Jonah's-state-of-mind? . . . Brother Adkins, what do you think about it?

BROTHER ADKINS—Why, I think that gourd was put there to teach old Jonah a lesson. I think the Lord meant to show old Jonah that he didn't have the right spirit about him. 'Cause he felt sorry when that worm cut down his gourd vine, and yit he wasn't willin' for the Lord to have no mercy on them people after they had went and repented.

THE TEACHER—Yeah. I think you're right, Brother Adkins. I think the Lord meant to teach old Jonah a lesson. I think he meant to show him that he didn't have the right spirit about him.

BROTHER OATES—It seems that old Jonah had a kind of a selfish disposition about him. Seems that he wanted ever'thing to go his way. In other words, he wasn't willin' for the Lord to rule.

THE TEACHER—Yeah. I think you're right, Brother Oates. I think that old Jonah must a-had a selfish disposition. I think that was why that punishment was sent on him. I think that's how come the whale to swaller him. 'Cause the Lord wanted to teach him a lesson . . . a lesson in obedience. And I think that that's a great lesson for us. I think it would do us all good to remember that lesson and take it home with us today, and always remember that obedience to the Lord is the best and the safest policy.

BROTHER OATES—In the *long run*.

THE TEACHER—Yeah. In the *long run*. . . . Well, now, that takes us through the questions here in the book. And I'm mighty glad to see that some of ye had up a good lesson. I always like to see a class that studies the lesson. That's what we all here for: to learn all we can. So le's all study our lesson for next Sunday, and all come back and try to bring some one with ye. That's the way to

make our class grow and have a bigger and better Sunday-school. . . . Well, we've still got a few minutes left yit. Now if they's any of you all that's got anything to say, or any questions ye'd like to ask, why, le's hear from ye. [*He sits down.*]

BROTHER SAWYER—They's one question I'd like to ast.

THE TEACHER—All right. Le's hear from Brother Sawyer.

BROTHER SAWYER—I'd like to know whether old Jonah was a Christian or not.

THE TEACHER—All right, class . . . what do ye think about it?

BROTHER ADKINS—Why, I think he was. 'Cause if he hadn't a-been, I don't think the Lord would a-told him to go preach to them people.

BROTHER SAWYER—That's jist the point I was a-gonna bring up. If he was a Christian, why didn't go on and preach, like the Lord told him to? It looks like he was a sinner to me. I think that's why that punishment was sent on him. I think the Lord done it to convert him.

BROTHER ADKINS—Well, if he was a sinner, then, how come the Lord told him to go preach to them people? Ye think the Lord would call a sinner to preach?

BROTHER SAWYER—Well, he might. He might have a purpose in it. Look at the Apos'le Paul. He was a sinner. He was a persecutin' the church when the Lord called him.

BROTHER ADKINS—He was a persecutin' the church when the Lord called him to be converted. But he wasn't called to preach till afterwards. I don't think the Lord would ever call no man to preach till after he was converted.

BROTHER SAWYER—Well, if old Jonah was a Christian, then, how come he didn't go on and preach like the Lord told

him to? How come the Lord had to have that old whale to swaller him?

BROTHER ADKINS—Why, he was stubborn and wanted to have his own way. He wasn't willin' for the Lord to rule.

BROTHER SAWYER—If he wasn't willin' for the Lord to rule, he must not a-been a Christian, then.

BROTHER ADKINS—Why, ye don't think a man has to be perfect to be a Christian, do ye?

BROTHER SAWYER—No, I don't think he has to be perfect, but I don't see how a man could be a Christian and be as stubborn and bull-headed as old Jonah was.

BROTHER PERKINS—Me, neither. I don't see how old Jonah could a-been a Christian. 'Cause when the Lord first called him to preach, why, he tried to run away, and wouldn't try to preach till that punishment was sent on him. And then when he did go preach, and them people repented, why, he got mad about it 'cause the Lord didn't destroy 'em and send 'em all to Hell.

BROTHER SAWYER—Seems that old Jonah thought more of his gourd vine than he did o' the lives o' them people. When that worm cut down his gourd vine, why, he was sorry of it, and yit he got mad 'cause the Lord didn't send all them people to Hell after they'd done repented. I don't see how a man like that could a-been a Christian.

BROTHER OATES—Well, they's one question I'd like to ast Brother Sawyer. If Jonah weren't a Christian, how come him to write part o' the Bible? Do ye think the Lord would a-had a man to write part o' the Bible that weren't a Christian?

BROTHER SAWYER. How ye know that Jonah wrote part o' the Bible?

BROTHER OATES—Why, it says there, "The Book of Jonah." He must a-wrote it, or it wouldn't a-been named after him.

BROTHER SAWYER—Well, I ain't a-sayin' that old Jonah went to Hell. He might a-repented and a-been saved later on, for all I know. But what I mean is, I don't think he was a Christian at the time we read about in this lesson.

BROTHER OATES—Well, I tell ye what I think about it. I have my doubts about old Jonah a-bein' a Christian when the Lord first called him. 'Cause if he *had* a-been a Christian, I don't see why he would a-tryed to run away. But I do b'lieve he was a Christian when he come out o' the whale. 'Cause it says in the Bible that he cried unto the Lord out o' the fish's belly and ast the Lord to save him. And right then, I b'lieve, was when old Jonah was converted—right there in the belly o' that old whale. I b'lieve when he went into that old whale, I b'lieve he was a sinner. But when he come out, in my opinion, he was a changed man. 'Cause he was willin' to go on and preach then, like the Lord told him to.

BROTHER SAWYER—Well, if he was a Christian when he come out o' the whale, how come he thought more of his gourd vine than he did o' the lives o' them people?

BROTHER OATES—Why, he jist had that much o' the Old Adam left in him. He was a Christian, but he was like all the rest of us: he weren't perfeck. They don't none of us live as close to the Lord as we ought to. They ain't no man, I don't care how good he is, but what's got *some* o' the Old Adam left in him. Paul said that he had to chastise his body, to keep out o' sin. And he was one o' the most consecrated men that ever lived, I reckon. We all commit sin, o' some kind, more or less, ever day. I ain't a-sayin' old Jonah was perfeck. I don't think he was. But I do b'lieve he was converted right there in that old whale.

The debate as to Jonah's Christianity continues until the superintendent's bell is heard, calling the class into the auditorium for the closing song and benediction.

BANDMASTER GILMORE

BY GEORGE R. LEIGHTON

A HUNDRED red-shirted Boston firemen stand before a hundred anvils with a hundred hammers raised; a hundred cornets glitter in the sunlight; two hundred fiddlers wait with bows poised; thousands of blue sashes rustle as thousands of New England sopranos rise, music in hand; in the distance the audience, thousands upon thousands upon thousands, banked tier on tier, leans forward in a hush of expectation, every eye fixed upon a man with glistening shirt front who stands alone on the high music-stand. The right hand goes up with a sharp gesture—there is a moment of vast and unearthly quiet—and then with a swoop the hand comes down. Thus the roar and boom of the Anvil Chorus break upon the audience, flooding the auditorium with a fury of sound. At the very height of the uproar the man on the music-stand signals a battery of cannon outside, and in that moment, through the smoke and thunder of the artillery, he becomes a name—Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore, first and greatest of American bandmasters.

He was only nineteen when, in 1849, he landed in Boston, a wild Irish boy from the town of Athlone. He was born at Ballygar, County Galway, on Christmas Day, 1829, and was named for the immortal General Patrick Sarsfield. Like so many other misguided Irish folk, his parents had hoped that he would take kindly to the church, but happily the snare was broken, and he escaped to a place

with a merchant of Athlone. This garrison town on the River Shannon always had two or three regiments stationed in it, and without delay young Gilmore fell in love with their bands. His enthusiasm came to the notice of one of the bandmasters, a man named Keating, who took him in charge, taught him to play the cornet, and eventually placed him in one of the bands. Not long after this the regiment was transferred to Canada, and Gilmore, already becoming known as a cornetist, went along. But it didn't last. Tiring of the service, he quit the British Army and set out for Boston, then the musical capital of the continent.

He first found a place with the Messrs. Ordway, proprietors of a music store and of Ordways' Minstrels, but shortly after that showed up in a Boston band. His extraordinary skill with the cornet soon brought him into notice, and from 1849 to 1856 he moved in quick succession from one band leadership to another. First he led a newly formed band in Charlestown and then he succeeded the famous Ned Kendall as leader of the Suffolk Band. An unremitting industry and an insistence on strict discipline—inheritances from his Army days—began to put a fine edge on his performances and his reputation bloomed. Then, not long before he took over the Boston Brigade Band, Louis Antoine Jullien, a popular French orchestral conductor of the time, with a passion for the sensational, reached America.

Jullien spread himself in red and gold stage properties, wore magnificent garb, used a jewelled baton, and rested between numbers in a golden throne. One of his most popular numbers, "The Firemen's Quadrille," included a display of fire-works at the climax, the appearance of a brigade of firemen, and the deluging of the aisles with real water. Undoubtedly, these strenuous monkeyshines made a profound impression on Gilmore, but what probably moved him most was the orchestra itself, one of the best that had ever visited America. Under the gaudy display and the tumult of the Jullien performances the young bandmaster saw his opportunity, and as early as 1869 he was feeling his way into Wagner.

All this, however, was still to come. Jullien sailed away to die, heartsick and broke, in a madhouse. Gilmore, then twenty-seven years old, quit the Boston Brigade in 1856 to lead the Salem Band for "a thousand a year and all he could make." He must have prospered for within two years he was back in Boston and had organized his own band. In 1858 we hear of it for the first time. From then on, save for his term of service in the Union Army during the Civil War, he was its sole proprietor. His amiable temper and high spirits made him an attractive figure, and before long his acquaintances included many politicians, rich merchants and newspaper proprietors. With his insatiable appetite for and skill at advertisement, he used every possible means to attract attention. He took his band to the Charleston Convention in 1860, and then to Chicago for the Lincoln Convention in the Wigwam.

Then came the war, and to one who, like Gilmore, took everything, including patriotism, in large doses, it was the voice of God speaking. His band enlisted in a

body with the 24th Massachusetts Volunteers and its leader was promptly named Bandmaster-General and Chief Musician of the State of Massachusetts by Governor Andrew. The regiment was first ordered to North Carolina to accompany the Burnside expedition. It was a pretty tame show, and before anything much had happened the enlistment was up and the regiment was mustered out. Late in 1862 General Nat Banks succeeded Silver Spoons Butler in command of the Department of the Gulf and promptly put Gilmore in charge of all the military bands in the Department. By 1864 Louisiana was well under the conqueror's heel and a carpet-bag Legislature moved into the Statehouse. One Michael Hahn, who had previously made his way to Congress by virtue of a phoney election engineered by Butler, was elected Governor. It was decided that something handsome must be done to celebrate the occasion, and Gilmore did it.

He ransacked the public schools, waylaid tenors in byways and alleys, and assembled a chorus of 5000 voices. Then all the bands under his authority were merged and the rehearsals began. At the inaugural concert in Lafayette Square he presented his 5000 voices and all his bandsmen, 500 strong, the whole backed up by a huge drum and trumpet corps. The smash number was "Hail Columbia" punctuated by thunderous roars from a battery of cannon and the pealing of bells in the neighborhood. Gilmore scored a triumph.

Just before the end of the war, he brought out "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." It will probably never be known whether the pseudonym of Louis Lambert belonged to him or to another, but at all events he always claimed the air as his, and no one rose to deny him. Barely had the tune reached the country when the

war was over. And with the homeward heroes, the colonels of twenty-six and the generals of thirty-four, came Gilmore, fired with ambition and sweating for new fields to conquer.

II

We now approach what proved to be the climax of his career, the National Peace Jubilee held in Boston in June, 1869. Though thousands participated in it, it was his child, all, all his own, and he never quite touched the same height again. He got up another festival even bigger and yet a third, and for twenty years after that was one of the leading bandmasters of the world, but the resplendent raptures of the first jubilee never came again. There his glory reached its flood, and it is thus worth while recalling in some detail.

All his life Gilmore had what he called visions and some of his most gorgeous doings were inspired by them. According to his own account, the Peace Jubilee was the child of one of these messages from on high. The angel seems to have spoken sometime in June, 1867, when the bandmaster happened to be in New York. Though there is no evidence to support the theory, one may guess that on a night when the genial Irishman had been brimming the bowl and was rolling home well corned, the heavens opened and the vision came. As he himself said afterward, "a vast structure rose before him, filled with the loyal of the land, through whose lofty arches a chorus of ten thousand voices and the harmony of a thousand instruments rolled their sea of sound, accompanied by the chiming of bells and the booming of cannon,—all pouring forth their praise and gratulation in loud hosannas with all the majesty and grandeur of which music seemed capable."

Without losing any time he hurried back to Boston and confided the scheme to his lady. Said he to her: "I'm going to get up the greatest musical festival and the grandest celebration in the world. It is to be a National Jubilee to commemorate the restoration of peace throughout the land; a great coliseum will be erected to hold fifty thousand people; the President of the United States, all the members of Congress, heads of Departments, foreign Ministers, Governors of States and the leading men throughout the Union will be invited. . . . The excitement throughout the country will be tremendous and everybody will rejoice at the idea."

After brooding over this grandiose idea for several weeks Gilmore decided to put up a trial balloon. In the most secret manner he waited on Charles Rogers, the proprietor of the *Boston Journal*, and went over his plans in detail. What he proposed to do, he told the dazed newspaper man, was to erect a huge wooden structure that would seat 50,000 persons. He would then gather together choir singers by the thousands and form a stupendous chorus, assemble a band of a thousand instruments, and with this musical horde give a three-day festival. All this, ignoring the Johnson impeachment trial and the carpet-baggers then engaged in disembowelling the South, was to celebrate the conclusion of peace between the warring States.

Rogers thought him insane, even though an architect had agreed to draw the plans for the auditorium on speculation. Finding Boston cold, he tried New York. No luck again. Next he proposed to hold the festival in Washington to celebrate Grant's inaugural, hoping thus to get some government backing. Still no luck. When at last the newly organized Grand Army of the Republic refused to touch the scheme, Gilmore determined to swing it himself. He

prepared a long and gaudy prospectus, written in his most splendid manner, and confided his copy to a printer sworn to secrecy. The completed document, studded with bold face, large italics and exclamation points, he took to the editors of all the Boston papers, begged their support, and asked that the matter be kept quiet until he was ready. It is an evidence of his popularity that they all agreed and that the secret was kept.

Then in succession he won over Julius Eichberg, the director of the Boston Conservatory, and Carl Zerrahn, one of the best known orchestra leaders of the town. But when he tackled John Sullivan Dwight he met his match. Through the course of many years this amiably austere man, by turns Brook Farmer, clergyman and editor, had come to occupy a peculiar position of musical authority. He had helped to found the Harvard Musical Society and the Philharmonic Association, and, being a Brahmin of the Brahmins, laid down, line upon line, precept upon precept, the music that Boston might accept and admire. The spectacle of Gilmore, a salesman of musical thunder, attempting to persuade such a man as Dwight to participate in a tornado concert certainly had its touches of the ludicrous. Dwight, of course, would have none of the project, and his later outspoken opposition was gall to the bandmaster. "He never claimed," said Gilmore, "to be much of a musician; but there is one thing sure: he possesses all the elements of discord, and is thoroughly familiar with every minor passage."

But though he failed with Dwight, Gilmore soon began to gather in some money. Ditson, the music publisher, and Mason, the organ builder, subscribed \$1000 apiece. So did some of the hotel men of the town and a number of merchants. With this

much backing—it was early in January, 1869—Gilmore bade the newspapers break the story. So completely stunned were the people of Boston that for several days there was almost complete silence. Then the uproar began, and it never stopped until the festival was over.

Gilmore asked Dr. Upham, the chairman of the committee on music for the Boston public schools, for 20,000 school children, all to be trained under Eichberg's supervision, to appear at one of the performances and sing popular melodies. He promised that a sufficient number of toilets would be provided in the coliseum for the young army and ended his letter praying that "the grace of God be with the undertaking and direct it to a successful end." To organize the main chorus he enlisted Eben Tourjee of the New England Conservatory. Thousands of circulars were broadcast throughout the country, inviting every musical club and choral society in the land to participate. This first circular listed the numbers to be sung and gave the most detailed directions for rehearsal. Each society must report the exact number of its members and the distribution of the voices; evidence of the fitness of each local musical director had to be given. According to the circular, "the proportion which it is desired to establish is as follows: 8 sopranos, 7 altos, 5 tenors and 6 basses; but the volume of tone in each of the parts must be as nearly equal as possible." The circular wound up by offering a free bound copy of the festival music to every society, reasonable terms for lodging while in Boston, and half-fare railroad tickets, and assured all hands that the blessing of God rested upon the enterprise. In all, 103 societies from Maine to Illinois fell for the bait.

And then, after what had looked to be a running start, the supply of subscribers

suddenly dried up, and though Gilmore pleaded frantically, no more money was forthcoming. Worse still, those who disapproved of the scheme pitched on the festival with hammer and tongs. When the City Council gave permission to put the coliseum on the Common the Thayers, Coolidges and Higginsons screamed at the desecration. Gilmore, in agony, used every argument and blandishment in his arsenal; he declared that he was "prompted by higher and holier motives than mere worldly achievement"; that he was sustained by "the clear consciousness of being engaged in a great and good work—a work in the cause of music, of art, of pure patriotism and lofty virtues, of peace, of union and of religion." But it was all to no avail.

Then in his darkest hour, the rich and eminent Eben Jordan agreed to become treasurer of the undertaking, and all was well again. A National Peace Jubilee Association was organized to take over the management and the wheels began to move. To soothe the army of dissenters the Common was given up and St. James Park selected as the site of the temple of harmony. Day by day, reams of publicity were broadcast and finally people began to believe that the impossible might really happen. The Music Hall and other auditoriums resounded with the noise of rehearsals; every week the nearby choral societies came in to be plowed, harrowed and licked into shape. The indefatigable Tourjee rallied the distant ones, showing the Rossini Club of Damariscotta and the Harmonic Society of New Haven how to do their duty. Dodworth, the New York bandmaster, and George Lyon, of Lyon & Healy, both great friends of Gilmore's, wrought valiantly in assembling the bandmen, and Jim Fisk, the King of Erie, shamed the other railroad men by offering

half-fares from anywhere. Through the noise and tumult thrashed Gilmore, every sense ravished by the most exquisite excitement. How he gloated when he reported that "over 2,500,000 feet of lumber" had arrived on the festival ground.

By the first of May every sort of rumor was afloat; it was whispered that the building was unsafe, that the vast galleries would buckle, that the audience of 30,000—if it ever came—would be trampled to death. Delicate Brahmins, alarmed by the prospect of so large a band and chorus performing in the neighborhood, prepared to move out of town. Gilmore found that the school board was afraid to trust 20,000 children in an untried building. With a flash of genius, he suggested that the children sing on the *last* day, after the building had been thoroughly tested by four performances. The school board hesitated, weakened, and then gave in, and Gilmore went his way, praising and glorifying his Heavenly Father.

At the last a momentous question arose. A soloist there must be, yet whose voice could fill so huge a building? The committee, after deep thought, fixed upon that gigantic, soft-hearted and bovine soprano, Euphrosyne Parepa-Rosa, the only singer who could possibly hope to meet the specifications. The kindly artiste accepted the invitation in a letter that fairly quivered with excitement, assuring the committee that "as to *terms* I leave them *entirely* to the committee, as *no* feeling except the pleasure of joining so *great* an undertaking can actuate any artist."

In the midst of all this prodigious activity Gilmore found time to hunger for a new national anthem. He groaned at the thought of Longfellow absent in Europe, "shrinking like a timid bird from the homage that the high and humble alike would gladly bestow," but decided

to do what he could with Oliver Wendell Holmes. The bandmaster swooped down one morning on the doctor and his Irish flattery proved irresistible. Holmes fell over himself, and within a few days delivered a very dubious work entitled "A Hymn of Peace." Meanwhile, the aged Edward Everett Hale agreed to invoke the blessing of the Most High at the first concert, and Lowell Mason, then doddering toward the grave, signified his willingness to attend as the guest of honor. By a stroke of Providence, Ole Bull showed up on a concert tour, and was panicked by Gilmore into accepting the post of first violin. Last of all, Grant and his Cabinet and a whole retinue of Army and Navy swells accepted invitations and Gilmore's cup was full. There was, perhaps, one single regret. The bandmaster cabled to Johann Strauss, the Waltz King, begging him to come, but alas, the Tsar had first choice and Strauss had gone off to St. Petersburg.

III

The excitement of the last few days preceding the festival almost sent Boston into hysteria. A cough-drop manufacturer announced that he would present to each of the 10,000 choristers a box of Brown's Bronchial Troches, and the largest bass-drum ever constructed, twenty-five feet in circumference, arrived ostentatiously upon a flat car and was met by a crowd that jammed the station. The newspapers were prodigal with the space they gave to the affair—the *Boston Herald* using more than twenty columns in a single day—and though the *Saturday Evening Gazette* regretted that the auditorium covered but four acres, whereas the Flavian amphitheatre had filled nearly six, still "that was the

work of free hearts and unbloody hands, and not a tear has fallen to water its growing."

Prudent New Englanders were shocked almost beyond endurance by the news that \$120,000 would be spent on the building alone, and that it would be torn down at once. The price of tickets was also staggering; season seats for three cost \$100 apiece. The newspaper reporters measured the pipes of the largest organ ever built, and exulted in print over the coliseum's retiring rooms, so "completely equipped for every necessity of nature."

Finally the preliminaries were all over, and at midnight on June 14 Gilmore went home, tired out but confident. He told his wife that when he saw the completed auditorium in all its splendor and thought of his band on the morrow, he could not find words to express his feelings. His wife was equal to the occasion. "The result," said she, "will be that only two things will hereafter be spoken of as wonderful and miraculous—one is the Creation, the other your Peace Jubilee." On this note the happy pair betook themselves to bed.

Came the day and the hour. One who sat in the rear of the balcony described how the floor slowly filled with spectators, and how it looked to see an endless procession of people streaming into the gallery seats that rose, rank by rank, from the floor up the sides of the building. Above, the rafters were draped with flags and banners, the huge beams gilded and bedaubed with patriotic sentiments. Over the stage rose a gigantic arch adorned with two monstrous angels gazing upward at the words which unrolled themselves in colossal letters: "Glory to God in the Highest; Peace on Earth Good Will Toward Men!"

Section by section, the choristers took

their places while the band could be heard whining to itself as the instruments were tuned. Then, at three o'clock, the doors were shut and the aged Hale rose in the dim vastness of the hall to make his prayer. No one heard it. After him some long-forgotten stuffed shirt delivered a dedicatory address, swallowed up by the rafters. The audience began to show impatience. It had come to see what the new Joshua with all his trumpets could do to the walls of Jericho, and only when the last dignity had departed did it settle down.

First Carl Rosa, the concert-master, made his appearance. Applause! Then the white haired Ole Bull. Prolonged applause! Last of all, Gilmore, the star-shaped studs in his shirt-bosom all gold and glitter, his sideburns and chin-tuft bristling, his whole body trembling with exultation. The applause shook the building. The bandmaster said something about his gratitude, lavished his appreciation on his executive committee, called on the audience to remember that "to One alone, the Omnipotent God, all honor, all glory and all praise are due," and then turned to his band.

At that precise moment—of course Gilmore would plan it so—there came a thunder clap like the last trump. Organ, orchestra and chorus, all together in one burst of *fortissimo*, broke into "Ein Feste Burg." The effect was stupendous and when the ancient choral was over Gilmore knew that he had beaten his enemies to a pulp. The audience almost went crazy. Quivering with happiness, the bandmaster bowed before the tumult of applause and disappeared as Eichberg took up his baton and signalled for the "Tannhäuser" overture.

Through the long week the musical deluge went on. Grant came to be greeted with "See the Conquering Hero Comes" done with such brass and thunder as had

never been heard before. Gilmore had to give up his cherished hope of giving Beethoven's Ninth Symphony entire, and contented himself with liberal slices of Mozart's Twelfth Mass and the more thumping oratorio numbers. Along with all this there were huge rations of Meyerbeer, Rossini, patriotic airs, the expressly composed pieces, the school children's chorus, and a host of other novelties. But the two huge successes, aside from Gilmore himself, were the Anvil Chorus and his star soprano, Parepa-Rosa.

So difficult was the job of keeping 10,000 voices under control that he had his music stand equipped with a series of speaking tubes which connected him with his lieutenants scattered through the chorus sections. Beside the tubes was a row of telegraph keys which controlled the cannon battery outside. When the moment arrived for the anvils—this number, of course, was given at every performance—Gilmore would whistle up the tubes, gather his host together, and then let her go. At the climax he came down on the telegraph keys and in the bedlam of the cannon would bring the chorus to its close.

As for Parepa, she was so colossal that the reporters completely broke down. During the singing of the *Inflammatus* her voice, clear and strong, rose higher and higher until at last it could be heard, light and free, far above the huge chorus. At the end, the audience was dissolved in tears. It recovered when she reappeared to lead "The Star Spangled Banner." Resplendent in white silk with red, white and blue buttons and with diamonds in her hair, she took the anthem to her giant bosom and summoned all her powers. The impression she made, according to the New York *Tribune* correspondent, was tremendous, "her voice ringing like a trumpet-call above the noise of a thousand

instruments, ten thousand voices, the roaring organ, the big drum and the artillery."

It was while Parepa was singing one afternoon that the only festival fatality occurred, and it came off with true Gilmorean effect. Among the visitors was a Mrs. Dunlap of Chicago. On the second day, while Parepa was climbing the golden stairs in "Let The Bright Seraphim", Mrs. Dunlap was overcome with emotion and quietly expired. Gilmore's comment was perfect. "No one," said he, "more pure or gentle, more tender or affectionate could have been chosen to bear to the angelic choir above tidings of the glorious scene on earth, of the thousands listening in rapt reverence to the sacred songs that inspired the souls of the greatest masters."

When it was all over it was found that the Jubilee would show a small profit and this profit, together with the takings at a testimonial concert, brought in nearly \$40,000 for the bandmaster. It was his honest due and there was not a single cat-call when the money was turned over to him, and he set out for Europe to recuperate from his labors.

IV

Several weeks after his departure a terrific storm visited the New England coast and battered the great musical ark to pieces. The largest organ in the world was shredded to matchwood, and the great drum, all red, white and blue and gold, was pierced by a fallen timber. Had Gilmore been superstitious he might have considered the fate of the drum as an omen of evil, but to him every omen was a favorable one. He was busy inviting his soul in the foreign capitals, and holding conversations with the European bandmasters and orchestra leaders. It may have been while he was abroad that another

idea occurred to him, or he may have had another vision. At all events, when he got home finally and found his Jubilee without a written history, he applied himself to the task of writing one, and when it appeared it proved to be but a long preface in print to a new Gilmore bombshell. He wanted another Jubilee!

The Franco-Prussian War and the siege of Paris had at last collapsed, and he who could spot the magic word Peace a thousand leagues off proposed to celebrate the conclusion of hostilities with a second festival, this time an International Peace Jubilee, where under one roof, singing hymns, representatives of all nations should unite themselves in concord and amity forever. He chose Boston again, and announced that he would double all the figures of the first show. Instead of a chorus of 10,000 there should be 20,000. Instead of 1000 musicians there should be 2000. In place of a coliseum that held 50,000 there now must be one that would shelter twice as many. Where previously there had been but one star conductor, there should now be half a dozen, European as well as American. He would have dozens of celebrities for soloists where once Parepa-Rosa had done the work alone. To crown all, with the blessing and godspeed of their several royal masters, he would have present every famous band on the face of the globe. Strange to say, he got them all, he got everything he wanted—with one tragic exception. He could multiply everything by two except the ticket buyers, and this second time the customers stayed away.

Perhaps if he had planned his first festival as vastly he might have succeeded, for then it was all new, all gamble. That first Jubilee had been such a hectic business that there doesn't appear to have been much time for ax-grinding for anybody,

but the second time things were different. Gilmore's electric enthusiasm remained the same, but some of the others saw the affair only as an easy chance at a good thing. Where before he had had to plead for support, the news of his plan now drew support in abundance.

So the World's Peace Jubilee and International Musical Festival was announced, to continue for three weeks, beginning on June 17, 1872, and running until July 4. A new monster auditorium was built, a new and vaster choir and orchestra were trained, the anvil rehearsals began again, and an organ larger even than the first was built.

Johann Strauss, at a reputed fee of \$20,000, came to conduct the orchestra in "The Blue Danube" and all the other waltz marvels in his *répertoire*. The aged Franz Abt was also imported to take the 2000 musicians through his "When the Swallows Homeward Fly." Arabella Goddard came and tried to play on an impossible piano supplied by one of the backers. A brigade of soloists was presented as "A Magnificent Bouquet of One Hundred and Fifty Artists", along with Franz Bendell, the gymnastic German pianist. But the trump cards of this second festival were the visiting bands. Dan Godfrey brought that of the Grenadier Guards from London, all red and gold and bear-skin; there was the Garde Republicaine Band (with the express permission of President Thiers) from Paris, and the Kaiser Franz Grenadier Regiment Band from Berlin. The Emperor also obliged with his Imperial Household Cornet Quartette. The procession wound up with the United States Marine Band, the Gilmore Band under its own leader, and an unfortunate organization known as the Irish National Band.

This last was not a success. Gilmore

wanted the Irish Constabulary Band, but the British government thought Godfrey was enough and refused permission, whereupon an agent in Dublin hustled a band together and shipped it over, labeling it the Irish National. When it appeared at the festival its members had rehearsed but three weeks and had never played before in public. As might be supposed, their performances were not impressive. Worse, they fought one another continuously, and went to pieces completely after the festival was over.

But despite every bait, people simply refused to come. At a few of the performances—on Grant Day and at the visit of Horace Greeley—the house was fairly well filled, but at other times the spectacle was dire. The second day found 22,000 performers on the stage and but 7,000 in the audience. Sunday sacred concerts were attempted to help swell the takings, but so few came that they were abandoned precipitately.

Gilmore himself scored a personal success and the press had not a word of criticism to offer so far as he was concerned. Autograph hunters mobbed him so that he was forced to keep a staff of clerks busy, turning out signatures by the thousand. Strauss also carried all before him, and a German soprano, Peschka Leutner, surprised everybody by turning into a star. For her was reserved the honor of singing Proch's "Air With Variations" for the first time in America. But it was no use. The reams of special music composed for the occasion by celebrated hands fell flat, and the Soldiers Chorus, jazzed with red fire, could not duplicate the success of the Anvil Chorus.

The vast choir, too great for any one man to handle, was constantly getting into difficulties. One day, for example, the audience was thrown into convulsions

when it lost control of itself in the middle of Händel's "All We, Like Sheep, Have Gone Astray." The festival did provide, however, a superb example of Gilmore's presence of mind in an emergency. This was when the Patriotic Day programme reached its climax with "The Star Spangled Banner", given with every adornment Gilmore could muster. The choir had barely swung into the first measure when, without warning, it got completely out of hand; the basses were soon going along on their own while the sopranos and altos fought among themselves. Gilmore strove desperately to get them into line, but in vain. When he saw that it was impossible he signalled his organ and artillery to give him everything they had, and under cover of a deafening din that completely drowned the music he found his chorus and brought it out at the end, united once more.

But that the festival had failed, in spite of all its glitter, could not be denied. Even the presence in the choir of three Congressmen and an ex-Governor could not save it. Gilmore surveyed the battlefield, packed his baggage, and set out for New York and pastures new. Two months afterward the coliseum was put up as a prize in a lottery.

V

Gilmore was forty-four years old when he got to New York in 1873 and entered upon the last period of his life. He had twenty years yet to go, and if there were no thunder-crash climaxes any more, those last twenty years could scarcely be called anti-climax either. What was already the best band in America continued to grow even better. His passion for perfect performance led him to pay splendidly for talent and as one of his associates said,

"all his players, the élite of the musical profession and artists from all musical countries, were the greatest players on their respective instruments in the world."

Herbert Clarke has told how laboriously Pat sought to achieve a perfectly balanced band and how he would argue with orchestral conductors that a band of 100 players, properly chosen, was superior to a symphony orchestra. Such a band Gilmore eventually assembled, and here it is:

2 Piccolos	1 Contra Bass Saxophone
2 Flutes	2 Alto Saxophones
1 A♭ Piccolo Clarinet	1 E♭ Cornet
3 E♭ Clarinets	2 1st B♭ Cornets
14 1st B♭ Clarinets	2 2nd B♭ Cornets
10 2nd B♭ Clarinets	2 3rd B♭ Cornets
8 3rd B♭ Clarinets	2 Flügel Horns
2 Alto Clarinets	4 Trumpets
2 Bass Clarinets	4 French Horns
4 Oboes	2 Alto Horns
4 Bassoons	2 Tenor Horns
1 Contra Bassoon	2 Euphoniums
1 E♭ Soprano Saxophone	1 Tenor Antonionophone
2 B♭ Soprano Saxophones	4 Trombones
2 Baritone Saxophones	5 Tubas
	1 Bass Antonionophone
	4 Drums, Cymbals, Tympani

This makes ninety-nine. The one hundredth man must have been Gilmore himself.

The last of his big shows was given in Chicago in 1873, a series of huge concerts got up ostensibly to celebrate the recovery of the city from the great fire. These concerts were held in the concourse of the new passenger station of the Lake Shore Railroad and lasted for three days. A friend of Gilmore's said that the "structure satisfied his idea of bigness for it was two blocks in length and accommodated 40,000 people." He was able to fill it, and with an enlarged band of 300 and a chorus of 1000, he did the Anvil Chorus again. It was during these concerts that

he told an acquaintance that "he wished he could have cannon, bells, and anvils with every piece he played, not only on account of the audience, but because he enjoyed them himself."

He was one of the musical stars of the Centennial in 1876, sharing honors with Offenbach and Theodore Thomas. Not long before this Gilmore's Gardens, housed in a huge structure between Madison and Fourth avenues at Twenty-sixth street, were opened, and here in the Summer of 1875 Gilmore made an extraordinary record. He gave 150 consecutive concerts to crowded houses. On October 29, the last night and his benefit, more than 10,000 persons jammed themselves inside the place to cheer him. The great moment was when Gilmore—his side burns and chin tuft were gone now, and a waxed moustache had taken their place—appeared with the three other great cornetists of the day, Arbuckle, Bent and Jules Levy, to play a quartette.

Levy, a prima donna if there ever was one, had originally come from London with Jullien. He never went back. After Gilmore came to New York he wanted Levy in his band and finally persuaded him to join for a salary of \$650 a week, the use of a horse and barouche, and plenty of big type. Arbuckle, a cornetist widely admired, was already a member of the band, and the feeling between the two virtuosi was not entirely friendly. Concerts with both on the bill began, and presently squads of Arbuckle and Levy supporters began attending to cheer and boo.

One night this brought on a back-stage fight between the two artists, and in attempting to separate them Gilmore tore Levy's coat. Screaming with rage, Levy challenged the bandmaster to a duel, but was finally persuaded to take it out in a shooting-gallery contest. The winner was

to entertain a small crowd at Delmonico's. Levy consented and lost to Gilmore, five bull's eyes to six. The supper was given at once, with Levy ruefully paying a \$200 check. Next day, with aching head, Levy read in the *Sun* how the gallery boy had been bribed to charge the pistols with blanks and how an attendant had struck the bell behind the target with a hammer. Stung beyond endurance, Levy set out for Gilmore but found him not; the master had had another vision.

Early that morning he had burst into the office of John Freund, the music publisher, and announced the arrival of more news from on high. This time he had seen an angel, all in white, and the angel had given him the words for a new national anthem. After finishing her dictation, she had led him to a place where a heavenly choir was chanting the anthem to the most delicious music.

"John," said Gilmore, "that is going to be the national hymn of America. It will be sung by generations of Americans and make the name of Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore immortal." Forthwith he pulled the unwilling publisher across the way for breakfast and then to his home in West Twelfth street, where he sang the following message from the seraphim:

Columbia! First and fairest gem
On nature's brow a diadem,
Whose lustre, bright as heavenly star,
The light of freedom sheds afar.
Like Noah's Ark, a God-sent bark
In search of land, through day and dark
First found thee, held by Nature's child
The red man, in his wigwam wild.

Then, with some caution, Pat produced a jug from the washstand and having lubricated himself, went on to sing several more stanzas. Convinced that the anthem was his master work, he brought it out with all manner of special effects at a

concert on Christmas Day, 1879. People liked it for a while and the band leader spent some time trying to persuade Congress to adopt it as the national hymn. It was a fruitless task. Congress was more interested in the fight between Jim Blaine and Conkling.

In 1877 a girl from Maine named Lillian Norton applied to Gilmore for a job as soloist with the band. She was so promising that he felt sure she would have "a nice little success." She did so well in fact, that in the next year, 1878, when he made the last bravura gesture of his career by taking his band to Europe, he took the future Lillian Nordica along. He set out with all his men, flags flying and guns booming, to show England and the Continent how glorious a thing an American band could be. After a long series of engagements he wound up at the Paris Exposition and began a series of concerts at the Trocadero. The young soloist and her anxious mama had saved their money carefully and when, at the end of the engagement, Gilmore's manager skipped with the treasury, it was Nordica's money that brought the stranded band back home.

After this and the national anthem excitement, Gilmore settled down and was content to be America's greatest bandmaster and let it go at that. He toured the country again and again and was, for thirteen seasons, the particular adornment of Manhattan Beach. How he felt as age slowly came on is hard to tell; it must have been strange to have Sherman die in 1890 and be asked to play the dirge be-

hind the dead man's hearse—the war days were gone by and the last of the captains and the kings were on their way out. Yet Pat's passion for surprise did not desert him even now. He turned "Marching Through Georgia" inside out, and stunned the crowd with a new funeral march.

Of his music there is nothing left, save perhaps the "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" of doubtful authorship. The other pieces, the marches, the sentimental "Good News From Home" once sung by Christy's Minstrels, the Civil War songs like "Oh, Let Me Dream of Former Years" and "Freedom on the Old Plantation", all have long since crumbled into oblivion with the anthem that was to make his name immortal and the "Miss Ennis Polka" that he had written so many years before in Athlone. He was never a composer; his heart was with his band and the people who came to cheer.

They cheered for a few years more until one afternoon, playing at the St. Louis Exposition, his heart gave way. A few hours later, on September 24, 1892, all that was left of Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore lay in the Lyndall Hotel—his wife and daughter and two ambassadors of the One True Church beside him, but never a single cornet to serenade him on his way. Two days later Sousa's Band, at Plainfield, N. J., gave its first concert and as a gesture of affection played Gilmore's "The Voice of a Departed Soul."

How the old master would have relished that theatrical touch—but two days separating two eras!

SONGS OF A MOUNTAIN PLOWMAN

BY JESSE STUART

SIR: I am a farmer singing at the plow,
And as I take my time to plow along
A steep Kentucky hill I sing my song —
A one-horse farmer singing at the plow.
I do not sing the songs you love to hear;
My basket songs are woven from the words
Of corn and crickets, trees and men and birds.
I sing the strains I know and love to sing.
And I can sing my lays like singing corn,
And flute them like a fluting gray corn-bird;
And I can pipe them like a hunter's horn —
All of my life these are the songs I've heard.
And these crude strains no critic can call art,
Yours very respectfully, JESSE STUART

II

I cannot sing the tunes great men have sung.
I cannot follow roads great men have gone —
I am not here to sing the songs they've sung.
I think I'm here to make a road my own.
I shall go forth not knowing where I go.
I shall go forth and I shall go alone.
The road I'll travel on is mud, I know,
But it's a road that I can call my own.
The stars and moon and sun will give me light;
The winds will whisper songs I love to hear;
Oak leaves will make for me a bed at night
And dawn will break to find me lying here.
The winy sunset of another day
Will find me plodding on my muddy way.

III

Elizabeth Hale, I know you are composed
Of finer clay than you find in this man;
Something is in you that is in the rose;

Something is in me that is in a stone.
The wind loves you, all things that smell the breath
Of wind love you—I know they love a rose;
Thin-petaled, waving in the wind, Elizabeth.
Wind passes over me and never knows
I am a gray stone lying in the grass,
And over me night wind and grass make moan;
And over me the writhing black-snakes pass —
But wild rose roots are under this gray stone,
And winds can't shake it from its pasture earth.
This stone will hold it here and show its worth.

IV

My loves will still remain when I have passed
Beyond this certainty of time and light
And positive decay. But surely this night
I shall remember—these spiral-massed
Pine silhouettes against the horizon.
Nocturnal things have been my loves: moon-downs,
Valleys of fog and sleepy mountain towns,
Dew on the grass and play of wind upon
The hill. Night sounds I've loved: the cold
Nosing winds in November corn-stubbles;
The zoom of wires, and water that troubles
Creek mosses and ferns. Happier loves will not unfold
When I have passed—far beyond this night,
Beyond all loves and swimming time of light.

V

Now, do not leave me, love, for rugged lands;
Don't leave me, love, for beauty of the stars;
And do not leave me, love, for honest toil.
The food and strength of life come from the land.
The beauty of the flowers come from the land —
The land is all—the golden locust soil.
The stars are things a baby cries to love;
The white stars in a blue blue sky above.
Be with me, love, that I may not forget
The silver wind, the leaves, the clouds, the trees;
Be with me, love, that I may not forget,
And if I pray to Gods in winds, remember these —
For such as these words are the frailest things,
Frail as a white moth on its air-thin wings.

VI

The lark is flying in the morning clouds
And pouring forth the music from its breast.
And I have stopped my mules from harrowing clods —
(My mules are always glad to get a rest)
A song rings cross my pasture leafing early —
It sounds across the bottoms of green wheat.
These notes do not come from a small bird surely,
A small speck where the skies and hill tops meet.
The mules—if they could have the sense to listen
Would please me better, but they fight the flies
And everlastingly keep trace-chains jingling —
I strain my ears to catch a sound that dies.
The speck gets fainter—weaker grows the sound —
The mules and I must go on harrowing ground.

VII

Jamie has gone to cut the corn tonight.
Jamie has gone to earn a little wage.
But I sit here alone and write and write;
My work the candle and the written page.
I snatch some busy time and write my song
And get no further on than first beginners —
And to the wind I sing my weedy song;
I sing for plowboys and the seedy sinners.
I pay my debts and do not bow to man.
I live on the fruits of my sweaty labors;
I hate the law—God damn the politician —;
I divide without a fuss among my neighbors;
I live among the earth a dirt-colored man;
I'm just an ordinary citizen.

VIII

Strong muscled men that followed at the plow
And tilled the clearings round their mountain homes,
Come to Plum Grove at last—they're sleeping now —
Strong, sturdy women—makers of these homes,
Lie close beside their muscled men that plowed
The rugged slopes and made the daily bread.
They sleep beneath a quilt of dirt and cloud
And wind and star, but in a lasting bed —
They sleep beneath where flower petals curl —
They do not dream of wind and grass and flowers.
They sleep beside each other in a world

Of silence and a world that kills their powers.
They sleep by those in life they feared to trust;
And those they fought and kilt, since all are dust.

IX

Let the child sleep—oh, do not break its sleep.
Let the child sleep—too soon the child must wake
And know of life—Oh, let the small child sleep!
There lies the furrow that the child must break
And while he sleeps this is unknown to him —
Then let him sleep, for he will wake too soon
And sow the seeds on fields unknown to him —
Unknown just now, but he will know them soon.
There he lies and he's a small boy sleeping;
What does he know of all this world around him?
What does he know? I ask—he does not know!
What do you know—you old with years a-creeping
Away—away from you—what do you know?
Oh, you could say, my friend: "The years go slow.
Don't wake the child but leave him where you found him."

X

If I am ever forced to leave this land,
Luck be with you, my honest Greenup friends;
Long as the rivers flow and high hills stand,
Luck be with you—I pray no ill attends —
For we are of one flesh, my faithful friends;
We've helped each other at the crib and stack
And man for man we have done death-like errands.
Some of us have sought the world's far ends —
The hills kept calling and we all came back
To white frame-houses and the rough log-shack.
My friends, remember, I shall stand for you,
Solid as stone, long as the waters cry for you —
A troth of truth, I give this hand to you
That I shall stand by you and die by you.

XI

I shall feel wet oak leaves close to my skin
And I shall smell these dead leaves after rains.
The Winter of this life is setting in —
I do love oak leaves' coffee-colored stains.
My body will be stained from head to toes
And I shall have the oak roots through my skull,

And fern roots through my lips and eyes and nose.
 Each Summer I shall wear loose green in full.
 I think I shall be able to discern
 You and the rain through hard eyes of the trees,
 And I shall hold with fingers of the fern
 The nourishment there is in my dead leaves.
 And I shall taste the oak leaves and the rain.
 I shall not feel the oak roots groove my brain.

XII

The greenbriars, shoemakes and the goldenrod;
 The pine trees, chestnuts and the sycamore;
 The dry disturbing winds, the floating cloud;
 All this is Autumn—and the leaf-strewn floor.
 And long dry ridges sheltered by the sun —
 All this is Autumn and the brown corn shocks
 Men cut before the day has new begun.
 They cut the corn, leave bare the stumps and rocks.
 The mould-board moon rides high above the fields,
 A white disc plowing through the blue-sky dirt,
 And leaves no trace behind of mellow fields —
 But brown plowmen leave traces of their work —
 All this is Autumn—such a bone-dry world;
 Tree leaves, cornblades, flower petals frost-curved.

XIII

“Oh, take a rest,” I know the wind has said.
 “Lie still,” the ferns have said, “there is a reason.
 Muscles are lifeless in a body dead,
 A body dead and corn sprung from its bosom.”
 “Lie there,” a gray stone said, “the best is over.”
 “I’ll pin you down,” oak limbs have said to me —
 “I’ll make a quilt for you,” said the green clover,
 “If I don’t spindle under this shade tree —”
 “I love dirt lips,” the greenbriar roots did say,
 “I love the heart and ribs and slimy eyes.”
 “Now I shall hold you down,” said the warm clay,
 “I’ll hold you down so you can never rise.”
 Now if there is a Resurrection Day
 I shall be one that’s taken by surprise.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

BY SAUL LEVITT

THE two older boys had wide mouths and they laughed continually, showing broken, discolored teeth. The other boy, about fifteen, was pale and under-sized, with a small, tight mouth like a race-track tout's, and a shock of yellow hair. They had been to the park and had called to girls in white dresses, roaring as the girls ran. Then they went out on the streets and chased one another. They worked their horse-play two against one, like wolves. They went after the youngest boy, hunting him down grimly as he twisted around poles and milk-cans, rapping him on the head and roaring. They clawed at his shirt, ripping it until it had several long tears from collar to tail. He ran in front of them, gasping, and at last, when he couldn't run any more, he stopped under the lights of a corner lamp and cried: "Aw, this is one hell of a joke!"

"Gee, don't start bawling, kid," they said, snickering and looking at each other and at the smaller boy and then breaking out into a big spree of laughter.

"I ain't bawling," he said sullenly.

"Ah," said one of the other boys in a mocking voice. "You didn't have to rip up the kid's shirt, Joe."

"Me! hah! *Me*, I suppose!"

"The old lady is gonna give me hell for this shirt," said the younger boy, running his hands through his hair. He began to walk and the other two followed after him. He fingered the tears in his shirt, and behind him he could hear them whis-

pering and laughing. He thought of his old man, who would be sitting at home in his undershirt and pants and fanning himself with a card-board, and of what he might say about the torn shirt. Maybe he would be asleep. It was already nearly ten o'clock.

The boys walked along on an East Side avenue, the yellow street lamps stretching down on each side, the big houses marching behind the lamps, lighted here and there. They stopped sometimes to listen to a radio. They stopped once to stare up at an apartment where a jazz-band played and boys and girls danced behind a partially-concealing curtain.

The oldest of the three had some cigarettes. He passed them around and they smoked, going around a corner on to a dark, shabby side street with rows of small tenements. They thought of something funny about the party in the apartment on the avenue and they talked about it. They talked about the way people looked in silhouette on the curtain. They talked in a loud way and an old man came to a window and shouted at them in Italian. They shouted back at him; he flung down a pot of hot water.

They yelled back at the old man as they dodged the shower, and while they yelled, at the other end of the block, two people were arguing. They were a man and a woman and after a moment the man screamed. There was no one else on the street. There were just the three boys at

one end, yelling at an old man in the window of a tenement and the two people at the other end, arguing. Then the woman screamed and the shriller note of her voice broke into the chorus of boys' voices and they stopped and turned around.

There was a little Negress running toward them. She was a small, lithe woman, with a round head, full of fuzzy black curls piled high in a mound on top of her skull. Her skirt was short, coming to above her knees when she ran. She was stumbling, almost ready to fall, her body far forward of her legs and going more forward all the time.

Running behind her with a stick in his hand was a tall young Negro, bleeding around the face and ears. He rapped her twice, once on the shoulders, once on the head. She went down in front of a house about a hundred feet away from the boys.

The Negro circled about her restlessly. He stirred her with his foot, saying: "You ain't hurt, Mamie." He made an uneasy rumble in his throat, as if he were trying to laugh. "You ain't foolin' me, you god-damn West Injin woman."

He noticed the boys, lying back but edging in slowly, and he lifted his head at the sound of windows being opened. Everybody was in nightdress at the windows. The kids in the houses tried to look out, too. The Negro could see all the faces in the windows on both sides of the street, many white faces and many eyes over the sills. His throat tightened. He tried to call up a laugh from his chest, but it came out in a gasp. He said again: "You ain't foolin' me, you god-damn West Injin woman."

II

They came out of the houses, the women with shawls over their shoulders, the men in pants and house-slippers, rubbing their

eyes. They did not go over separately, but waited until there were many of them, until they formed a crowd, and then they went over boldly, and formed a circle around the pair of blacks, at the inner hub of which were the three boys.

The woman lay on the ground, twisted around a little, with her legs bent at the knees and a pink underdress sticking out beyond the hem of her skirt. Her eyes were closed, her mouth half-open. On her cheeks was rouge, purple against her black skin, and the white woman's lipstick was black on her mouth.

The Negro moved around her in little, nervous circles. He kept his head and face pointed toward her, talking to her soothingly, almost crooningly, in a confidential, intimate way, but she didn't move.

When he lifted his head and looked at the people he tried to say something to them. He knew he had a lot to say, about a party in Harlem and the character of West Indian Negroes. He opened his mouth, held it that way, his eyes trying to find something to go by in the attitude of the crowd. But the crowd had no definite attitude. It was very still; it didn't move much or say anything loud, but it whispered for information, it shrugged its shoulders and it stared.

The Negro paced around the woman, moving the stick from one hand to another, wiping his free hand on his side, drawing his arm back finally and hurling the stick out into the gutter.

The crowd moved backward in a single, concerted motion as his arm swung. He walked swiftly up the stairs and into a house.

A man dressed in a white Summer suit pushed his way through authoritatively. He had a big, fleshy politician's face and a squashy nose. He was wearing glasses and smoking a cigarette through a holder.

He squatted near the woman, then he got up. "Ah, niggers," he said in a buttery voice. "What can you expect from niggers?" Pushing his way back into the crowd again he kept repeating in a triumphant voice, "What can you expect from niggers?", looking around truculently.

Somebody else went toward the woman on the ground, squatted near her, got up. It became a sort of ritual, everybody going in and bending down, and then stepping back again to stare.

The three boys became restless. The oldest fellow opened his mouth to smile wisely, showing all his bad teeth. He whispered to the other two. They went to the rear, their hands in their pockets, and began to whistle "Deep River." The man in the Summer suit started to laugh, and a muffled sheepish laugh went through the crowd. It was low, furtive, and solo-ing out of it was the full-bellied sound of the man in the Summer suit. Everyone laughed except a man in a blue shirt, eyes deep in a thin, gaunt face, shaking his head in a mournful way.

The youngest boy forgot about his torn shirt. The eyes of all three of them lighted up and they lifted the song higher, the crowd continuing to laugh in a low secretive way, with the big man's guffaw on top. They had a pleasant, triumphant sensation, a feeling of some sort of power. They shifted the tune to "The St. Louis Blues," changing the words in such a way that the crowd roared. It waited for new lines. For fifteen minutes the boys improvised, muttering through the notes something about a West Indian woman.

The door of the house opened and the Negro stood on the top-stair. There were little lines of blood caked on his face and running down to his throat, but he wasn't bleeding any more. He stood still on the top step; he tried to say something but

only gasped. Again he opened his mouth, again there was only a gasp. He came down the steps and moved through the crowd, which parted as he went through it. In the center he bent his head down and looked at the Negress.

He pointed his finger at her. "She's bad," he said appealingly, swinging his eyes around. "She's West Injin woman. West Injin niggers, gee, they's bad."

There was more muffled laughter running through the crowd and from somewhere in it the muted song of "The St. Louis Blues."

The man in the Summer suit pushed his way through again in his authoritative way. "I was coming around the corner," he said, "and I saw you smack that little woman with a stick." He stopped, swinging his eyes over the crowd, and when he went on talking he wasn't looking at the Negro but at the crowd. "You smacked her so hard I could hear it. You don't have to beat a woman."

"Gee," said the Negro, slowly. "Gee, you saw me smack her. Gee, you're good, Four Eyes. I wanna ask you something, Four Eyes. Did you see her cut me up? Did you see her cut me up, Four Eyes?"

As he repeated it he got more excited and the man in the Summer suit backed away. The Negro kept asking the question and the other fellow kept answering: "No, but I saw you smack a *woman* with a stick." Every time one of them spoke he looked around to get the attitude of the crowd.

The Negro was a very straight young fellow with nice brown eyes. His hair was cropped short, and his cheeks were flat, running up to slightly protruding cheek-bones. His voice was low and purring. "Did you see her cut me up, Four Eyes?"

The man in the Summer suit was walk-

ing away. The Negro hounded him for a hundred feet, his head bent forward, asking his single question, but the other had stopped replying.

The three boys followed after the Negro, mimicking him. He turned around, saw them, moved on them threateningly, and they scattered. He returned to the crowd, the boys following and humming "The St. Louis Blues." He prowled through the crowd, asking anxiously whether anyone had seen "what she did to me," but no one said anything. Wherever he moved people fell back before him, and he moved along with the three boys trailing after him. The men put their hands to their wives' shoulders and pushed them off a little.

Once again he was near the little Negress. He looked down at her for almost a full minute and then he said: "I ain't goin' to stay here, if you don' get up, Mame. What for you lyin' there that way 'sif you hurt bad? Jus' for people t'think you're dyin' or somethin' —"

"Jus' pertendin'!" he declared suddenly, swinging his eyes around to all the faces.

He stood there, swaying a little, facing a frontage of eyes, the laughing eyes of three boys, the curious, indifferent gaze of the crowd, the dumb, protesting look of the man in the blue shirt. He was tense, with many little pulses beating all over his body, his feet braced and apart, waiting for something to happen, a sign of some kind from the crowd of either friendship or menace. He stood there, set to run or to defend himself but he found himself able to do neither. He could only stand there.

The men in the crowd puffed away at pipes and cigarettes. He heard a woman mention to a man that it was chilly. A man yawned, and a snickering, stifled noise came out of the crowd.

He was standing there, waiting for something from the crowd. He seemed to be pleading with it in a dead silence. Suddenly his shoulders sagged down. He started to move away and there was an aisle before him. He walked a little way from the crowd and then he turned around, raising his hand high to shake it at the host of faces and at the three boys. He looked up beyond the rows of sullen, black roofs into a high, blue-black sky and then he continued to walk.

The people looked at him go and they saw his pace pick up as he went on. When he went around the corner he was going at a half-trot and the light of a lamp caught squarely on his face so that they could see it, sweaty and shining.

III

The youngest boy of the three, standing there after the Negro was gone, suddenly thought of his old man. He thought of him sitting in underclothes and pants and waiting until he got home. He imagined something might happen to him when he got home.

"I'm going home," he said.

"Gee, your old man has you bull-dozed," they said to him.

At this he shrugged his shoulders, and put his hands in his pockets.

The crowd broke up into little groups and talked. Every once in a while somebody else would step close to the little Negress and bend over her. The man with the deep eyes was the center of a little knot of people and he spoke in a feverish voice on the Negro problem. Sometimes his voice went on a high, mournful note so that every one could hear it. "The Negro is one-eleventh of the population of the United States and what are *you* going to do about it? . . . Did you see that picture

where there were Negroes working under awful conditions on the chain-gang? . . . Well, thank God, you don't have no lynching in a town like New York. . . ."

A wizened old colored woman pushed her way through to the young Negress. She raised the fuzzy, round head of the girl from the ground and tried to bring it up. She spoke to the girl. "You's a respectable mai'ied woman, Mis' Carey," she said. "You should be 'shamed o' lyin' down this way front of everybody." The groups became a crowd again, with the boys at the center, looking down curiously at the pair of colored women.

The old woman was now sitting on the ground and pushing the girl's dress down with one hand while lifting her head with the other. She got the dress down but she couldn't lift the girl up to a sitting posture. She got her head part way up and then let go and the fuzzy head rapped on the ground.

The old woman lifted the head again and again it went down and hit the ground. As she raised it, the boys went through the gesture of lifting also. Each time the girl's head went down, the crowd said "Ahhh!" Mrs. Carey moaned after the second time and rolled her head from side to side. She opened her eyes once and then closed them again. The old woman kept on talking softly to her and the girl shook her head. Gradually the old woman began to raise her voice until she was shouting at the young Negress. Mrs. Carey turned over and folded her knees higher, letting the old woman shout at her rear.

The boys kept on singing softly as the old woman shouted. The man in the blue shirt was standing near the boys, wagging his head, his mouth turned down in a sour stare.

The crowd looked on and then turned at the shriek of a siren. A big touring car

with plain-clothes men clinging to both sides of it and standing on the running-board pulled up to the curb. A Ford roadster equipped with a radio transmitter stopped behind it. There was a total of eight policemen and they pushed people around nervously, asking a lot of questions but not waiting for answers.

The women kept the men close to them and everybody talked. Six of the policemen went off after asking which way the Negro had gone. One detective and one uniformed officer stayed. They looked down at the young Negress and then they asked some of the men in the crowd to carry her down to the basement. The crowd looked at the woman on the ground, the rouge purple against black skin, the red lipstick black on her mouth, the pink slip sticking out beyond her skirt and the fuzzy little mound of hair piled on her skull.

The two officers were big fellows with puffy cheeks. They said petulantly: "Ain't there nobody here who's going to carry her down?" The old colored woman had gone off, but now she came back with three Negroes, who took off their hats when they spoke to the officers. They lifted the girl up, saying "Yassuh" to the cops and got her down to the basement.

A hospital ambulance now came up and the interne went downstairs. Suddenly the crowd heard the young Negress cry out in Spanish, and one of the officers came up the stairs and said: "There's nothin' the matter with her."

He began to talk to a man in the crowd and everybody else crowded around him. "Why, she's all right," he said. "She's got a lump on her head, that's all."

"Well, Jesus," said the man, "the way she was lying there you might've thought she was dead. . . . Then this old Aunt Jemima comes along and, Jesus, the way

her head banged. If her skull ain't fractured then no skull can't be fractured."

"Well, you remember that nigger up at Sing Sing," said the cop, taking off his cap and wiping it around the rim with his handkerchief. "They had to give him the juice eleven times before he was dead."

"You know how I got a nigger figured out," said the man, looking around at the crowd. "I got a nigger figured out this way —"

IV

The young Negro came running around the corner and there were five cops running after him and firing their pistols. The crowd fled into hallways and flattened against the walls. The Negro ran straight along the curb on the other side of the street. He lurched once but kept on running. The plain-clothes men kept on firing at him, but didn't seem able to get him. Suddenly he put his hands to his back on one, two, three places, on one spot, on another, on a third, ran on for a second more, fell down.

At this the crowd roared, fell silent. It moved in toward the Negro lying in the street. The police drove it back, but still it came on to see him lying on his face.

It took the boys along with it; they were caught in a great wave which roared in toward the body of the Negro. They were pliant in the grip of a wave marching in toward the body of a man lying on his face in the street. They saw him lying there in a blue serge suit, streaked darkly, with green socks and orange-colored shoes.

The police were talking to one another. The officer who had been speaking to the man a minute before ran up to the others and said: "There's nothin' the matter with her. They got into an argument after a nigger party in Harlem."

One of the plain-clothes men said: "Well, he smacked Kelly down where we got him on the other corner. We started to walk over to him and he said: 'Nobody saw her cut me up,' and then he began to run. Three of us got on the other side of the street and we started to close in on him, and Kelly got his hands on him. He walloped Kelly and got away. God, the dumb nig kept on running and wouldn't stop."

"There's nothin' the matter with her," said the officer who had been downstairs, and there was an angry, baffled intonation in his voice.

The ambulance took the dead Negro off.

The man in the blue shirt spoke on the Negro problem to a dwindling crowd. He moved back and forth along the curb, his head wagging rapidly, his forehead wrinkled uneasily. "The Negro," he said in a strangled voice, "the Negro," he said, "amounts to one-eleventh of the population of the United States. . . . If you saw that picture about chain gangs in the South . . ."

There were only three boys standing in front of him, their mouths beginning to pucker up. He went away.

Everybody had gone up to bed.

The lights in the houses blinked out. It was about midnight and cool, with the newspapers of the night streets swirling and swishing in circles. The tenements stretched down the streets in straight rows against a full-starred sky. In front of the houses the yellow street lamps marched down to a far distant, twinkling point of light.

Near where the Negro had died the boys sat for several minutes and then they got up and ran again on the streets, tearing away at the youngest boy's shirt, their voices ringing high and loud.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Automobile Design

STREAMLINE

BY DANIEL C. SAYRE

AERONAUTICAL engineers, although to a large extent unemployed since 1930, have not really had such a bad time of it recently. At least they have not lacked a source of free and endless amusement. That source is the current furore about streamline design. As members of the profession which first made up the idea of reducing air resistance, they are generally in favor of the movement to apply streamlines to automobiles, trains, ocean liners, golf club shafts, six-day bicycle racers, and everything else that moves faster than a walk. But when they are told that much of what is thus advocated is already accomplished—that this year's automobiles, for example, have greatly reduced their air resistance by adding false grills to their radiators, and terrible-looking excrescences to their lower rear ends, and by rounding off a few corners—they laugh long and ribaldly. Making a 5% change in last year's car and labelling the result streamlined, they will tell you, is like chromium-plating the knobs on your grandmother's brass bed and hailing it Modernist.

The resistance of the air to the movement of vehicles is no mere bugaboo made up to move excess production off the sales floors. It is really there. At thirty miles an hour the average sedan spends half its power churning up the ambient atmosphere, raising dust, and whistling at the corners of its windshield. At sixty or seventy miles an hour five-sixths of the

engine's work is devoted to the same futile purposes. A mere million cars out on a Sunday afternoon, moving at thirty miles an hour, waste more power overcoming air resistance than it would take to make all the water run back up over Niagara Falls.

An ideally streamlined body, something like an airship in shape and of the same frontal area as an automobile, would encounter only about a tenth as much air resistance as the average automobile encounters now. A 90% saving is probably beyond the possibilities of this finite world, but passenger automobiles have been built which have only about a third the air drag of the orthodox designs. Bourney, the British airship expert, has built seven or eight of these really streamlined cars, and there are a number on the Continent. Burgess, the yacht designer, and Fuller, the radical architect, have had one built in Connecticut, and Detroit is said to be carrying out undercover experiments.

The advantages of a really streamlined car are principally those of economy: saving a third of one's gasoline at thirty miles an hour and over half of it at sixty or seventy; maintaining present-day speeds on smaller, cheaper engines; traveling thirty, forty or fifty miles on a gallon. There are some who argue that the new express highways will call for new increases of speed. If so, a twenty-five horsepower engine should give a really streamlined car a top speed of over a hundred miles an hour. There would be the further advantages of quieter traveling and free-

dom from all the vibration now set up by air buffeting. Ventilation would be easier. Æsthetically, the cars would be better looking.

An inference we are encouraged to draw seems to be that the modified mud guards, the rear-end drip-pans, the slightly rounded curves, and the Modernistic radiator-caps on this year's popular models have in some way changed the orthodox automobile from an air maze to something mighty like an airship hull. But as a matter of fact, the current cars are about as well streamlined as a dornick, which means a slightly battered brick. Some full-scale tests were recently made at the University of Michigan. The air resistance of a typical sedan was carefully measured. A rectangular case was then built over the car. The length of this box, its height and its width were all substantially the same as the outside silhouette dimensions of the automobile. The edges of the box were moderately rounded. Its resistance was then measured—and found to be actually a little less than that of the enclosed car.

A perfectly streamlined form would be one which would permit a fluid to flow past it without setting up any eddies (turbulence, whirlpools, vortices). It takes energy to start up and maintain an eddy, as can be proved by experiment in one's own bath tub. If the moving body did not have to furnish energy for this purpose, the fluid resistance to its motion would be quite low and due only to skin friction. Along a smooth tapered surface the eddies are in general very small, but in the rear of a body with a blunt stern they attain large and vigorous proportions. Unfortunately, the perfect streamlined form is a thing denied us on this earth, due to the fact that any actual fluid must always have some degree, no matter how slight, of a property called viscosity. However, for

fluids like water and air we can and have developed certain shapes which very closely approach the ideal.

The exact optimum shape seems to vary somewhat with the size of the object and the nature and velocity of the fluid, but in all cases the important features of it are the same as those designed into the hulls of airships: a round, almost blunt nose, a maximum width in front of the mid-length, and a long, comparatively sharp tail. The curvature must be continuous and free from rapid changes of radius. Of most importance is the flow over the tail section. Contrary to a common belief, turning the shape around and putting the sharper end in front substantially increases the resistance.

An orthodox automobile, with its narrow engine in front and its bulbous tonneau in the rear, is doing exactly this turn-about. Even if a fairly smooth flow were brought to the back of the car, the blunt rear would let the air go boiling into the wake in a set of first-class eddies. This brings up difficulty No. 1 in reducing the resistance of a conventional automobile. The only really effective way to correct the air flow in the wake of a sedan, say, would be to add on to it a long and otherwise useless tapering tail, about doubling the length of the car. This would make parking so impossible anywhere but in an open field that it would be out of the question.

Difficulty No. 2 lies in the necessary existence of a windshield at some point behind and above the engine. Even when reduced to a minimum in area, it completely ruins the flow over the top half of the car. A great deal has been learned in the past twenty-five years about air resistance. One of the first things written into the textbooks was that a thin, flat plate, held at right angles to the fluid flow, leads all other geometrical forms in developing resist-

ance. The windshield therefore creates quite a drag by itself. It also forms a sharp discontinuity in the shape of the car and deflects the air away from the after part. A decently streamlined shape with such a break in the flow is inconceivable.

A third poser is the radiator. When it is closed it is a flat plate. When it is open it admits air into the engine compartment, whence it emerges through openings in the side of the hood just in time to spoil the flow along the sides of the car. Airplane designers years ago found it profitable to replace the nose radiator with one slung below the engine, the nose being then rounded, with much improvement in flow around the entire fuselage.

Fourth, fifth, sixth, to twenty-second are all the things outside the body itself. An otherwise perfect airship which had to carry complete mud-guards, wheels, axles, bumpers, head and tail lights, license plates, bugle horn, running boards, door handles, and spare tires, all scaled up in size and fastened on the outside of its hull, would have a top speed of about six miles an hour. And it isn't just the separate resistances of the external items which are ruinous either, although with their complex shapes many of them add a good share to the total resistance. A lot of the damage they do is through interfering with the flow around the main body and around each other.

On an airship even the tiny control car, carried marsupially beneath the bow, is a cause of regret to the designers—not because the resistance of the car itself is very great, but because it begets a long ribbon of eddies all down the belly of the ship. The resistance of the hull and car together is therefore considerably greater than the sum of the resistances taken separately. No malign being with the composite ingenuities of a Rube Goldberg and a fire-bug

could have made up as terrible a set of air disturbers as has become standard equipment on the outside of an automobile.

It will be interesting, though hardly thrilling, to see what the Detroit producers are going to do about it, now that they are at long last what they would call air-resistance-conscious. To judge from their present feeble attacks on the problem, they would seem to have persuaded themselves that the consumer needs a decade of models as education between the cars of 1931 and the practical ultimate. One would sympathize with their reasoning were it not that the automobile industry would make a *casus modelli* out of a new type of radiator cap if it could get away with it. For, indeed, the practical ultimate in a streamlined automobile would be quite a shock to the customers who have shelled out for 50,000,000 of the old milkwagon-and-horse arrangements.

For three or four yearly epoch-making models we shall be treated to more and more modified mud-guards, rounded body corners, and reduced windshields. Then with a fanfare of trumpets there will be a rush to incorporate the headlights with the fenders or the radiator shell. Some will put the spare tires into compartments under the rear seat. Some will streamline the axles. Tails will be dished. Tails will be humped. Tails will get longer. Bodies will become very narrow. Bodies will become the same width all the way back. All this will reduce the air resistance about 20%.

Then some not very popular car will break out of the herd and take the plunge of putting the engine in the rear, advancing the passenger compartment into the nose. This will solve about nine-tenths of the real difficulties, and will ultimately have to be adopted by everybody. Over such an arrangement a proper streamlined body can be fitted, broad and blunt in the

front, maximum width well forward, tapering at the rear. Windshields disappear in favor of a number of windows let into the nose and sides of the body, with little disturbance of shape. Wheels will be almost entirely inclosed within the main body, especially when, after further stalling, the rear pair is replaced by a single one which will both drive and steer. Nothing will be left outside the shell except a small radiator core beneath the tail.

Thus, and with infinite hocus-pocus, will the popular car be rescued from the itinerant windmill category. The design I

have called ultimate is one which any of a hundred capable automotive engineers could complete for you in a fortnight. The only difficulty apparent at this time is the fact that long before the streamlined decade is over the etymological butchers who name such things as automobile vintages will have exhausted all conceivable possibilities. The streamlined cars which have already been built are even now called "tear-drop" cars. We can anticipate *aerocar*, *roadaplane*, *viaplane*, *streamocar*, *streamster*, *torpedocar*, and *zeppobile*. I give you the *zeppobile*. It is just around the corner.

Meteorology

EXPLORING BYGONE WEATHER

BY CHARLES FITZHUGH TALMAN

THE archeologist excavates the earth and brings to light the remains of an ancient city. With a host of tangible artifacts at his disposal, he can tell us much about the daily lives of its inhabitants. The paleontologist collects fossils from the rocks, and with these objects before him he reconstructs the fauna and flora of a remote geologic epoch. Is it possible for the meteorologist to perform corresponding feats in tracing the history of bygone weather and climate?

The answer is that he is now doing this with extraordinary zeal and success; or, rather, he and others are doing it jointly, since the enterprise is one in which several branches of science beside meteorology have their parts. The weather of the past is gone beyond recall; no samples of it can be dug out of the ground; yet in a multitude of ways it has left records of its activities, and the interpretation of these records is now in progress. Some of the feats lately achieved in this quest are as

romantic as the decipherment of the Egyptian hieroglyphics with the aid of the Rosetta Stone.

The weather of today is regularly observed, measured and recorded in more than 35,000 places in different parts of the world, but the records thus obtained do not, in most cases, extend back more than a few decades, and the very longest only to the latter part of the Seventeenth Century. Moreover, the data gathered in the early period of instrumental observation are, almost without exception, of quite dubious accuracy. We must therefore turn to other sources for information about atmospheric conditions and events in the distant past. Some of these sources have long been familiar, but several have been discovered only within the last few years. Here is a partial list:

History. The written history of mankind tells us of many individual weather events, such as great storms, severe Winters, intense droughts and the like. It also gives us generalized information concerning the climatic conditions prevailing at various periods and places, and it records a great

number of facts from which, on account of their assumed relation to the climatic environment, information about past climates may be more or less plausibly deduced.

Archeology. Explorations on the sites of former settlements afford evidence as to the climatic conditions under which the inhabitants lived. Such evidence, as well as that drawn from history, is, however, easily misinterpreted, and both have been the basis of fallacious beliefs concerning radical climatic changes. The commonest mistake has been to assume a progressive diminution of rainfall in regions where agriculture once flourished but is now impracticable. In many such cases the present inability to grow crops is due to the fact that the fertile soil has been washed away (a process that is even now ruining many agricultural lands) or has been buried under wind-borne sand from deserts. In other cases, a scanty rainfall was formerly eked out by irrigation, but the irrigation works have fallen into decay as a result of political catastrophes or racial deterioration.

Legends and traditions presumed to have a basis of fact. The story of the Deluge is the most familiar example. Recent excavations at Ur and elsewhere in the Euphrates valley indicate that a flood of unparalleled magnitude occurred in that region after it was settled by mankind; perhaps about 4,200 B.C. The meteorological circumstances attending this event are, however, problematical. Dr. C. E. P. Brooks, the leading British student of ancient climates, thinks that the Norse legend relating to "the twilight of the gods" can be attributed to a cold period occurring in the Ninth Century B.C.

Records of the dates of freezing of harbors and rivers and their opening to navigation in the Spring. Winters with ice off

the Danish coast have been recorded since 1350.

Records of lake levels. Known variations of the Caspian Sea, for example, furnish an index of rainfall covering more than a thousand years.

Records of the advance and retreat of glaciers. Modern variations in many countries are known from actual measurements, while some ancient variations, especially in the Alps, are known from archeological evidence.

Records of the dates of sowing and harvesting of crops. There are records of the wine harvests in parts of Europe since the year 1400.

Past distribution of plants, cultivated and otherwise. The former limits of cultivation of the date palm and the vine have been much discussed in this connection. A great deal has also been learned from the remains of former forests, bogs and other kinds of vegetation now found in the soil. Vertical sections through old peat bogs show how different types of vegetation have succeeded one another, each corresponding to a certain type of climate; moist or dry, warm or cool. A valuable adjunct in the study of plant sequences in bogs is the analysis of pollen grains, which are so well preserved that they can, as a rule, be identified under the microscope. During the past twenty-five years in Europe and more recently in America many cores have been bored through bogs, and counts have been made of the pollen of different species found at different levels.

The annual rings of growth seen in cross sections of tree trunks. More than thirty years ago Professor A. E. Douglass of the University of Arizona began comparing series of such rings with precipitation records and found that in the dry climate of Arizona the ring formed by a tree each

year varies in width in direct proportion to the amount of rainfall. Sections of old trees thus furnish rainfall records extending far back of the period of actual rainfall measurement. The technique of measuring the rings has since been perfected and the process has been applied by Douglass and others to large numbers of tree sections in the Southwestern United States and elsewhere. The longest records are furnished by the giant sequoias of California, some of which are more than three thousand years old. A few measurements have also been made on fossil trees, giving probable indications of rainfall variations that occurred millions of years ago.

The geological record. Geology furnishes a rich fund of information concerning former climates of the earth, as indicated by the past distribution of land and water, varying elevations of the land, distribution of plants and animals at different periods as learned from their fossil remains, and so on. The most remarkable revelations under this head are those relating to the occurrence of great Ice Ages, when large areas of the earth were overspread by glaciers, which, in turn, profoundly altered the climates of other regions through the effects of the ice on atmospheric circulation. Beside revealing the vicissitudes of past climates on a broad scale, the rocks preserve records of a number of brief weather events. "Rain-prints," made by raindrops falling on soft mud, later hardened into rock, tell the story of an individual shower, which can be roughly dated from the accompanying fossils or other characteristics of the formation, while the shape of the print indicates the direction and force of the wind that blew while the rain was falling. Yearly weather records are furnished by laminated rocks of two kinds, described below.

Glacial varves. When the glaciers of the

last Ice Age retreated poleward they left behind them certain deposits that have been studied for nearly half a century under the initiative of the Swedish geologist, Baron de Geer. The streams fed by the melting glaciers carried sediment into adjacent lakes, where the coarser particles were deposited in Summer, while the finer settled down gradually in Winter, after the flow of the streams ceased. In the clay banks that were once the beds of these lakes a vertical section shows alternate bands of light and dark color, corresponding, respectively, to the coarser and finer sediment. A pair of these contrasted bands, representing a year's deposit, is called a varve. Because more ice melted and more sediment was deposited in hot Summers than in cool, some varves are much thicker than others, and these differences register yearly variations of temperature for certain regions and periods. (De Geer himself thinks they register world-wide variations in the intensity of solar radiation, but this opinion is not shared by other authorities.) Many series of varves from different localities, representing overlapping intervals of time, have been compared with one another, and thus detailed chronologies have been worked out for the successive locations occupied by the border of the ice and for the occurrence of warm and cool Summers, not only in Northwestern Europe, but also in parts of North and South America and the Himalayas. In Scandinavia the discovery of a series of varves formed, after the disappearance of the glaciers, by the annual melting of snowfields and extending down to modern times has enabled Swedish geologists to tie up the chronology of the Ice Age in that part of the world with the chronology of human history, and thus to assign plausible B.C. dates to the ice movements and to the periods of warm

and cool weather. They find, for example, that the ice left Southern Sweden about 13,000 years ago and that the site of Stockholm was laid bare about 10,000 years ago.

Non-glacial varves. Recently an entirely different kind of varve has been discovered. It consists of two layers much thinner than those of the average glacial varve; a darker one consisting of material of organic origin, and a lighter one of mineral material. Varves of this sort are supposed to have been formed, not by the melting of ice, but by deposits of sediment in lakes and seas containing an abundance of minute organisms. The remains of these tiny living creatures deposited at a particular season each year—probably in the late Autumn or early Winter, when the cooling of the water would kill them in great numbers—are believed to have formed the dark layers, so that each of these varves is thought to be, as in the case of glacial varves, the deposit of one year. Mr. Wilmot Bradley of the United States Geological Survey, has lately shown that in a fresh-water lake the thickness of the annual deposit of both organic and inorganic matter depends mainly on temperature, being greater in warm years than in cool. Such varves are formed in modern lakes, and it is suggested that drillings in their beds may, in some cases, reveal records of yearly temperature variations extending back hundreds or thousands of years from the present time. The most remarkable study of non-glacial varves thus far made, however, relates to a series found by Bradley in the former bed of a huge lake that, in Eocene times (some 60,000,000 years ago, according to current estimates), covered parts of Wyoming, Utah and Colorado. This series covers more than 5,000,000 years, and shows conspicuous variations in the thickness of the layers from year to year.

With the aid of information drawn from the various sources above enumerated, science is now piecing together the story of climate and weather through the ages. A few of the more important results of this enterprise may be stated as follows:

There have been not fewer than four tremendous Ice Ages, during which, because of a temporary lowering of terrestrial temperatures (the reasons for which have not yet been satisfactorily determined), vast blankets of glacier ice spread over the globe. Each of these frosty spells is supposed to have lasted from a few hundred thousand to a million years or so. Between them there appear to have been intervals of hundreds of millions of years when the earth was warmer than it is today and no permanent ice lay upon its surface.

The latest Ice Age, known as the Quaternary Ice Age, is not yet over. The best evidence of this fact is that a total area of some 6,000,000 square miles of land, partly in the polar regions and partly on high mountains elsewhere, is still ice-covered; which is about half the greatest area ever covered with ice at any one time during the age in question.

The present Ice Age has been distinguished not merely by temperatures averaging lower than those that have generally prevailed through the geological past, but also by extraordinary fluctuations of temperature; and it is probable that similar vicissitudes occurred in the earlier Ice Ages. Since the present one began—perhaps six or seven hundred thousand years ago—it has had its pronounced cold or “glacial” periods, alternating with mild or “interglacial” periods. During the former the ice sheets advanced far over the globe. During the latter they retreated, and perhaps melted entirely away. These changes in temperature and in the extent of the ice

imply climatic changes of other kinds. The main wind belts of the earth were shifted back and forth. Regions in middle and low latitudes underwent oscillations between desert conditions and abundant rainfall.

The history of climates for the past few thousand years is one of prevailing variability, though not of permanent change. Authorities of the early Nineteenth Century (Sir David Brewster, for example) were wrong in their belief that Europe had grown steadily warmer since the days of classical antiquity. Equally wrong was the belief common in the middle and latter part of the same century that climates in general had been growing drier for ages. On the other hand, it is now clear that there have been many oscillations back and forth between coolness and warmth, raininess and aridity, and in some cases the swings in one direction or the other seem to have been extensive and persistent enough to play an important part in the economic and political affairs of mankind. The following quotation from a recent publication of the British Meteorological Office illustrates the type of information now adduced along this line:

It is now generally admitted that there have been variations of temperature and rainfall in Northwestern Europe, . . . and that about 3,000 to 1,500 B.C. the temperature was higher than at present, forming the "climatic optimum," while a period of cold rainy weather set in about 850 B.C. There are indications of a dry period in the north temperate zone in the Sixth to Eighth Centuries, and of a period of great storminess and heavy rainfall in the Twelfth to

Fourteenth Centuries. . . . The series of rainfall measurements in England, which have been standardized over a period of two hundred years, point to a pronounced dry period in the first half of the Eighteenth Century.

For more than a decade past the Eastern United States, Western and Central Europe and some other portions of the north temperate zone have been enjoying what will probably stand out in future records as a prevailingly warm period, especially with respect to its Winters.

There is one point about which the historians of weather are very much at loggerheads, and that is the question of cycles. Two temperature cycles are unmistakable; *viz.*, the diurnal and annual, due, respectively, to the rotation and the revolution of the earth. Many authorities believe that there are still other weather cycles, though they are not so clearly defined and can be deduced only by mathematical analysis of the various kinds of weather records.

Unfortunately, the number of cycles, ranging in period from days to centuries, announced by different investigators runs up into the hundreds—and not one of these has yet been positively proved to be real.

Two, however, are widely accepted. One is the Brückner cycle, with a very irregular period averaging about thirty-five years. The other is the sunspot cycle, also somewhat irregular and averaging about eleven years. It is clearly evident on the face of the sun, but has not yet been traced beyond controversy in the records of the earth's weather.

WINTER ON A MOUNTAIN TOP

BY ELIZABETH FORSLING

ALL through September and the early part of October we had worked hard on the new road, and now the long green avenue reached out for half a mile. The brush we had stacked off to one side, and all along the way were huge piles of poles.

"Lord, there's a lot of wood in those piles!" Jim said.

But I did not think about the wood, for it was the beauty of the road that held me. Myriads of fallen leaves floated about us, a flood of gold breaking out of a green tunnel. Almost theatrical it was, this shower of gold leaves at the entrance to our new road. Jim and I, a man and a woman working side by side, had built this new road in the wilderness.

But it was dusk now and time to quit work. With the mountain all about me, I stopped and looked up to the sky. I thought: I can't go and leave my mountain this year. I want to be a part of it even in Winter. Its snow shall not drive me away.

Suddenly it hurt me to think of leaving, as we usually did each Winter, to go back to some town or city, where we rented some horrible little house set up against some other horrible little house just like it. And this year it would be worse than ever because work would be hard to find.

So as I looked up into the lilac sky and then down through the dark pines, something of the mountain seemed to flow through me, something hopeful and triumphant, and my mind was made up.

Was I afraid to spend the Winter in the snow? Other people had lived there; other people were going to live there this very Winter. I looked at Jim, so tall and strong, his ax falling with such certain strokes. He might have stepped from a school-book picture of pioneer life. Yes, I had a pioneer man, and I could live with him on a snow-locked mountain. The snow should not exile us *this* Winter. We were strong enough to endure any hardships it could bring.

Jim picked up his ax. "Let's go now," he said.

Without answering, I followed him down the new road. I was not going to tell him what I had decided until after supper. One curve of the road, and we were at the place we called Crimson Dawn; we stopped, as we always did. We saw a great stretch of brick-red land with the Pass, a deep red valley, opening out under it; Old Muddy Mountain, terraced like a red Egyptian temple, across from it; and the peaks of blue and purple mountains connected by the basins of the plains beyond. Our cabin looks down into the Pass across to Old Muddy from the margin of aspens. Behind us are pine woods.

After supper I told Jim of my decision. He said: "Will you really do it?" Then I knew from the way he said it how much he had been wanting to stay all the time.

"Do you think we can stay," I said, "after the snow comes?"

"Of course we can," he answered. "It

will be easier than being in town this Winter. It will be darn easy. We have this warm cabin, all the wood we want, and we can melt snow for water. We can lay in the heavy supplies before the snow is deep, and if we run out of things like eggs and butter I can bring them up on skis. Why, I could pack a hundred pounds on my back."

He was saying this as if he had been planning to say it for a long time. But he had not asked me to stay because he had not known how I felt about it.

"Yes, we can stay," I told him, "if we can grub-stake ourselves. How are we ever going to do that?"

"How do you get so helpless all of a sudden?" he answered. "When I first knew you, you were the most independent widow woman I ever saw. Of course we can get a grub-stake."

And we did get a grub-stake—by borrowing money on a small inheritance of mine. Then there was the wood. I believe that Jim had had in mind all along our Winter's supply and some over to sell. Now that we had made up our minds I was happy, for if we were to live all the year around on the mountain top, the mountain itself would help us find a way. Before we went to bed we stood and looked out the door of the cabin. Crimson Dawn was flooded with light. Before us was a great sweep of land and sky with an undertone of red mouldering from the land even in the moonlight. Down in the Pass we heard the high notes of a coyote pack, and behind us the wind sifted through the pines.

As all our preparations for Winter had to be completed by the fifteenth of October, there was plenty to do. The new road had to be finished, and the great stacks of poles had to be brought in. Then came the trips to town to take in the wood that we had

sold and to bring back supplies. We had so little money that we had to be very careful about our lists. This is what we bought: two hundred pounds of flour, a hundred pounds of sugar, thirty pounds of lard, fifteen pounds of beans, thirty pounds of dried fruit, six cases of canned goods, two cases of canned milk, two slabs of bacon, two hams, ten pounds of coffee, two pounds of black tea, a pound of baking powder, five pounds of cocoa, some breakfast foods, and soda, salt, and spices.

The flour and sugar we stored in the cabin, and the rest we put away in our root-cellar. Later we added cabbages and carrots. In all, we invested \$60 in supplies, \$35 in clothes, \$4 in new blankets, and \$8 in skis. After buying these things we still had \$40 in the bank to see us through the rest of the Winter. We knew, of course, that our supplies could not last till Summer, but with a well-stocked root-cellar, a warm cabin, plenty of wood, and no bills for lights or telephone, our lives smoothed themselves out into a pattern of simplicity, and a sense of security came over us.

II

The good weather was still with us by November, which gave us time to panel the porch with logs and add three windows and a door. This enclosed porch now made a place to store wood and keep it dry. I kept the plaster mixed while Jim did the chinking.

But the days were cold now. There was a curious quietness over everything, an expectancy; everything was waiting. I began putting the finishing touches to the cabin, washing woodwork, starching the orange-checked curtains that had faded to a soft rose. The windows shone. In front of them were pots of bulbs and slips that I had planted.

When Winter did come, I was alone. Jim had gone to town to collect the money for the wood. Veiled by a mist, the Pass had been blocked out all morning, but the mist moved, letting in the gray sky at intervals. About four o'clock in the afternoon I heard the wind come up in the pines; nearer and nearer it came until it swept out across the open space and made a whirlpool between the two mountains. Then the mist frayed off, leaving a heavy, dull sky. The air was filled with circling gusts that seemed to come from every direction. Then the wind changed, and the snow came down silently.

In the dusk I went to the door, and saw that both the Pass and Muddy were blocked out. So this is what Winter is going to be like on the mountain, I kept saying to myself. For so long now I had been telling myself that Winter was coming, and now it had come at last. Although the light was dim, I caught sight of a snowshoe rabbit sitting with its long ears pointing upward, and watching as intently as I was watching. Then with a flash it was off into the aspens. Winter had come.

Going back into the cabin, I lighted the lamps and started supper. Then I remembered that Jim had to travel three miles on foot in this storm, and I suddenly sat down. So the worst of living on the mountain in the Winter would be the anxiety that came for another out in the storm. I could do nothing to help him. Of course, if he lit a signal fire, I could take a lantern and go out and find him; I knew this side of the mountain as well as anyone, and I was not afraid for myself. But Jim was not a tenderfoot in the wilderness; he knew how to take care of himself. If he could not make it tonight, he would stay on the other side of the mountain for the night, and come across as soon as it was light. I finished getting supper, but I took it from

the stove only to put it back to keep warm. Hour after hour passed, and then at last I heard Jim's voice calling in the night.

My ears seemed almost to have stopped hearing, so long had I been listening for that sound. Running to the door, I threw it open to loose a shaft of light across the darkness. Again and again I answered that call. In another minute Jim's dark figure loomed up in the snow-filled night, and our arms were about each other.

Once Winter had really come, the haze lifted from the valleys and the mountains; the sky had a still transparent quality, and even the sunsets were different. The air, which had filtered through a gold and lilac mist in the Fall, now seemed to have turned the whole valley pink, and the sun struck the high points with a brilliant apricot fire. Then the evening star pierced through the mirror-like sky and the floating clouds of rose and gold.

The dark purple Pedros, that had seemed so far away and mysterious in Summer, were now sharply outlined and close. Over to the East were the Deer Creek Mountains, softly outlined in great masses that flowed with a gradual upward slope to one blue peak. Old Muddy seemed so close that I felt that I could reach out and touch it.

The dreamy murmur had gone from the pines, and the sleepy tones of the Summer had given away to sounds that tingled like crystal beads. When the wind came up at night there was hissing in the branches.

The change was not in the mountains alone, but in our own lives as well. With the excitement and rush of preparation over, a quietness of spirit settled over us. We were now living in a world entirely our own, a world that gave us the feeling of being completely shut away. And so we were, for there were few people left on

the mountain, and we had our end of it entirely to ourselves.

Before the snow was packed well, Jim had to go about on his skis breaking trails, for he had received an appointment from the county agent to poison coyotes and magpies; in a sheep country there is always a war on these pests. How he managed to strew the mountainside with the brilliant bodies of the magpies but was less successful with the coyotes is too long a story to tell here, but he was busily occupied.

When Thanksgiving came, I baked one of our hams, which filled the cabin with memories along with its fragrance. Our dinner seemed quite splendid. Beside the ham, baked with brown sugar and spices, we had a great pot of beans, coleslaw, hot biscuits, honey, pickles, and a crisp raisin pie. The table faced the double window that overlooked the open space across to Muddy. We ate in the late afternoon, and talked of other Thanksgiving dinners. Then, as the light faded to gloom, I took down a battered branched candlestick and lighted some candle ends that were left in it, and the log room lit up with that strange softness that is peculiar to a log house in candlelight.

III

Jim was splendid on skis. (Tall people seem to do better on skis than short ones.) He had grace as he moved along, while I was always sitting down suddenly in a snowbank, or my skis were sliding from under me. I was a good walker, and it irritated me to have to depend on these slick little runners to get around on instead of my own feet. Nevertheless, when I went out of the house I had to use them.

One afternoon I followed Jim through the still white woods. We studied the ani-

mal tracks in the snow, just as we had studied their dusty tracks in the Summer. We went on through the dark woods until we came out at an open space. The sun was more dazzling and the sky bluer than they could possibly be on a Summer day. All the time we were getting nearer to the north side of the mountain, and now we could catch glimpses of the waving blue land stretched out below.

Purple dragon shadows drifted across the land, making it seem like the billowing roof of a desert tent. My eyes focused themselves upon the hollow where the long lines of light were broken and held by the faraway town. The light spun about the silver discs of the oil tanks, climbed and coiled itself about the queer spirals of the refinery, and fell back on the flat roofs. Something seemed to rise up from these broken lines and recall forgotten unhappiness. I looked away from the town to the sky. It was late when we turned to go and I knew that the flats would soon be flooded with the brilliant afterglow, but I did not turn back to look as I followed Jim into the deep woods.

On Christmas Eve we sat by the window and watched the evening star rise upward a little way and then descend into the wall of pines. It was a blue and silver night, with the moonlight against the snow sparkling a little differently from the stars in the sky and the frost stars on the pines. The next day was quite the happiest Christmas that we had ever known, despite the fact that I was ill with old-fashioned grippe, and Jim soon caught it too.

I will not forget a night when I sat by him and listened to his heavy breathing as I felt of his hot forehead. Finally, I went over and sat by the stove, where I watched from the window the wind, the snow, and the trees. The fire roared in the stove; it

would take a lot of wood to keep it going, and I was glad that we had green wood to hold it in check.

Suppose he should get worse? If he became terribly ill, could I make it on skis to the other side of the mountain? And even if I made it, could I telephone to town in this storm for help? And even if I could telephone, could I persuade any doctor to make the trip to the mountain?

I started up and walked up and down as softly as I could, only stopping to put wood in the stove. Although the fire continued to roar, the cabin became so cold that I found myself shivering. Checking every draft, I went over to listen to Jim's breathing.

What if he got worse? What could I do? What had the pioneer woman done when something like this happened? I knew what she had *not* done. She had not let herself do as I was doing. She had not paced the floor and imagined all of the calamities that could possibly happen; she had gone on taking care of her man or having her babies, regardless of weather or distance. If she had to go for help in a blizzard, she had done so, but she had never carried on as I was doing.

So I found myself straightening my back and standing still in the middle of the floor. Then I went over and felt of Jim's head, and somehow it did not seem so hot now. He opened his eyes and spoke to me sleepily.

"Don't you think you'd better go to bed now? You'll be awfully tired if you don't."

I answered him casually, lighted the night lamp that we always kept burning by the flowers to keep them from freezing, banked the fire with green wood, and went to bed. And I slept instead of worrying.

The next morning Jim was better, but

the wind had not stopped. On and on it went. The snow was up to the window sills now and piled in great drifts. But I was not afraid of the storm any longer. I watched the spot on an aspen tree where a name had been carved, to see how fast the snow was piling up. We were cozy inside, and I settled down to finish "Green Mansions." The storm lasted two days and two nights, only to pause a day and then start all over again. We could see nothing but snow, and our life was enclosed by the walls of our cabin.

We lived in a fantastic world where nothing was as it had been. Mountains of snow piled up behind the cabin. Landmarks disappeared, and we looked down on trail-markers that we ordinarily looked up to. The small trees vanished entirely, along with the juniper and laurel, and the woods became an enchanted land quite unknown to us. When we went outside we climbed smooth hills of snow.

One morning in January, when there was no butter for our pancakes, we knew that Jim would have to go to town; we needed other things, too. I had known from the first that these trips to town were bound to come, and I knew that the best thing that I could do for him was to seem cheerful about being left alone. If I could not help him carry the load on his back, I could at least see that he had no load on his heart. The world was pink and crystal as he kissed me goodbye in the dawn and I watched him disappear across the crust of snow into the timber.

I was alone now, but looking out, as I did, on the open spaces of land and sky, I could not feel quite shut off. I went about my homely tasks feeling contented. The day Jim left I painted most of the day, and I had long hours to agonize over light and shadow. I was trying to catch the luminous quality of the snow, trying to

put the feeling of the mountain Winter on a painting board. But I never got the effect I wanted.

That night I made the evening meal last as long as I could, and then I read until bedtime. I had no sense of strangeness in staying alone, for there was security here now, with all people and animals cut off from me.

In bed I listened to the wind, which had been high all evening. Tonight it was filled with the hissing sound of snow and ice. It lashed the cabin as a storm at sea might lash a fishing-boat.

When I went to sleep I slept so soundly that I did not wake until nine the next morning. That day went more slowly than the first day, and by three o'clock I was sitting watching the point of timber at which Jim would appear.

Some of our friends had asked us how we could stand being shut up alone together all Winter. They thought that before the snow was gone we would be killing each other. It is hard for town folks to understand how living in a remote place can draw two people together. No, Jim and I had not become bored with each other, for we were working together. It was a great adventure to us, this all-the-year-round homemaking on a mountain top homestead. I had lived in many places and known many people, but I had never found life so simple and so satisfying as it was now.

Tonight I decided not to get supper until Jim came, but with the coming of dusk I lighted the lamps and then returned to the chair by the window. The rising moon seemed almost like another sun, and it lighted the mountain top almost like another day. Never had I seen such bright moonlight nights as these. I decided finally to go outside and watch for Jim.

In the center of a great silence I stood

now and listened for his voice. He had been gone thirty-six hours, and I could not help being a little uneasy. So many things might happen to him. But I grew cold, and went back into the house, and watched the clock tick out the hours. Eleven, then twelve passed. Then, just as the hand neared one, out of the still moonlight came his call.

IV

All through January there were big storms, storms that sometimes lasted two days and two nights. The drifts behind the cabin were eighteen feet high. If it had been built a little farther back, it would have been covered with snow by now, but it was close enough to the open for the wind to sweep the tides of snow past it, and they were caught by the trees at the back.

Jim kept the snow shoveled away from the windows but left it stacked high about the corners to keep the cabin warm. There was four feet and more in the timber, and walls of snow enclosed the paths about the cabin. Jim had to spend days digging out the wood-pile and the root-cellar, only to have the wind bury them under snow again the night after he had uncovered them.

We dug out the root-cellar only once a week, when we took out a week's supplies and let the wind blow over it to keep the rest from freezing. The wood-pile was a problem. Jim would fill up the porch, but when it was empty he would have to dig the wood-pile out from under eight feet of snow.

We had planned to start early cutting timber for our new cabin, but we could not do it yet, for the trees were still so heavily laden that one blow of the ax would have brought down a storm. So

we settled down, living quietly and contentedly. Just as the mood of Winter had fallen on the deep woods, so it had fallen on us. A quiet time had come into our lives. A deep white silence covered us.

We had stacks of old magazines, but most of them had been exhausted by Christmas. Then there were my books, which had been gathered together in the haphazard way that most people's books are collected. We read a good deal as the wood fires crackled in the stove. There was always plenty of wood. Nothing could disturb us. It seemed to us both that for the first time in our lives we were living our own lives instead of other people's.

These days I tried cooking things that I had never tried before. I had only the simplest things to use, the things that we had stored in the Fall, and some of our supplies were running low. Our bank account had dropped to \$8, and from this we still had to buy butter and eggs. Out of the simple things we had it was up to me to make our meals. I became interested in baking. I had tried biscuits often, but now I tried rolls. There were several failures before I held up my first pan of crusty, light ones for Jim to admire. He certainly did admire them.

Sometimes in the afternoons we would put on our skis and go forth to see what changes the Winter had brought to the familiar places. Some cabins we knew had disappeared entirely, along with the trees about them. Our days were lazy but satisfying. No new work could be started outside yet, and Jim's principal occupation was digging out the wood-pile and paths about the cabin and keeping the snow from piling too high around it.

Inside I had my simple tasks. Days when there was time for meditation were followed by long nights of dreamless sleep. Winter, which always brings to the earth

this period of sleep, for the first time had brought it to me. I could think without the thoughts and emotions of others surging against me. I was alone except for one other. Ours was a retreat from all life but our own.

V

In February we had our first visitors. Ray and Anne, the young caretakers at Timberline Lodge across the mountain, came over in the morning and returned home by moonlight. It was still too unsettled to start new work, but Jim and I spent long hours discussing plans for building. Beside a new two-roomed cabin, we planned to build barns, corrals, a chicken-house, and a workshop.

By the middle of February I had a number of invitations to spend a while in town, but I declined them, for I had no desire to leave my mountain top, although I did wish some barber would happen by on skis to give me a haircut. Before the end of February the pots of hyacinths bloomed to delight us, and the weather became quite mild, scarcely ever below zero. Then, on the first day of Spring, our Easter lily opened as we ate our breakfast, and its perfume filled the room.

By the end of March we had made big inroads on our supplies, and Jim had to go to town oftener. These trips were the hardest that he made, for the snow was now getting soft underneath and sticking to his skis; yet it was still too deep to permit his going without the skis. He would return exhausted from each trip.

We continued to have snow through April, and building was still impossible. In places the ground would often be wind-swept, but there were islands of snow in other places, so that we still had to use our skis. One day I was happy to walk on

the earth again, although the ground was like a blotter and oozed as I stepped on it.

Some of the worst blizzards in Wyoming come in April. It is the month when sheep men look thoughtful and wonder if they are lambing too early. The little lambs may start to play, but it is under the anxious eye of a herder, who has his other eye on the sky. Even May may not have more than a few nice days, and then Summer will arrive full grown overnight.

This year it snowed hard the last three days of April and left five more feet of snow about, but on the tenth of May Spring really came. I saw two gray comma butterflies; the chipmunks were stretching themselves on the woodpile; the porcupines were grazing. The open space was

bare of snow now, but there were still a few big drifts back in the timber, and these sagged with dirt under the pines. The plains off to the east were opalescent again. The Pedros seemed once more far away and mysterious.

Down toward the aspens and willows was the sound of running water. There were bird notes, too, and the rock pinks and phlox were starting to bloom. We watched the unearthly light of the sunset flooding the valley.

Then we knew that our Winter was over, that cars would be coming to the woods soon, that we would be watching the sheep wagons below us and listening to the sheep bells. We could no longer keep the mountain to ourselves.

THE IMPOSSIBILITY OF EDUCATION

BY E. F. ORR

I AM not yet ready to admit that human beings in the main are blockheads and consequently uneducable. I prefer to think of them, for the present at least, as victims of a false system of education. It is the system and the false conception of the meaning of education that makes education itself extremely difficult and in most cases impossible. It was Solomon who said: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Now, the thing that is fundamentally wrong with an educational system that operates on that formula is the fact that "the way he should go" is determined by the traditional and personal prejudices of adults; and when the plastic mind is once molded in accordance with these prejudices, intelligence ceases to function.

In addition to such traditional and personal prejudices, there are two very strong forces operating to make all education extremely difficult, and it is these latter forces that have a more direct bearing on the problems which now harass humanity. The first is that reality, contrary to popular opinion even among the *intelligentsia*, is more often than not an illusion. That is, to say, the thing which appears true is really false, and the thing which appears false is true. Hence, when a man who has no knowledge of the fundamentals involved in any proposition attempts to arrive at conclusions concerning its intrinsic nature by strictly reasoning processes, his

conclusions in a majority of cases are wrong. Space will permit of only a few illustrations to explain my meaning.

Aristotle taught that falling bodies travel to earth at speeds which are proportional to their weights. That is, a given volume of lead will fall to earth at a greater speed than the same volume of aluminum, or a given volume of any substance will fall at greater speed than a lesser volume of the same material. This theory was universally held for nearly 2000 years, or until Galileo proved by direct observation that the acceleration of falling bodies due to gravity is constant. But in spite of this proof at least ninety-nine persons out of every one hundred still hold to the Aristotelian theory, and when one introduces any mechanical problem that involves the application of Galileo's law, a prodigious majority will vote against it and in favor of the theory.

As a further illustration of the fact I am trying to explain, let us consider certain physical laws in application. There is no mechanical device used by human beings that involves as much physics as an automobile. In consequence, it would seem reasonable to believe that a man's success in selling an automobile should be directly proportional to his knowledge of its most important features. In reality, the direct reverse is true. A real physicist who knew the essential features of an automobile would most certainly fail as a salesman; and the salesman who knows the least

about them has the greatest probability of success. The physicist, in order to sell his knowledge, would be compelled to furnish an expensive laboratory and to teach a six-weeks' course in the fundamentals of physics. But that procedure would be impossible, for his competitor would offer a course in which the lessons would be much easier, and in which the students would not be required to dispense with any of their prejudices or to revise their previous judgments.

I have chosen physics because it is one of the best organized of sciences. The point I have made is even more true of those subjects outside the field of the pure sciences, where prejudices and false notions have always been so strong as to prevent our acquiring sufficient accurate knowledge of their fundamental principles to give them even a semblance of science.

The other principal force at work to make education practically impossible is an effect of the first. Since most true knowledge is contrary to ordinary human reason, to ancient prejudices, to preconceived judgments, and the like, it is easier to "sell" or to "teach" the false than the true notions about most things; and consequently, since a tremendous majority of persons prefer prestige, wealth, and fame to truth and accurate knowledge, everything, including all education outside the pure sciences, becomes a racket. That is, everything, including education, becomes something to be sold to somebody, the selling of which is justified by any method that will make it bring the highest price; and the price may be increased salary, increased profits, promotion, or what not. Hence, when any honest and intelligent person undertakes to expose any fraud or swindle, it is an easy matter to make people believe that his statements are the utterances of an impudent ignoramus, since

his ideas do not accord with traditional and personal prejudices which have been enforced by the system; and the incentive to silence him is extremely great, since he has attacked a racket from which multitudes of men derive profits.

It is these forces working in coöperation which account for the fact that, under severe competition and super-salesmanship, the public always chooses an inferior mechanical principle to a superior one, when all other things are equal. They also account for the fact that on all questions of importance, where a knowledge of fundamental laws and principles is necessary to an understanding of the problems involved, the majority opinion is always wrong. The democratic fetish, the sacredness of the will of the majority, in an uneducated society such as our own, is a delusion because on all important national issues the majority in such a society is inevitably wrong. Such great national errors as the protective tariff, the gold standard, political isolation, and so on will be supported by the majority until they either go out of style or wreck us.

II

The characters of true education seem to me to be quite clear and definite. They consist of (1) the power to discriminate among relative values; (2) a profound appreciation of and reverence for superior values; and (3) a fervent spirit of sincere and honest doubt. Some of my readers may say that my first requisite is a matter of intelligence rather than of education. I have no space here to offer arguments on that point. All I desire to make clear is that (1) any person who possesses the above three requisites is an educated person, regardless of age, station, diplomas, or degrees; (2) any person who does not pos-

sess *all* the above requisites is *not* an educated person; and (3) it is possible under our modern and popular conception of education to obtain a Ph.D. degree with a Phi Beta Kappa key and not possess a single one of the above requisites.

It is impossible for me to conceive how true education can be measured by any instrument or formula, or with any degree of accuracy. That is, I cannot conceive of either the quantity or quality of education being determined by any closer approximation than the most general estimates. It is my own personal conviction that degrees and diplomas are entirely meaningless—including the two college degrees which I possess myself—and that a Phi Beta Kappa key is the antithesis of what it is supposed to represent.

This key, as everyone knows, is a medal presented to those survivors of the four-year college course who have achieved superior scholastic marks in all the subjects studied. Well, if the semblance of educational achievement is to accord with the reality, this means that such a student must be privileged to choose all of his courses; he must have a fair pre-knowledge of the educational value of all of those offered; and the instructors who are to guide him must be truly educated men. Those of us who have been through the mill know that this arrangement is not to be found in any college in America, and I personally doubt if it is to be found in any college in the world.

We know that more than one-half of all the instructors in our colleges are really not educated; that from nearly half to more than half of all the courses offered are required, not optional; that most required courses are either not education at all or are the antithesis of education; and that it is virtually impossible for any student to possess a pre-knowledge of the ac-

tual educational value of his courses and to discern the educational qualifications of his instructors before he enters their classes. If a college entrant really had the ability to appraise accurately the educational value of his courses and to ascertain the educational qualifications of his instructors before entering their classes, he would already be a better educated person than any American college or university could make him.

Therefore, I charge that any student who achieves superior marks in all his college courses is essentially an extreme conformist who must necessarily accept everything on text-book and pedagogic authority, since he has not the ability to discriminate between the humbug taught by one professor or text-book and the science taught by another. Contrariwise, if a student learns readily that the professor he faces is only a conceited clown, notwithstanding all his degrees and his other extravagant pretenses to the contrary, and that his subject is a racket rather than a branch of education, that student possesses all the requisites of an educated man. But he is absolutely disqualified to receive superior scholastic marks, and he will probably fail altogether.

I have said that true education is a process rather than an end, and I have stated the three requisites for the test of an educated man. Both the quality and quantity of education in its true sense must be a matter of degree the same as they are in its false sense. Some men will always be more highly educated than others because of their richer experiences and associations and their greater intellectual capacities. But the requisites for the test of education must always remain the same—that is, the test for a boy ten years old will be the same as for a man of ninety, and for a truck driver the same

as for a college president. When looking for these three requisites in any individual, if we find that they have been intensified or expanded, we say that education has increased in degree. On the other hand, if we make the same application and discover that any or all of them has been weakened or diminished, we say that education has decreased in degree.

The idea that one's education can diminish as one grows older may be somewhat difficult. This difficulty arises from the fact that we have been "sold" on the idea that education is a process of accumulating data to be hurled at pedagogues on examination day, to entertain our friends in conversation, or to be assembled for purposes of propaganda. I maintain that the accumulation of data is not a significant part of education. Data have always come to us in greater quantities than we could use and without any effort on our part. In fact, most of us have to take refuge in secluded places to avoid being harassed by the great volume of them.

True education consists of knowing what to do with the prodigious volume of data that comes to us. The educated man has the power to analyze, interpret, appraise, and to classify data as to their relative value. He accepts none as facts unless they may be proved facts in the light of experience or by sense perceptions; and he knows that the latter are not always to be trusted. The uneducated man has little if any power to analyze, interpret, appraise, or classify data. He accepts everything as fact that is in accord with his prejudices—that is, if it is the thing that he desires to believe as fact. But he will refuse to accept data as facts, even if they come to him by sense perceptions, if they conflict fundamentally with his prejudices.

The conventional educational system is at the base of all our troubles. There

should be a new word in our dictionaries which I am unable to find. It should be *diseducate*. The chief purpose of the conventional system is to diseducate human beings. The average child of six years enters school with all the requisites of an educated person, even though they may be of small degree. But if the conventional educational system achieves its true purpose, its finished products are little more than extremely crafty, arrogant, foppish, snobbish, hypocritical, and simulating domesticated animals.

III

There is no way of dissociating intelligence from education or education from intelligence. Without intelligence there would be no education, and where intelligence is present there is always some type of education.

Briefly, intelligence is the possession of innate mental powers or abilities, and education is the process of developing, enlarging, or intensifying these powers or abilities. Although the question of intelligence has been rather severely muddled by psychologists, there would seem to be rather two distinct types that have never been clearly differentiated. For the sake of clearness I shall designate them the human and the animal.

Animal intelligence is that type which most higher animals, including man, possess in common. It includes such intellectual processes as memory, recognition, imitation, and the like. Psychologists are disagreed on many particulars, but we do know from experience and observation that the extent to which some animals can be trained is remarkable. The great difficulty in learning the extent of their intelligence lies in the lack of a communicating medium. If we could understand their

language of signs and speech even as well as they can understand ours, it is quite probable that we would discover an intelligence of a much higher level than it now appears to be.

The learning process in all its fundamental aspects involves only the exercise of animal intelligence. Since human beings possess this type of intelligence in a greater degree than animals, and since they have the ability to communicate ideas, learning is greatly facilitated among them. But it is important to note that mastering reading, writing, singing, typewriting, shorthand, historical data, physical laws, and the like, involves only the same intellectual powers and processes that an ape uses when he learns to spit, to smoke a pipe, or to ride a bicycle, or that dogs, seals, and all the rest use to acquire their characteristic tricks. In other words, all these accomplishments are nothing more than animal tricks of a very high order; and the teacher who never goes beyond such powers or processes is nothing more than an animal-trainer.

Human intelligence, on the other hand, is that type which is peculiar to human beings only. The powers of analysis, interpretation, appraisal, discrimination, comparison, application and the like are characteristics of it. No other animal possesses them. We are not concerned as to whether these characteristics are extensions or evolutions of lower forms of intelligence; it is enough for our consideration here that they are distinctively human, and that human education consists primarily in their further development, enlargement, and intensification.

Since the two types of intelligence—human and animal—are both possessed by human beings there will obviously develop two types of education. Organized societies for various reasons have always op-

posed human education. It has always been considered dangerous by those who were in authority. From the days of the medicine-man of savage tribes to the big business man of civilized democracies, authority has always been maintained by magic and hocus-pocus. The big business man of today and his chief mouthpieces, the political boss, the editor, and so on, are just as much witch-doctors as the medicine-men of savage tribes. Nothing so quickly dispels witchcraft and magic as the free exercise of human intelligence; hence the danger of human education.

With the coming of democracies as a result of natural evolutionary processes, the modern conception of popular education became fixed. It is based on the theory that, since one man's vote is as good as another's, if democracy is to be successful, each man must be educated to that point where he is competent to render superior judgments in determining his choices. Such a theory would obviously imply human education and that is no doubt what the chief exponents of the theory—Thomas Jefferson and his disciples—meant to be implied. But the theory, put into practice, would be exceedingly inconvenient for those who are in authority and who are much more interested in promoting their own than the general welfare. Hence we discover that, when the educational machinery is put in order, the meaning of education is purposely confused so that animal education for human beings is the end of all educational endeavor. One illustration in proof of this statement must suffice.

Teaching a child to read involves only the same fundamental processes as teaching a dog to recognize different denominations of money. The only difference is, as I have said, that the speech medium facilitates both the learning and teaching proc-

esses, so that the child learns more rapidly than the dog, and less ingenuity and labor is required on the part of the child's than the dog's teacher. The ability to recognize different denominations of money is clearly the end to be desired in that particular branch of the dog's education, both theoretically and practically. In fact, aside from the entertainment which the dog can get by the practice of his art, his education must end here because he does not possess the intellectual powers to make further progress.

On the other hand, theoretically, the ability to read is not the end of the process but the means to the development of higher (human) intellectual powers. That is, the child learns to read, not primarily to satisfy his emotional yearnings nor to acquire and memorize ideas and impressions, but to strengthen its higher mental powers of analysis, interpretation, discrimination, and appraisal. If his ability to read does not serve to develop these higher processes, it remains entirely in the realm of animal education, and the purpose which it serves is of no more value as human education than the ability to recognize different denominations of money is to the dog which possesses it. As a practical matter, the modern educational system sees to it that the ability to read, in the vast majority of cases, does not serve beyond the realm of animal education.

Let us examine, for example, the mental processes involved in acquiring knowledge of a very prominent historical event—the Battle of Tours. The student is required to read the account of the battle. He thus learns its date and geographical location, the names of the commanders on both sides, the number of soldiers in both armies, and all the rest of it. He then asks himself the question: "What of it?" or "Of what value is all this to me?" Up to

the point where he asks that question, he has employed only those intellectual powers which are common to all higher animals. But the very moment he asks the question, he opens the door to human intelligence, for it is only in the realm of human intelligence that such questions are asked and it is only by the exercise of human intelligence that they can be answered.

But let us see what really happens. Before the student can even ask himself this question he discovers himself reading the answer in the next paragraph—not the true answer, but the one that his teachers, including his parents, the textbook authors, the priests, and all others who are responsible for the conventional system, have made for him and expect him to remember for examination day. The textbook answer is somewhat as follows: The Battle of Tours was one of the decisive battles of the world because it checked the advance of the Moslem religion, which threatened to supplant Christianity in Western Europe. Thus the student finds the door to human intelligence barred and only his animal intellect permitted to function.

We have no way of judging the course that events would have taken since the year 732 A.D. had the Moslems won the Battle of Tours. But we do know that human education in the Moslem universities was farther advanced—not in accumulated knowledge, but in spirit—than it is in American universities today. Thus, assuming that the same spirit of human education had persisted throughout the succeeding centuries, the truly educated historical student must conclude that the Battle of Tours was the greatest tragedy that ever befell the Western World. It stayed the progress of human education over a thousand years. It was just 900 years

later that Galileo was condemned by the Roman Inquisition because he happened to see a few extra moons through his telescope and was so indiscreet as to tell a few of his friends about it. Thus vanished his last hope of ever obtaining a Ph.D. degree or Phi Beta Kappa key!

IV

In the foregoing, I have tried to state the real problem that confronts us in the world today—the problem of education. I have tried to explain in brief space that our conventional system is a most egregious sham—that if it is to be considered education at all, it is little more than animal training; and I have also tried to offer a few suggestive reasons why true education, for the present at least, is practically impossible. Most of what I have said is so contrary to traditional and popular beliefs that the vast majority of readers will vehemently question its premises. But this reaction will not be nearly so bitter now as it would have been if I had dared to make these statements in the early part of 1929.

What I have said is not so much for the purpose of stating a fact and offering proofs in support of it as for offering some brief explanation of what must appear to the victim of the system as a strange phenomenon. Let us assume that you have a fine automobile. You let the fact be known that you need a chauffeur. Within a few days a number of candidates apply for the position, and you choose one because his credentials are satisfactory. These credentials consist of statements or “proofs” of his qualifications; that is, they are his diplomas, his Ph.D.’s. But after he has been in your employ for a few weeks, and has put you and your car into the ditch for the tenth time for no apparent reason

whatever, you do not need anyone to tell you that this man is not a chauffeur, nor do you need anyone to explain to you that his credentials were falsified. The evidence is so obvious and conclusive that you act on it immediately, because the situation is so simple that even your pet cat would know where to place the responsibility and what should be done.

Now, our industrial and social machine has been in the ditch many times, and what are our reactions to these situations, and how do they differ from our reactions to the automobile wreck? We are completely bewildered and confused, yet the situation is not different in its essential and fundamental aspects from the wreck. We have permitted ourselves to be deceived with the notion that we have one exceedingly complicated situation; whereas we have a multitude of simple situations. Instead of one automobile in the ditch with but one chauffeur to fire, we have a multitude of automobiles in the ditch with as many chauffeurs to fire. But instead of learning anything from the wreck, we try to reason the situation out in the light of the buncombe that we have been taught.

Why can’t we employ the intelligence of a ten-year-old boy and begin our reasoning from what is obvious? For instance: The machine is in the ditch for the tenth or fifteenth time and that is ample proof that the driver does not know his business. “Well,” some one says, “but he has a Ph.D., he comes highly recommended, and all the rest. What are we to do about that?” But that makes no difference. The machine is in the ditch and that is more than ample proof that the driver does not know his business, and that is all there is to it. All of his credentials must be either forgeries or shams. At any rate, they are meaningless.

In other words, we have spent billions of dollars for an educational system that has so completely duped us that we refuse absolutely to accept concrete evidence that stands right out before us in broad daylight unless it accords with the idiotic standards and measurements that have been imposed by the system. Thus Henry Ford becomes the outstanding enigma of the modern age, and the subject of endless controversy. Surely a man who goes about in shirt sleeves and suspenders, who speaks in such blunt and plain language that there is no mistaking its meaning, who had only a grade-school education, can be nothing more than an impudent ignoramus. So we busy ourselves trying to account for his phenomenal success as an automobile manufacturer by the application of the rules and methods of a wonderland-and-witchcraft educational system rather than by the application of good common sense.

There is no person in the universe as ignorant of finance and the functions and purposes of money as a banker; and his ignorance is in direct proportion to his prominence in the banking profession. In fact, his ignorance of these important matters is directly responsible for his success

as a banker. So if the Senate Finance Committee desires information on the important questions of finance and money, it consults bankers. Similarly, the man who is the most confused, befuddled, and ignorant of the first principles of economics is the professional economist. So if we desire information on economics, we consult the economists in our universities.

It is absolutely necessary that we revise our entire educational philosophy and then redefine our first principles and relearn our lessons on the basis of that new philosophy. It is the most obvious of platitudes to say that what we need is leadership. Even your pet kitten would know that. What we need is the ability to recognize a leader when we see one. The fact that the clever and witty buffoons and witch-doctors who got us into our present predicament are still leading the pep-meetings of noon-day luncheon clubs, are still filling the newspapers with messages of hope and cheer, and are still offering the magic palliative of confidence, is indisputable evidence that we do not possess that ability. Once we acquire the ability to recognize leaders when they appear, we shall discover that they are to be found everywhere in abundance.

AN AMERICAN APOSTLE

BY H. L. DAVIS

Nobody would have suspected, from Sorefoot John Stricklin's looks or habits, or from his pile of deportment-cards from Upper Columbia river jails, that he was a thinker on the subject of theology, and still less that he had ever considered making a career in it himself.

He was as unpreacherly in appearance as a man could get and still keep his clothes on, being large, high-colored, overdressed, and so swaggery and exaggerated in manner that he sounded as if he was lying even when he was telling the truth. By trade he was a farm auctioneer, with a side line—which he couldn't quit, though it regularly got him into trouble with the statutes made and provided—of selling horses on commission to Eastern Oregon farmers. If his horses were good, his title to them was almost sure to be bad; if the title was good, the horses generally turned out to be full of splints and windgalls, artfully doctored to look good until Sorefoot John could get the purchasers' notes discounted and blow in the proceeds.

He landed in jail in the sagebrush town where I was working as deputy sheriff one Summer in the thin times before the War, when thin times happened oftener and hurt less than nowadays, on a six months' sentence for having sold a brood-stallion to a Seventh Day Adventist farm-community under false representations. He claimed that it was a raw deal, and that he hadn't misrepresented anything. All he had done was to talk fast about the

stallion's good points—youth, pedigree, looks, weight—and to skip lightly over his one bad one, which was a firm refusal to take a professional interest in horses of the opposite sex. In brief, he was a total celibate, and nothing the Adventists tried on him could seduce him to an instant's waywardness. When their efforts had used up several barrels of veterinary philtres without starting a solitary colt, they went after Sorefoot John with the sheriff, ascertained that he had spent all their purchase-money, and had him jailed.

The county jail was under the management of the sheriff's office, which it adjoined. It was a dismal hole, and, to make things worse, it contained an insane sheepherder who thought he was God and did a monologue in character every fifteen minutes in a voice that, if it had been allowed free range, would easily have carried two miles. The concept was sound enough, no doubt, for it was no more than natural to credit the Universal Creator with a good strong tone of delivery; but it was somewhat hard for an outdoorsy man like Sorefoot John to be locked in with. So, in the afternoon when nobody was around, I usually invited him out behind the tax-collecting counter to rest his ears and talk about what he had done before he got in and what he intended to do when he got out.

It looked like something of a risk to be running with him, for I was young, green and alone, the cash-drawer was full of tax-

money, and there were always a dozen or so confiscated firearms lying around loose. But it was really perfectly safe. Sorefoot John's talent ran far more to diplomacy and shenanigan than to action. Indeed, though he was ready to bet that he could sell those dry-land farmers anything in the world, and had once cashed in by inducing a Grange meeting to pay him \$112 for a marine binnacle-compass with the bearings busted, he didn't believe salesmanship exactly suited him either. It lacked a future, because every man he swindled made it harder to swindle the next one.

The trade he ought to have taken up, he thought, was religion. You needed only a small capital; the people you converted, instead of getting mad, went out and tried to convert all their relations for you; and you couldn't be cinched for misrepresentation because you didn't guarantee anything except as to the life beyond Jordan. With the same work that he had put into vending blemished livestock, and with a lot less subsequent embarrassment, he might have promulgated a new theology and made himself a name and a fortune.

"But you'd have to know something about religion to start a new one," I said. (Probably I was wrong.) "And you'd have to look like a missionary, or people wouldn't believe you were one."

Sorefoot John agreed that there might have been some difficulty about toning down to a revivalist complexion, but he refused to let that reconcile him to his present lot. There were places, he insisted, where the conventional hallelujah-feathering wouldn't be necessary—where the people wouldn't expect it because they didn't know what a real registered apostle ought to look like. For instance, take the Indians. With them, all a man would need was to make himself understood. That would be easy because, though every tribe

had a separate and unlearnable lingo, they all knew either the Chinook trade-jargon or the sign-language, and John himself knew both so thoroughly that he was often drafted as court-interpreter.

It was true that the hellfire-and-golden-harp doctrines of our refined civilization had never got very far among the red brethren, but it wouldn't be hard to find something they would take to. There was, for one, the Ghost Dance business of the 1890s—a real Indian-made religion that had run through them like measles, and had gone to seed only because its inventor, a brainless Piute, hadn't known the apostling business well enough to handle his own revelation effectively. All it had ever needed was an intelligent manager; and, while it was drying and dying and fading from memory for lack of one, Sorefoot John had been monkeying away his best years knocking down rickety farm-machinery and huckstering mules.

He was right, no doubt, about having wasted his talents; but he was certainly wrong about the Ghost Dances having faded from memory. I had seen a bunch of desert Shoshones perform one as late as 1910, with songs, dizzy spells, experience-testimonies, fits of the shakes, weeping and hysterics that were blamed near the scariest thing I ever laid eyes on. A lot of the early communicants may have backslid, but there were certainly some that hadn't.

Sorefoot John had the habit, common to people in a forward-striding country, of imagining that anything he had stopped hearing about must have stopped happening. I told him that the supposedly-vacated revelation to the redskins was holding up healthier than he thought, and that the thing for him to do, instead of selling brood-stallions that wouldn't brood and then muscling up post-mortem re-

morse about his wasted opportunities, was to go out with the Ghost Dances and work up a revival. Not that I expected he would, for he was a horse-dealer by nature, and, since all the laws, courts and jails in the country hadn't succeeded in making him change his trade, it wasn't likely that the prospect of future sainthood would either. But I wanted to see what kind of excuse he would make.

He had a good one. Listening to the sheep-herder's pious baying had led him to do some genuine thinking about religion as a going concern, and his theory of doctrinal origins, whether sound or not, was a new one on me. Really to get anywhere, he explained, a new religion had to be broached during a boom. It needed two contrasting classes—a great majority of the people making rather less money than they could scrape along on decently, and a smaller party of upper-crust yahoos raking it in and squandering it. He didn't agree with the historians that religion flourished best in hard times. It needed poor people, of course; but what really put the burr to it was a supply of spendthrift and misbehaving rich, for the unluckier citizens to look at, compare themselves to, and be jealous of. "If you don't believe me, take a look at the churches in this town," he urged me. "Can you show me one that didn't begin with a boom?"

I couldn't, because I didn't know exactly when any of them had started, and I couldn't remember when there had ever been a boom. He had his dates down better, though I never did find out where he had got them. There had been a land-speculating stampede, he said, in the 1830s, and the same period had seen the beginning of Mormons, Campbellites, and Millerites, among others. Methodism was a product of the Eighteenth Century, when the English were beginning to haul

home chunks of money from India and Canada and such places. The Quakers loomed up under Charles II, a free spender if there ever was one; and the boom of the early 1900s had begotten Holy Rollers, Dowieites, Tongues of Fire brethren, Apostolic Healers, and several others which he named and I forget.

He didn't mention the conjunction in Rome of Nero, Petronius and the Early Martyrs, because he hadn't read back that far; and he didn't mention the Los Angeles of oil-millionaires, movie salaries and the Four-Square Gospel because it hadn't happened yet. But he had a pretty full list without them, though I couldn't see what it had to do with a religion intended to circulate among the Indians. How could a common wickiup Siwash know whether the money market was up, down or sideways, and how could his jealousy of rich spendthrifts be exploited when he never saw a spendthrift to be jealous of?

In answer to this Sorefoot John conceded that there were parts of his theory that didn't seem reasonable. But he insisted that it was sound nevertheless. The Ghost Dance lunacy had started during the farm-land boom of the late '80s—not long after Christian Science—and it had gone from the Gulf of California to the Upper Mississippi within two years. When almost the same thing had been preached in Eastern Washington in 1870 it hadn't even got across Idaho. Sorefoot said that this proved that you couldn't start a religion without a boom, and that it would be a waste of time for him to try. "I'll probably be in jail the next time one comes along," he said, and got up to go back to his cage. "If I'm not, though, I might do something. If wheat-land ever goes higher than fifty dollars an acre, you keep your ears propped for news from the reservations."

II

Dry wheat-land was selling then at around twenty dollars an acre, which was about what it was worth. Afterward it went up to fifty, and then to seventy and ninety and a hundred; and, though I didn't do much ear-propping for tidings of Sorefoot John Stricklin, I did fall into the habit of noticing and saving up accidental tags of reminiscence and information about the 1890 Ghost Dances. Partly it was because every rise in land-prices reminded me of them; partly it was because the scraps, pieced together, showed what could happen in America to a genuine, desert-raised prophet when his religion gained unexpectedly a couple of hundred thousand believers instead of the three or four dozen he had intended it for; partly it was because this particular religion, for no reason that anybody could discover, covered more ground and caught more converts in shorter time than anything of the sort since the First Crusade.

The prophet who invented the Ghost Dances was a Nevada Piute named Wovoka. By the whites of his neighborhood he was called Jack Wilson, and much esteemed as a farm-hand in the haying-season. By his reservation-agent he was known as Big Rumbling Belly and otherwise ignored because he behaved himself and didn't look very smart. Indeed, intellect or weight of character couldn't have had anything to do with the success of his religion, for he was a heavy-featured, lumpish man, without a trace of brains, ability, or even divine conviction visible anywhere about him.

His tribal affiliations were also against him, for the Nevada Piutes were low-grade grasshopper-eaters, unwarlike, abject and despised, with a standing among the hunting and horse-breaking tribes that

ran considerably lower than that of the Nazarenes among the Judaeans of Holy Writ. Location was against him, too, for his reservation—from which he had never been thirty miles distant in his life—was one of the loneliest and remotest in the United States, and the only means of getting news in and out of it was by pony. His chances were still further reduced by the fact that the Western Indian tribes spoke at least a dozen different languages and four or five times that many dialects, so that a lot of congregations who were all ready by nature to receive the new revelation might be lost from failure to understand that it *was* one.

But with all these handicaps, the Ghost Dance religion did have one lucky break, and that break probably kept it from dying right at the start. This was that Wovoka's revelation occurred, not in the ordinary course of prophecy, but during a severe spell of sickness, which, since his community was small and hard up for something to talk about, brought him into notice as an item of current news; and that, at the very moment when the neighbors felt certain that he was about to die, there came a total eclipse of the sun. The Piutes, having bad memories, were always upset by such astronomical manifestations, and so it was natural for them to conclude that they were witnessing some kind of demonstration in honor of Wovoka's arrival in Heaven. Thus when he came to and announced that Heaven was where he really had been, and that he had brought back a personal message from the Almighty, they took down his story with feverish eagerness and told it around the neighboring tribes.

They described Wovoka and his revelation in considerable detail, less because the subject was interesting than because it explained what had caused the solar occulta-

tion which all the natives of the region had been wondering about. The neighboring tribes passed it on for the same reason. It spread North to the Warm Springs in Oregon, East to the Bannocks in Idaho, South to the Yumans in Northern Mexico; and then it headed through Wyoming, Utah, New Mexico and South Dakota clear into Canada and across Oklahoma.

These were sections where the eclipse of the sun hadn't even been seen. Being a good long distance away from Wovoka's range, they didn't need such accidental touches to induce belief. By the time the revelation reached the Rocky Mountains the eclipse had dropped out of it without even being missed. All the great fighting tribes—the Utes, Shoshones, Arapahoes, Jicarilla Apaches, Cheyennes, Sioux—took the doctrine down straight and went so fanatic over it that the Indian Bureau ordered all devotional exercises stopped, and called out Federal troops in South Dakota to help with the squelching. Settlers in that section slept with their guns loaded and their pants on, not knowing what devilment the excitement might lead to.

There were very few quiet places in the whole Indian country when the Ghost Dance religion was going its liveliest. About the quietest of them was Walker Lake in Western Nevada, where its original prophet, discoverer and apostle lived as modestly as ever, pitching hay and tending to his own business so strictly that the reservation agent didn't know that one of his own wards had started a faith that was disquieting half the continent.

The religion itself, like its originator, was simple. The dance was only part of it, though an important element. In it, the worshippers joined hands and went round in a circle, keeping time to songs until, through the combined operation of dizziness, hunger, monotony of rhythm

and physical exhaustion, some of them hypnotized themselves, stiffened out, and keeled over. It doesn't sound like a pleasant experience, and it certainly didn't look like one; but the Indians enjoyed it, both for the emotional exercise and because of the miracle which, they believed, it was going to produce.

As to what the first part of the miracle was going to be, all accounts agreed. When they had danced, sung, and thrown fits enough to meet with the Divine satisfaction, an impulse would be sent down to the North American continent, and all the white residents would be moved peacefully and spontaneously to pick up and go away, leaving all their land and improvements to the original inhabitants. Further, after the whites had cleared out, the Almighty intended to resurrect all the dead Indians to take their places.

It was this article of the prophecy that attracted the liveliest interest. Everybody hoped, of course, that the white people might decide to move off somewhere else, but nobody felt confident that even the Lord would be able to make them do it. In comparison, a trick like restoring the dead to life seemed simple and probable. All the tribes snapped at the notion; to Indians at that time, it was new and alluring, and even the doubters, after being danced into a hypnotic fit or two, gave in and professed conversion.

But not, unfortunately, to exactly the doctrine that Wovoka had originally turned loose. His revelation had made no claim of miraculous powers for himself. All he had said was that the Lord, given a sufficient demonstration of faith and lots of time, would bring all the dead back to life. This unassuming pledge got considerably toned up in its travels, and, by the time it reached the Plains, the Indians were leaving the Lord almost entirely out

of it and announcing flatly that a powerful and pure-spirited Indian somewhere West of Fort Hall was going to untrack himself and resurrect all the dead. From this important alteration of wording, Wovoka became not merely famous, but an object of frenzied worship among tribes of whose very existence he had never heard until they began making pilgrimages to beg a lock of his hair, and to request him, as a favor, to breathe life into some corpse to prove that he meant business.

Embassies from the Eastern Indians flocked to the Piute reservation at Walker Lake like an emigration. They came from New Mexico, the Dakotas, Oklahoma, even from Manitoba, to look at the man who was going to raise all the dead. Only a strong character could have held out against the strain of being persistently taxed by strangers with powers that he didn't possess. Wovoka was a simple farm-hand Piute, unaccustomed to fame, flattery and dignified visitors hauling him valuable presents, and he was unwilling to disappoint them or risk stopping their donations by telling them the truth. Instead of disclaiming any ability to perform miracles, he stalled, hinted mysteriously about his control over the powers of the air, dealt out gobs of a magical red paint that was supposed to insure immortality and heal fractures, and, in a final fit of self-infatuation, actually set a date when he would start the dead emerging from their sepulchres. Legends floated back from Walker Lake about a dead chief whom he had already lifted back to life as good as new, and the curious part of this flummery was that all the visiting delegations believed it, and went home in a fever of anticipation to get ready for the great day when the Western Messiah should extend the same favor to the people on their own obituary-lists.

The excitement that their reports stirred up on the Eastern reservations was tremendous. At Pine Ridge Agency in South Dakota the Sioux men and women danced the Ghost Dance for thirty-two hours straight, and an attempt by soldiers to make them stop led to a massacre in which close to two hundred of the worshippers were killed. These martyrs, of course, only made the thing spread faster. In Wyoming, the Mountain Araphoes and the Shoshones took to the brush where nobody could catch them, and performed the dance with such fury that nobody dared try to. The faith raged in Death Valley and Lower California, in the Warmsprings Reservation of Oregon, in the Taos pueblo of New Mexico, and on the Canadian border of North Dakota.

In Oklahoma, the Cheyenne-Araphoes were solid for it, and, when ordered to stop, submitted legal petitions offering to establish their right of free worship in court. One of their evangelists made hundreds of converts among the fierce Kiowas, and proselytes from that tribe worked on the half-breed Caddoans from Western Louisiana so effectively that these three nations called a general convention to vote on adopting the Ghost Dance religion as a unit. With that won, there was no telling where the thing might have gone. Through the Caddoans it was entering not only the ethnic family which still holds the Gulf Coast of Northern Mexico, but also the Negro population of the Southern States, with a potential congregation whose numbers and capacity for pious fervor might easily have made its earlier achievements look like chicken-feed.

The convention should not have been hard to win. The Ghost Dance evangelists from the Cheyenne-Araphoes were doing their best to pack the vote in advance, and

they were clever, hard-working and determined. It was true that Wovoka had put out a lot of recklessly definite promises, but none were falling due soon enough to hurt anything. By the time they did, it was supposed, the prophet would simply get himself out of sight and leave word either that he had gone back to Heaven, or else that the Indian Bureau had murdered him to keep his prophecy against the whites from coming true.

Such a stratagem seemed so sound and obvious that some of the evangelists actually predicted it, taking it for granted that the prophet had laid out his lines with that in mind. They overrated him, for no such notion ever entered his head. He stayed where he was, receiving delegations because they swelled his vanity even while they made him uneasy with reports of the repressive measures that the government was turning loose against his religion among the Eastern Indians. When his courage was up, he hinted at miracles; when something had scared it down, he got suspicious and denied everything. In the emissary sent by the Kiowas to make a preëlection report on him, he received one delegate too many.

The Kiowa delegate was a young sub-chief named Apiatan, and his interest in his pilgrimage was less public-spirited than personal. His only child had died recently, and, being of a sensitive and brooding nature, his bereavement seemed to him to be a piece of injustice for which there must be some remedy. He undertook the trip into Nevada in the desperate hope that Wovoka might be induced to bring the youngster back to life for him. Many Indians had come on the same kind of errand before him, and all, probably because they hated to admit having travelled so far for a miracle without finding one, had returned convinced that Wovoka

could actually throw the entire order of Nature into reverse-gear whenever he saw fit.

Apiatan's visit was timed less luckily. He arrived while news of the Pine Ridge massacre was still fresh. The prophet, appalled that his innocent invention had caused the death of more human beings than he had ever seen all at one time in his life, was scared lest responsibility for the massacre might get pinned on him. He retired to his wickiup in a fit of the shivers, hoping to avoid an interview, and the Kiowa went in after him and forced one.

It was short and final. Even a pilgrim from afar could see that Wovoka was neither messiah, miracle-worker nor anything more supernatural than a simple-minded farm-hand Piute with a bad case of wind up his back. The Kiowa, hoping against what was all too plain to him, explained about his dead son, and got the answer he expected. Wovoka denied everything. He had never performed any miracles; he had never claimed to have performed any, or to be able to. It was all a lie, and he didn't want to hear anything more about it.

He got his wish, though not as promptly as he might have liked. The Kiowas were not meek-spirited enough to take such a summary dismissal from a mere rabbit-guzzling Piute; and Apiatan, disgusted and angry at having trusted so much in such a specimen, dealt the prophet a farewell talking-to that almost scared him to death. Then he went back home and made his report. The founder of the new religion, he announced, was a plain fool, a coward and a liar, and anybody who took any stock in his theology was the same.

There were attempts at rebuttal from a few converts, but they were feeble. The Kiowas and the Caddoans voted the Ghost

Dance down, the evangelists rounded up their resurrection-ponies and went home, and proselyting stopped. So did all the tribal pilgrimages to Nevada, for the new reading of the prophet's personality covered ground almost as fast as the Ghost Dance itself had. The Pine Ridge massacre held the news for some months, but even it dropped out finally, and, instead of harming Wovoka, it actually helped him. The publicity landed him an engagement with a California side-show which kept him on view at two-bits a look until his news-value wore off, and then shipped him back home and forgot about him, as did everybody else. His Ghost Dance survived among the remoter Indians for a good many years; but the prophet's name, along with all the excellent doctrines he had originally handed forth, dropped completely away from it.

With a little more nerve and a little stronger head, Wovoka might easily have made a name for himself greater than that of any Indian in history—greater than Sitting Bull's, or Gall's, or Crazy Horse's, greater even than Tecumseh's. His fool prophecy actually had united all the great Indian tribes under one leadership, and that was what Tecumseh had tried and failed in. Not, of course, that Tecumseh's historical standing was ever in danger. Even with a smart manager to edit his encyclicals and stage his public audiences, Wovoka couldn't have lasted. He was not of the right timber, and no amount of management could have made anything of him except a low-strain farm-hand Piute, too vain to let go his undeserved prominence and too weak and scary to know how to use it or keep it. The only salvation would have been to kill him at the right moment and set him up for a martyr; and that, of course, would have been against the law.

III

It is not likely that there has been ever much real chance for a revival of the Ghost Dance religion. Twentieth Century changes in Indian life and understanding, and the degradation of their ceremonial dances from religious rituals to mere social gymnastics, would be a hard grade for even a well-built Indian religion to pull. I would have liked to see the thing tried about the period of the 1920 wheat-boom, merely to round out the list of prodigies that made that time so brash and memorable; but nobody tried it, and I found out later that Sorefoot John Stricklin had spent most of the epoch weaving gunny-sacks in the State penitentiary as a punishment for having presumed too far on a dry-land farmer's ability to take a joke. He had made the farmer a midnight sale of a bunch of work-horses at half-price, the joke being that the herd had been swiped out of the farmer's own corral.

He might never have undertaken any revival among the Indians, of course, even if he had managed to stay out of the pen. But it was of him that I always thought whenever any left-over mention of that old Ghost Dance frenzy came up. Of the poor Piute who had started it and made a temporary name on it I never thought at all. In the early Summer of 1921 I landed square in the middle of his country without even remembering what it was distinguished for, and talked to him without suspecting how much history and divinity he had lived down.

I had stopped deputy-sheriffing then, and was helping a half-invalid stockman trail sheep North through the Sierra foothills into Central Oregon. Trailing was an economy measure. We hadn't enough money to ship them by railroad, and it seemed more sensible to walk some of

them to death than to lose all of them on a feed-bill attachment. Luck ran bad from the start; the grass was poor, we took wrong roads and got into dry sagebrush where it was worse, and, some miles out of a little crossroads called Rawhide it gave out altogether. The sheep lay down to die, and the stockman, having overworked in the sun and poisoned himself with alkali-water, did the same. He was dreadfully sick, but he refused to accept any help until his livestock got cared for, so I laid him out in the wagon with a Bible to fortify his spirit and a gun to stand off the buzzards, and struck out to find somebody who would sell us hay.

It was a disheartening trip. Settlers were scarce, and a drouth had made hay still scarcer. The best I could locate was a half-breed with a stack of dirty weeds which he was willing, though not eager, to let go at \$40 a ton. When I turned that down, he offered to steer me to some of his relatives who, if they didn't have hay of their own, would know from having worked around whether anybody in the country did have. Any offer of help was better than going it alone, so I took him up, and we rode ten miles or so to the pine-timber line, where there was a split-board shanty with a hole punched in the roof to let the smoke out.

The proprietor was an elderly Indian, pleasant-featured, fatter than most Piutes manage to get, with a childish, wistful pompousness about him. He twiddled an eagle-feather while he explained, in the nerve-wearing Piute lingo which takes all day to say nothing, that the country was cleaned of forage and I had better not waste time shopping for any. There was already more livestock on the land than it could support. If the people found I was burdening it with more, they might act unpleasantly about it. What I had better

do was to pull up camp and leave without attracting any more notice than I had to.

"I can't leave till the sheep get something to eat," I said. "If there isn't any hay, how about pasture?"

He talked another nine or ten chapters, and the half-breed translated and abbreviated them. There wasn't any pasture. The whole country was burnt to a crisp and grazed down to bedrock. The rest of his speech, the half-breed explained, was a lot of Indian gabble that I wouldn't be interested in. We had better be moving along.

When we got out of range, I asked what the old gentleman's gabble had amounted to. The half-breed looked embarrassed, and said that it was all out-of-date medicine-man business. "He don't know anything about the feed around here," he apologized. "We'll find some people above here that can tell us about it. All this old man said was that if we'd stop in tomorrow or some time, he'd pray up a rain so you could have grass for your sheep. He can't do it, though. I wouldn't take any stock in that business."

I assured him that I didn't intend to, and asked why in thunder he had bothered to stop there at all. Why hadn't he gone to people who knew the country in the first place, instead of wasting half a desperate afternoon on such a useless old windsucker?

"He's old, and we humor him," the half-breed said. "Lots of people used to come here a long time ago, and all of them wanted specially to see him. Professors and preachers and people that wanted to talk to him. So now, when anybody new shows up, we take them to his place first so he won't feel slighted. He's old, and he gets mad easy. There's no use getting a man like that mad at you. His name is Wovoka."

LADY COPS IN CAP AND GOWN

BY NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD

ONE day recently, as I was renewing my distant youth on the campus of a mid-Western university, I was buttonholed by a towering, formidable-looking woman, and divined, before she introduced herself, that she must be the Dean of Women. I tried to escape after muttering a few commonplaces about the early Spring beauty of the spiræa and the co-eds, but to no avail.

"Do come into my office," urged the dean. "You are a magazine editor, and I know you are trying to uplift our youth like us educators are."

"Indeed," I put in, dubiously.

"Yes, indeed," she went on. "I have always felt that educators and editors were doing God's work as fully as ministers themselves. Sometimes it seems a fruitless task, but we shall have our reward. And so," she added with a grim smile, "will those who offend God's little ones."

By that time we were in her office. She seated herself behind an enormous flat-topped imitation mahogany desk and waved me to a seat facing her.

"Do you know," she said, "that you are sitting in the very chair in which hundreds of dear sweet girls have sobbed out their confessions of loneliness and misplaced trust and sin? And how many of them have gone out, with my kiss upon their lips, resolved to live purer, more unselfish, more consecrated lives!"

I recognized the sentence as one quoted to me by a cynical young newspaper re-

porter, purportedly from the lady dean's speech before a recent congress of mothers. I had not believed the young man, whose gin-drenched breath led me to suppose that he was trying to spoof me. But here were his very words—and more.

"In my desk," the dean went on, "are the records of the bootleggers I have sent to justice, the dance-halls that have been closed on my initiative, and the vile young men expelled from this university on information that I obtained. And would you believe it, some of them have been among the brightest youths in the whole institution? But they must learn that if God is not in their hearts, their learning is but dust and ashes."

"I am no criminologist," I put in futilely.

"Of course, of course," the lady assented. "But this subject is so much on my heart. And it does lead to something that I wanted to tell you about. For a number of years we have had the custom in the university of not permitting students to return if they fail to pass in half their work."

"A good idea," I assented. "It saves the professors' time and the taxpayers' money."

"Oh, but I'm afraid you don't understand. I have known hundreds of dear, sweet girls and fine, upstanding boys who were dropped from college for that reason. Students who were active in the Y.W.C.A. or the Y.M.C.A. and have been a great influence in their fraternities and sororities. Only three years ago there was a boy who

almost single-handed kept liquor out of his fraternity house, and yet the faculty wouldn't let him enroll again because he had fallen behind in his studies. Why, as I told them, the poor boy was just too busy to give the time to his work. Now he is working in a filling-station, and he might, if the university had encouraged him—he might have become a second Dwight L. Moody.

"But all that is going to be changed. I tell you, Mr. Crawford, the Depression has done some good, even here in this university. Our enrollment dropped down, and the president and faculty knew we had to do something to appease the Legislature. So I proposed that we write to all these boys and girls that we haven't let enroll and tell them they could come back, provided there was nothing wrong with them except their studies. I told the faculty how it would increase the enrollment and how these boys and girls, who haven't any jobs, would come back here and get an education. And they voted to do it. There was a good deal of opposition, but my side won. Education," she concluded in a magnificent *non sequitur*, "is the hope of the world."

"Perhaps it is," I remarked in a subdued tone.

"I knew you would agree with me," she said magnanimously.

II

The ubiquity of deans of women in American colleges today tends to obscure the fact that they are comparatively recent phenomena in the history of high-powered pedagogy. Their office, now so puissant, goes back only to the appointment of Alice Freeman Palmer at the founding of the University of Chicago in 1892. Chicago was doing something new among privately

endowed institutions by adopting co-education, and Mrs. Palmer was made "dean of the women's department." She served for three years, and, since she was a woman of taste and culture, she no doubt offered sound advice and example to the none too well-trained young women who enrolled in those early days.

Her success led the presidents of other colleges, always ambitious for novelty, to appoint deans of women of their own. The movement grew rapidly, especially in the State universities, where the selection of a pious Methodist or Baptist woman offered an excellent way to appease the wrath of the evangelical clergy over the teaching of Evolution. The smaller colleges, never to be outdone in zeal for righteousness, soon followed. Often the lady chosen was a female professor of the Bible or the wife of the leading local pastor. In the agricultural colleges, in which, in those days, most of the women were studying home economics, the head of that department was frequently given the duties of dean of women in addition, so that she might teach the girls how to behave themselves in a hammock as well as how to make sandwiches out of nasturtium stems. Even some of the more up-and-coming business colleges began to lay in deans of women.

Soon the deans, like all other pedagogues, began to reach out, and presently they inaugurated a movement to establish their office in all the high-schools of the land. Soon after the National Association of Deans of Women was organized it announced that one of its primary objects was "to make clear to the public and to governing boards of educational institutions where girls and women are educated the necessity of having in each of these institutions a competent and thoroughly trained woman as dean of women, or of

girls." The tax-paying public, however, reacted somewhat unfavorably, and in 1932 the association dropped this objective by a majority of one vote.

But a large number of deans of women continue to work for the establishment of their office in every American high-school. The propaganda is now carried on chiefly through the State Federations of Women's Clubs. The mothers in these forward-looking organizations are frightened by tales of what may be happening to their daughters in any school that is not kept in God's path by a lady dean, while the spinsters are pleasantly titillated by the same stories. The result is a steady emission of grandiloquent resolutions and a constant pressure upon boards of education. The superintendent of schools can be counted on almost invariably to back the scheme, both because of his professional hospitality to every new educational nicknack and his enlightened self-interest in increasing the number of his employés.

Eventually, one may presume, there will be deans of girls for the elementary schools also, and deans of babes for the nursery schools. The thriving town of Bristow, Okla.—population, 6,619—has already made a start in this direction by appointing a dean of girls for the entire public school system.

The Association of Deans of Women has approximately 1,100 members, but there are, of course, a number of deans who do not belong to it. Inasmuch as there are only about 600 standard colleges in the United States, the rest of the deans are accounted for chiefly by junior colleges and by the fact that two or more women in a single institution are often engaged in work entitling them to membership in the association. For instance, notwithstanding the plight of the farmers—and bankers—of Iowa, the State College of Agricul-

ture and Mechanic Arts there has not been content with a dean of women, but has also employed a director of housing, a director of social life, and a director of personnel, each presumably with her appropriate quota of secretaries, stenographers, typists, messengers, publicity agents, and other aides and lackeys. Had not Mr. Hoover's two-car plank proved a flop, the lady deans, in all probability, would have long ago adopted as their slogan, "Two deans of women, if not three, for every American college."

The dean of women of the usual variety must not be confused with scholars like Dr. Marjorie Hope Nicolson of Smith College or Dr. Virginia Crocheron Gildersleeve of Barnard. These women, intelligent and civilized, are responsible officials of their institutions, and comparable in function to the dean of the college of liberal arts in any university. Between them and the usual dean of women in a co-educational institution there is as wide a gulf as between the chancellor of Louvain and a hedgerow priest teaching Mexican peons. There are, it is true, a few young, sensible, and well-educated women acting as deans of women in all sorts of colleges and universities here and there over the country, but they are certainly in a minority. So are those deans whose primary duty is to teach a subject in which they are specialists, but who have been selected, because of their prudence as advisers, to devote a small proportion of their time to counseling the women students.

According to the Bureau of Education's "Survey of Land-Grant Colleges and Universities," published in 1930, five of the thirty-nine institutions reporting showed no academic training for their deans of women, and one of the remainder boasted proudly that its dean was a trained nurse. Since the land-grant colleges are far above

the average in resources, an examination of the qualifications of the deans of women in all American institutions would doubtless present an even less reassuring picture. The typical one is either a female pedagogue whom the president of the college has thus shelved in an effort to remove her from teaching, or a motherly old lady who can be counted on to impress moronic legislators or prospective contributors with the moral wholesomeness of the institution. Most of the deans are aged, and become constantly more pompous in office, like bishops whose rings are kissed by throngs of the pious.

The deans have nearly all been convinced that theirs is a great and noble profession, ranking with those of the city superintendent of schools, the compiler of intelligence tests, and the professor of educational psychology. They encourage young women who would otherwise become Y.W.C.A. secretaries or the wives of missionaries to prepare themselves for deanships. Several institutions, indeed, advertise elaborate courses in this direction. The most extensive, as would be expected, is given by Teachers' College, Columbia. This celebrated seminary offers a diploma carrying the proud title of Dean of Women, or Dean of Girls. In preparation for it the student follows such courses as Student Personnel Administration, Educational Administration, Research in Educational Guidance, Field Course in Educational and Social Guidance, Student Residence Halls, Problems of Student Advisement, and Personnel Techniques and Their Use in Personnel Administration. The University of Chicago, not to be outdone, goes in for "the case-history method of studying girls." The general run of colleges lag behind these leaders. Typical is the Colorado State Teachers' College, which merely lists a course in Women in

Administration along with such other educational titbits as Schoolhouse Construction, Great Personalities of the Old Testament, School Publicity, and Boy Scout Work.

Feeling that they are working under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, many of the lady deans resent the idea that their work would be benefited by a knowledge of psychology, English grammar, economics, and other worldly subjects. In 1929 and again in 1930 an effort was made by the intelligentsia of the sisterhood to restrict membership in the national organization to women holding at least a bachelor's degree from a college accredited by the Association of American Universities, but notwithstanding that the rule was carefully worded to preserve the membership of anyone already in the organization, it was voted down.

The prevailing level of intellectual curiosity is illustrated by a report of the Committee on Intellectual and Educational Policies, which included the suggestion that every dean of women should contribute to the spiritual life of her college by joining one of the Book-of-the-Month clubs. Some of the deans, of course, have aspirations—vicarious at least—toward a loftier literary culture. One whom I used to know consulted me as to the chance of making "an important writer, like Harold Bell Wright," of her collegiate son, whose mental age I estimated at about thirteen years. When the lad at last became a hairbrush salesman, the world, in her judgment, lost a genius. Another, serving on a library committee, offered to recommend foreign books. Ordering Goethe's "Sämtliche Werke," she was astonished, when the set came, to find that it was not a single volume. "And it contains 'Faust,'" she exclaimed. "I had thought it was one of his *other* poems."

III

The duties of a dean of women are no better defined than those of a minister in the average Protestant denomination. Like the minister, she is employed vaguely to do good. As a result she hunts diligently for good deeds to perform, and, conversely, for evils to stamp out. Usually, I fear, she finds many more of the latter than of the former. Among her duties are likely to be the supervision of sorority chapters, the inspection of rooming houses, service on all faculty committees having anything to do with women students, the regulation of dances, the chaperonage of picnics, control of the use of automobiles, the setting of study hours, the supervision of women's athletics, the decision as to how many offices a given girl may hold in student organizations, the censorship of the lines and costumes in college plays, propaganda for the Y.W.C.A. (along with efforts to prevent its becoming Socialistic), and, most important of all, the giving of free advice to all the girls and the stern disciplining of those who transgress the multitudinous rules that the dean herself has laid down. In a few institutions she has complete control of the curriculum to be pursued by the co-eds, apparently on the theory that otherwise the girls would impair their health through overstudy or injure their morals by learning facts that women do not need to know.

In some of the more enlightened universities the dean's duties are severely restricted by university statute; there are also some deans who, in the absence of any such restriction, adopt a similar policy themselves. These are mostly the younger and better trained women. Their number is increasing, but is still very small. The average dean rather resembles a Methodist pastor who has been made sheriff of his

county and provided with an inexhaustible supply of blank warrants.

Each year she gathers the freshman girls together for weekly meetings of prophylaxis. Liquor and tobacco, she warns them are powerful aphrodisiacs, and not only must the righteous young woman abstain from both, but she must refuse to accept the escort of any youth whose breath suggests the former. More than that, if she is a genuine Christian, she will come to the dean and tell his name, so that he may be punished by the university, and his bootlegger by the secular arm.

Also, she explains that certain perfumes are demoralizing to young men and that godly girls would no more think of using them than of receiving company in their nighties. A friend of mine, a druggist in a university town, possesses a list of such perfumes, and at the beginning of each academic year lays in a sufficient supply for the warned freshmen. But by their sophomore year, he tells me, the young women have discovered more effectual means of attracting worthy young men.

Likewise the deans suggest what magazines to read in order to appear both intelligent and modest. A similar impression, they point out, may be made by the selection of the right picture shows. Some deans even give lists of words that should be avoided in conversation with young men. To show her girls how ladies and gentlemen should act when together, Miss Martha Reid, dean of women in the University of Arkansas, persuaded the members of the Fayetteville Chamber of Commerce to take the freshmen motoring on Sunday afternoons. In late years some of the bolder spirits have even ventured into discussions of sex hygiene. Dean Sue C. Hamilton of Ferry Hall is one of these. When some of the other deans, intrigued yet apprehensive, asked where she got her

material, she replied, "From here, there, and everywhere; from the Chicago *Tribune* to the Bible."

The deans have to watch the members of the faculty, especially the younger, more personable, or more radical men, for traces of evil influence upon their charges. They are especially suspicious, it appears, of the courses in psychology, economics, and literature. The young men who teach psychology are likely to be behaviorists, Freudians, or disciples of the immoral *Gestalt* school, which originated among "the frightful people against whom our brave boys fought in 1917." Modern economics cause only too many girls to substitute Karl Marx for the Baptist Yahveh and to abandon the notion that marriages are made in Heaven. As for literature, why should pure-minded young women be required to read godless and depressing books when there exist the works of Gene Stratton-Porter, Ruby M. Ayres, and Temple Bailey? In some of the more sophisticated American State universities such masterpieces are laughed down, but in the more remote seminaries they still have respect. In some colleges an expurgated edition of Chaucer's Prologue to the Canterbury Tales is used in which there is omitted even the line:

I trowe he were a gelding or a mare.

Likewise, they use Bourdillon's translation of "Aucasin e Nicolete," wherein the lovely lady, quite contrary to the French original, shows only her ankle to the bed-fast palmer.

The lady dean protested formally in a certain university against the study of John Ford's well-known play, "'Tis Pity She's a Whore," in an advanced course in English literature.

"The word is in the Bible. That ought to be good enough for you," answered the

professor, a gruff scholar with no taste for meddlesome women.

The dean was taken aback. She hesitated, then recovered herself.

"I'm sure it was not in the Bible that I studied under dear old Doctor Bland in Arkansas," she replied with dignity. "He invariably said, 'bad woman.' These new translations of the Bible are influenced by such men as Sherwood Anderson and Eugene O'Neill."

When they have censored the courses, the lady deans' multitudinous responsibilities are by no means ended. Their young women must still be guarded against the wiles of attractive young instructors, and not infrequently they are warned to leave the door open when they enter a professor's office. On the other hand, I have known a tactful young pedagogue to attain academic preferment through a discreet kiss implanted on the lips of a lady dean while sitting in a dark corner of a veranda during a fraternity dance. Such projects are not to be undertaken lightly, however. Once a male student, more impetuous than wise, was compelled to take a vacation from his college because he seized the dean, whom he mistook one night on a garden path for a fair student, and gave her a severe necking.

In her constabulary activities the lady dean often has the assistance of the dean of men. Obviously, she can't herself visit some of the places where the more vivid sins are most likely to be discovered. The dean of men, however, can sit for ten hours in a parked car on a hillside, or go into a speakeasy or a fraternity house, plant himself in the best chair, and stare fixedly at his surroundings, like a cop awaiting a counterfeiter. The dean of women must content herself with her colleague's recital of what he thus sees.

One American college has a rule that

no couple walking into the country may carry a blanket. Another prescribes the minimum number of watts of electric light allowable to the square foot of space on the dance floor. Still another requires that girls be in their rooms between 2:45 and 6 A.M. after all fraternity parties. Once Mrs. Geraldine Green, of the West Texas State Teachers' College, one of the lights of the Association of Deans of Women, compiled a list of the offenses detected in thirty-three institutions in one month. Here it is:

<i>Nature of Offense</i>	<i>Total of Offenses</i>
Automobiling without permission	29
Out after lights	26
Dancing too late	20
Attending dances without permission . .	19
Disturbing class, assembly, or boarding-house	18
Smoking	16
Failure to attend classes	15
Disregard for all regulations	9
Cheating	9
Rude to matron	7
Disregard of courtesies	7
Improper clothes	7
Drinking	7
Out without permission	6
Psychiatric cases	5
Excessive use of cosmetics	5
Improper masquerade clothes	5
Moving without permission	5
Impudence	5
Sitting out in cars	4
Theft, or borrowing without return . . .	4
Pursuing young men	4
On street too much	4
Petting	4
Too many dates	4
Visiting men's boarding-house	4
Trouble-maker	3
Water-throwing	2
Going into other girls' rooms	2
Gave incorrect destination on permit . .	2
Misinterpretation of standards	2
Indifference	2
Refusal to study	2
Refusal to eat	1

Overdue library books	1
Girl married—did not tell	1
Bad check	1
Refusal to pay debts	1
Dispute over guest privileges	1
Carelessness in bath	1
Suspected drinking	1
Entertained company too late	1
Too many parental visitors on study nights	1

IV

Now and then an irate student or her father rises in wrath against the efforts of a dean to impose her rules. But whenever the dispute gets into court the dean is upheld. Two leading cases are known to all the deans, and they often mention them.

Michigan furnished the first. The plaintiff was a young woman who enrolled in the Michigan State Normal College at Ypsilanti. She had been used to smoking at home, and, Ypsilanti seeming homelike, she saw no reason for not lighting a cigarette there. Unluckily, the dean of women caught her in the act. Worse, she was not only smoking; she was also sitting in the lap of a personable young man in the front seat of a motorcar. The dean ran as fast as a lady should to the office of the president of the institution, Charles McKenny, LL.D. (Olivet), D.Ed. (Miami), author of "The Personality of the Teacher." He agreed with her that the errant young woman had not the personality that he had described in his book, and the two determined that she should not enroll for the following term.

They called the culprit in, and told her their decision. They expected her to burst into tears, promise to be a sweet girl, and never more to touch a cigarette or sit within a foot of a boy in a motorcar. Instead, she flounced out of the president's office, walked down the street to the local newspaper office, and issued a scathing

statement about prudes. Taken aback by this but not yet discouraged, the two pedagogues demanded the presence of her older sister, a resident of the town, who they trusted would put the smart young thing in her place. But again they were disappointed. All that the sister did was to coöperate in supplying adjectives for further announcements to the press. Finally, the young woman sued for reinstatement in the college.

The lower court decided against her, whereupon she appealed to the Supreme Court. There, to the joy of all deans of women, she lost again. Newspaper men and other ribald souls through the State had poked fun at the college, but now the tables were turned. No less a figure than the Hon. Grant Fellows, J., an elderly bachelor now gone to his rest, wrote the decision of the court, and to it he affixed this coda:

Instead of condemning the dean, she should be commended for upholding some old-fashioned ideals of young womanhood.

The good Dr. McKenny, advanced in years, rested serene in the consciousness of having done his duty; he needed no further reward. But the dean became the heroine of the deans of women of the country. Nor was she without material reward. From watching over the girls in a little teachers' college, she was promoted to the deanship of women at a great State university.

The other epoch-making decision was rendered by the Montana Supreme Court and written by Stark, J., a Methodist, an Elk, and a Kiwanian. In this instance Mrs. Janet T. Ingersoll, one of the most brilliant students in the University of Montana and on the institution's honor roll, was summarily expelled, along with her husband, on the vague ground that they

exerted "a wrong influence on the campus." It seems that they let other students come to their house unchaperoned by any one approved by the dean of women, and that some of these youths would sometimes take a drink from a hip flask. The height of Mrs. Ingersoll's bad influence came when she admitted to her home, late one evening, a young woman who already had had a drink too many. In the judgment of any right-thinking dean, Mrs. Ingersoll should have slammed the door in her face and let her wander about.

Mrs. Ingersoll, moreover, proved recalcitrant when the dean interviewed her. She stated that she did not drink herself, but declined to give the names of her guests or any information as to their tastes or habits. Worse, when she was expelled she sued the president, Dr. Charles H. Clapp, an authority on geology more than on deans, and the dean of women, Prof. Harriet R. Sedman, for reinstatement. As usual, the case went against her, the court holding that the university did not need to give a student anything in the nature of a judicial hearing. A dissenting opinion was filed, however, by Galen, J., who declared that the academic authorities had acted on "prejudices, . . . gossip admittedly baseless, . . . the rankest kind of hearsay evidence." "A case of this character," he concluded, "should never be before the courts, and would not therein be given serious consideration were administrative officers disposed to perform their simple duty in the premises."

But the deans maintain that the majority opinions of the appellate courts, plus their own inner consciousness that the God of Queen Victoria guides them, are assurance enough that they are doing their duty to "the dear young women who will be the future mothers of the race."

CASANOVA

BY CARTER BROOKE JONES

CLEM BUCKLEY was in a fever. It was that time of afternoon. He went about his work absently, flashing looks at the clock and touching the telephone on his desk as if afraid it might vanish.

3.05. The second race should be in.

He caught up the 'phone and dialed a number. He had a little pamphlet beside him. It cost a dime, and it listed by numbers all the horses running that day and gave further information about them. They'd give you the results by these numbers. It was the only way you could get quick service: they wouldn't tell you the horses by name. The papers wouldn't give out results over the 'phone, and you always had to wait an hour or more before the sporting editions began coming out.

Had they heard from the second at Latoria? Wait a minute. Always that wait, while a sort of chill shook you. . . . No, not in yet.

Mr. Wymond stood over him. "Busy, Clem?"

Clem said no, sir. Luckily he had stuck the racing guide into a desk drawer the moment he hung up the 'phone. He was adept at that. He kept form-charts and other dope about the tracks in the top drawer and slipped them out covertly.

"I wish, Clem, you'd look up the invoice on that order we sent to Garnett Brothers at Colterville last week. They say there's two kegs of nails and some brushes missing."

Clem hurried to the filing-cabinet. Probably he had pulled a boner. He was absent-minded lately. No excuse for it. Maybe he was getting old. But he was only forty-two. Apprehension chilled him: the boss would be good and sore if he'd scrambled another order.

He found the invoice and took it to Mr. Wymond, hovering anxiously over the desk while it was compared with the order. Mr. Wymond smiled, and Clem smiled with him: it was all straight. Mr. Wymond poked his clerk in the ribs, a gesture he was given to when pleased.

"It's not our fault up here, eh, Clem? It's that damn shipping department, as usual. Small order, anyway. You'd think we were doing a retail business. But you've got to keep all your customers these days."

Clem said you sure had. He went back to his desk. Now he could get that race. He hesitated a few minutes to luxuriate in uncertainty. Then he got the number.

The voice said wait a minute. Of course. Then: "The second? The second's three, eight and eleven." His horse was four.

Not in the money. Oh, well. Couple bucks. What the hell? He hadn't much expected Gadfly to cop. Pretty good horse, though, and the morning odds were enticing: nine to one.

He still had that parlay on the third race and the fifth and a straight bet on Little Streak in the seventh. Might clean up on the day. If that parlay clicked—oh, boy! Hot Spot and Bascom across the

board, one buck each way. The combination would pay plenty. If it didn't, he'd be out only three berries.

Generally there wasn't much work to do late in the afternoon. Sometimes he slipped out hatless and walked the two blocks to the bookmaker's place. Mr. Wymond would think he'd gone to the washroom or stepped downstairs to the soda-fountain. But he stayed on the job this afternoon. He wouldn't place any more bets today; he couldn't afford to. Have to watch himself. A week to payday. All those bills. Something should be paid on every one, if it was only a dollar. You had to keep credit managers and loan sharks from getting on their ears.

What about the third race? His fingers flew over the dial without guidance. . . . Wait. Damn those waits!

"The third?" The voice hesitated, and Clem felt suddenly hot. "Why, the third's seven, eight and one."

Great stuff! Eight was Hot Spot. Placed. Maybe he couldn't pick 'em! They'd have the track odds directly. Now if Bascom romped into the money . . .

"Have you got the prices on the third at Latonia?"

The man rattled them off. Hot Spot paid \$8.20 to place and \$4 to show. Fair enough. Three to one and even money. Four dollars riding on his place parlay and two on the show. Bascom could hardly keep out of the money. Good horse.

Marion leaned over him with three slim orders which a salesman had mailed in. Marion was a cute trick. But he didn't mess with women. He was missing a lot, but he didn't have time to bother. Maybe some time . . . He checked the orders against the stock list and the latest prices, then prepared the invoices. He was painstaking, but he kept looking at the clock. The fifth wouldn't be in for a while.

Eight boxes of No. 3 twine. . . . Maybe he should have played Jackdaw instead of Bascom. Jackdaw had done better lately. Well, the tracks were all crooked anyway—everybody said so—and all you could do was to guess which horse it was fixed for. Still, crooked or straight, good horses did win more consistently, he'd noticed. . . . Eight gallons of shellac.

Golly, 4.10 already! He snatched up the telephone, his face flushed. In a moment the voice was telling him: "The fifth is—ten, one and four."

Bascom was six. He hung up the telephone and pushed it away listlessly. Not in the money. Parlay gone to hell. Might have known: one horse or the other always blew. Sometimes he tied up three, on a show combination, and sometimes it actually clicked. He'd never forget the forty bucks he cleaned up that day on New Orleans. Well, no use being downhearted. Only a fiver gone so far. There was still Little Streak in the seventh.

There was no work to do. He went down to the soda-fountain and bought a sports edition. It saved him another fever. Little Streak had been scratched. There was a two-spot he had coming back.

But the paper gave him a shock. It was Jackdaw that won the fifth and paid \$12.60. He had forgotten to check the numbers. Well, if he'd played Jackdaw, Bascom would have won.

II

Clem Buckley found his wife arguing with the laundry man over the maltreatment of a sheet. Somehow Sarah's voice in protest had a rasping quality that irritated you more than her words ever could. She was laying into the laundry man. He had to take it. So do I, Clem thought.

He slipped past them, and went to the

cluttered room he called his den. There was a bruised chest of drawers and an old desk where he kept a disordered miscellany. The room held also a little of everything else: trunks, linen hampers, children's toys. He had no special claim to it, but he liked to think of it as his den.

He stuffed some new racing sheets in a desk drawer. He'd study them later, when he got a chance. He guarded them from Sarah even more closely than from Mr. Wymond. She was a crank about gambling: she wouldn't even let him go out for a quiet and harmless evening of penny-ante.

He heard her coming. She started talking before she reached the den. "Clem! Junior's got a bad report card again." She walked in. "What are you doing?"

"Nothing," he said. "I'm—just looking for a magazine."

"Did you hear what I said?"

"Yes, dear, I heard you. Too bad."

"Well, what do you intend to do about him?" She stared with that hard look which seemed to blame him for everything that had ever happened.

"I—I don't know what to do. I've talked to him—lots of times." He looked away.

"You don't know!" She smiled unpleasantly. "Naturally not. You never do."

She whirled around and went out, her feet pounding with indignant emphasis.

Well, there would be Dorothy's report cards to worry over soon. She'd be in the second grade in the Fall, and there they really began to mark the children.

After dinner he read the paper a while. He could open it at the racing page without any one knowing. The last edition carried the Latonia form chart. Fifth. Hum! Bascom out in front, came fast at the turn, but tired. Not such a bad hunch at that. Good idea to watch that nag. Ought to be ready next time. Probably

pay plenty after dropping out of the money.

Sarah had asked him something. He folded the paper and sat up on the sofa. "What did you say, dear?"

"If you don't want to listen to me . . ."

"Sorry, I was reading the paper."

"So I noticed. I asked you did you take the car to the garage to see what's causing that rattling?"

"I'll do it tomorrow. I didn't get time."

"You mean you forgot it." She turned away with the twisted malediction of her smile.

When she went upstairs to get the children to bed, he rushed to the den and got out the two racing papers he bought every night. He poured over the forecasts for tomorrow. There was that Casanova again, entered in the sixth. One to watch; ran third the other day. The *Paddock Gazette* picked Conchita to win the sixth and favored Buzz next, but added: "Casanova might run a good race. Throw out his recent efforts." Then there was Belair in the third—a good horse. But Belair was a prime mudder, and the track was supposed to be dry.

Eventually Clem went to bed, but he lay awake weighing the possibilities of horses. He saw them dashing around the track. He had never seen a race, except the harness races they used to have at the county fair back home, and they were not much like running races. But he had followed them so closely, at his distance, that he felt as if he had seen them all as they traveled in season from track to track—Churchill Downs, Latonia, Bowie, Pimlico, Havre de Grace, Empire, Saratoga, New Orleans, Hialeah, Havana, Tijuana, Agua Caliente, the Canadian courses. . . . Well, a man was a sucker to mess with horses at all. He couldn't afford it. He'd have to quit.

III

He wolfed down his lunch, and hurried to a suite of offices in a nearby building. The outer office contained only chairs and a table bearing some old magazines. It might have been a doctor's waiting-room. The inner office too was innocent looking: the casual visitor wouldn't have known the business of the two men who ran the place.

Slim and Tom sat at a long table. There were five telephones, but it might have been a brokerage office. The sheet of entries and odds lay on the table, but it could be switched out of sight in a twinkling, and so could the dope sheets which the group of customers stood about reading. The cash drawer in the middle of the table was unlocked only to make change.

Clem found pretty much the same crowd here every time; there was rarely a stranger. Some days he was too broke to make even a dollar bet, but he usually dropped in every day anyway. He liked to keep up with things—to watch the betting a little while and hear what the gang said.

Slim said: "How goes it, Clem?"

"Pretty good, Slim, how is it with you?"

"It could be worse."

They always said the same thing. The others spoke casually, as a familiar is greeted.

Clem peered over Slim's shoulder at the Latonia set-up. Casanova was eight to one. Conchita was two to one; probably be favorite in the mutuels. Buzz was three to one. There were the morning odds.

He had a sudden hunch. He gave Slim a five-dollar bill. "Casanova to win—track odds."

Maybe he should have split his money—win, place and show—but you couldn't

ignore hunches. He had lost plenty by stifling them.

He walked over to Swanson, who was standing by himself in a corner, his nose buried in a racing sheet. "I'm picking Casanova in the sixth."

Swanson was scornful. "That dog! He's all burned out. Take my advice and get down on Junebug in that race. He's ten to one and got a swell chance."

"I'm satisfied."

"Oke, son, I wish you luck, but I don't think you'll get it." Swanson leaned closer and lowered his voice. "My tip service gave Junebug."

Clem smiled indulgently. He used to buy those tips, but he had decided long ago that they were a waste of money. You could do as well picking 'em yourself. It was all crooked anyway.

But he must hurry. His lunch hour was up.

IV

Mr. Wymond had some tedious filing for him to do. Then there was a 'phone call. A girl's voice.

"This is the Standard Adjustment Company, Mr. Buckley. We hold a bill which you have owed the Star Clothiers for six months. If you do not pay by the fifth, Mr. Buckley, we shall be forced to take legal action. Thank you."

Do not pay. . . . We shall be forced. . . . She had memorized a piece. People didn't talk like that. It was a lot of hooey anyway. They'd warn him several more times, and then the lawyer would start writing. Nothing to get excited over. Still he ought to get his debts in better shape. A man was a damn fool to think he could beat the race racket. He'd swear off pretty soon. Yet he did take it for a ride now and then. What about Bad Hombre last

month? Paid ten to one. If he'd only had some real money on that plater instead of a couple bucks. . . .

It was nearly three o'clock, and the fever was coming on. He finished the filing job, and sneaked a look at *Brighton's Turf Forecast*.

Junebug should be ready for this one. Conchita will be the one to beat. Don't overlook Buzz or Bearcat. Casanova may cause trouble if he runs one of his good races. But will he?

Somehow the hunch was stronger than ever. Should he . . . well, why not?

He dialed the familiar number. "That you, Slim? Clem Buckley. Say, is the sixth still open?"

"Sure, Clem, you got almost an hour."

"Well, give me some more on Casanova. Two more to win, two to place and three to show. Yeah, track odds."

Clem hung up regretting his rashness. That dog would run about fifth. And where would he get the money to cover? He had exactly two and a quarter to his name. On the rare occasions when he 'phoned bets he always paid at once. He'd have to borrow it somewhere. Probably Burger would let him have ten more. He already owed Burger thirty, at God only knew how much weekly interest—nobody but Burger could figure out his rates. But the other loan sharks were just as high. . . . Oh, well, what the hell?

"Coming, Mr. Wymond." Old fool, always interrupting!

"Clem, look here. They seem to like that new paint. Find out how much we've got. We may have to order more."

Clem told the shipping-room. While he was waiting for them to call back, he pulled out the daily leaflet printed by the syndicate to which Slim belonged. Casanova's number was nine. He repeated the number to himself a dozen times. They

simply wouldn't give results over the phone except by number, even to a known customer. It was a rule. Nine—nine.

"Yeah, Sam. Two hundred gallons? Thanks."

Mr. Wymond pondered the matter. "Not so much, is it, Clem? Maybe we'd better order another hundred. What do you think?"

"It might be a good idea, Mr. Wymond." Nine, nine, nine.

"We'll get a hundred more, and then they'll quit buying, eh? Always the way. Well, you write the factory for me. You know what to say."

Nine. Only one horse. If it fell down, the day was a complete flop. Fair enough. You had to take a chance.

Clem wrote nine hundred gallons. He tore up the letter and started over.

A quarter to four. The big clock over Marion's desk must have stopped. No, it was moving. Marion was a cute kid. Some day . . .

No, the sixth wouldn't be in for a while yet. Suppose Casanova did win . . .

"Marion, will you type this out for me like a good girl?"

"Why, sure, Clem." She looked up with her inviting smile. Some time he'd date her up. He could pretend to go to lodge.

The afternoon mail came in, and there were three orders to get out. He kept looking at the clock. It got to be five minutes past four. He slipped another look at the leaflet to make sure Casanova was nine. Of course. Hadn't he been saying it over and over? Nine, nine, nine.

His cheeks felt warm, and a sort of tingling ran through him. He couldn't keep still. He went to the cooler and drank water, though he was not thirsty. He rambled to the open windows. It was a drowsy Spring day, and traffic sounds floated up vaguely.

His telephone rang, and he winced.

Some one was scolding him. The dairy. "You told us you'd get in last week. We can't carry the account along in this shape."

"I'll be in day after tomorrow sure."

Nine, nine. Good God! It was 4.20. The sixth must be in. He pulled the instrument back toward him slowly. Might wait a little while. His cheeks were burning. Just as well get it over with. You had to know. After all, it wasn't any fortune—just twelve bucks. What the hell? Anybody would think it was a hundred the way he worried. Casanova had lost, of course, but what of it? Nothing to go into mourning over. Tomorrow was another day.

He pulled the 'phone closer. Nine was the number—nine. Still he waited. If that crazy plater would only come in third, he'd break even: shows bets were insurance. If he won . . . but no use considering that: he wouldn't. Yet there was always a chance. His hand trembled as he picked up the receiver. What the hell was the matter with him? Gamblers didn't get worked up—he'd often read that. He was a bum sport. He should be cool, careless.

Nine, nine. He dialed resolutely, and waited, half a mind to hang up. So long as you didn't know, there was that delicious suspense, that feeling of maybe—we've—won. But, hell, you had to know sooner or later.

"Hello. Can you give me the sixth at Latonia?" His voice sounded funny.

"Sixth?" Pause. Clem's heart sputtered. "The sixth is—nine, three and one."

"Uh—thanks."

He pushed the 'phone aside weakly, and jerked out the little sheet. Maybe it wasn't nine. But of course it was. There couldn't be any mistake.

He wanted to kiss Marion, to talk to Mr. Wymond about the future of the

business, to call Sarah and promise her a new car or something. He was too overcome to think about odds, to speculate on the exact size of his fortune. It was enough to know he had won.

V

But he was feverish again when, at five o'clock, he dropped by Slim's. It had occurred to him that maybe there was a rush to Casanova at the track, maybe the odds had been battered down to even money or less, maybe his winnings didn't amount to a damn. He should have taken the bookmakers' price: he'd have been sure of eight to one. He had been afraid to call and ask what Casanova paid.

He paused at the outer door, dreading to go in. Then, when he got inside, he lurked in the outer room a while, putting off the ordeal of looking at Slim's result sheet. The others were standing around, each absorbed in his own problems.

But this was goofy. Clem strolled up to Slim, with an air of unconcern, and leaned over the table. It couldn't be possible! But there it was: Casanova—\$36.20, \$14.60, \$6. Hell's hinges! The limit.

Slim looked up with his small smile. "Hello, Clem, believe we got somethin' for you. Not expectin' anything, was you? Ha! Here you are."

He handed over a small sealed envelope, and answered one of the battery of 'phones. Clem tried to take it casually, but his hand shook a little. He stuck it in a pocket without looking at it. The arithmetic of his bonanza was too much for him: he couldn't even guess at the sum.

Slim answered another 'phone, and took down the last race.

"Sawbuck," said Clem, "I didn't think he could do it." He had never heard of Sawbuck, but he wanted to talk.

"Well, evidently you thought Casanova could do it," Slim chuckled.

"You see I've been watching him," Clem explained. "I figured he was due. Casanova's a funny name. Seems like I've heard it some place. Maybe it's historical or something."

"Probably some owner thought it up. They can think of the damndest names."

On the way out Clem pulled the envelope half out of his pocket and glanced at it. His name was on it and under that a figure: 128.30. God in heaven! All for a five-dollar bill plus seven more promised. Maybe he couldn't pick 'em—oh, no! He'd watch his chances, cash in on a few more like this, then quit old Wymond and the horses too—go into some business for himself. Why not?

He put the envelope in a trousers pocket and held his hand over it. Suppose he should lose it? Or be held up?

Tomorrow he'd bank the money. His balance was around three dollars. It was never much more. Maybe the teller wouldn't take notice when he strolled up and deposited over a hundred bucks!

That night Sarah remarked that he was fidgety. "You prowl around the house like an old cat," she said.

He wanted to do something for Sarah, to slip her part of his roll. But how could he explain where he got the money? She knew payday was several days off. Well, he'd make up for it payday.

He had intended to put nearly all his winnings in bank, but the Standard Adjustment Company called him again in the morning; so did a couple of other creditors. At the noon hour he decided to get a few of them off his neck. He might as well.

He stopped in here and there. First he saw Burger. He owed the old shark \$41.20. The interest would soon have

passed the principal. He might as well pay it—get rid of Burger once and for all. Never again . . . well, unless he got in a jam. Burger would always let you have it at once, without endorsement. You simply signed away your salary, and if you fell down on him, he had the right to collect it.

He settled with the Standard Adjustment Company for \$18.50. He stopped at Schonstein's and paid the balance on the new radio. It was only \$22. They'd been threatening for weeks to come and get the radio, and Sarah had raised hell, wanted to know what he did with his share of his salary. He made the monthly payment on the note at the Central Investment Company—\$19.60. He took care of several smaller bills and made payments on some larger ones.

When he got back to the office he discovered, with a shock, that he had only about thirty dollars left. Maybe he shouldn't have paid so many bills. But they had to be paid, and now he was rid of them. Of course there were others, but none so very pressing. The house payment wasn't due until next week, and it could always be staved off a couple of weeks in a pinch. The note at the bank could be renewed, probably. Sure, they'd renew it.

He had clean forgotten the Elite Shop. The credit manager there was snooty. But he could be mollified with a small payment. They all could. Nothing to worry over. He was sitting pretty. Besides, he'd make another cleaning soon. He was hitting his stride.

Well, he'd deposit twenty. That would leave around ten to shoot on the races this afternoon. He slipped *Brighton's Turf Forecast* out of his desk. What should he climb on? Several good chances. There was My Baby in the fourth . . .

THE SOAP-BOX

THE CHOICE BEFORE CANADA

MR. BUTLER's article in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* for July, "The Anglo-American Love Affair", surely merits the consideration of every resident on this continent, and, very especially, of the people of Canada.

The writer, born in Scotland, has but one regret, namely, that he did not land on American shores instead of in Canada in 1911, for, despite the blunders of Prohibition, and the hundred and one other errors of social legislation that successive Tory administrations have perpetrated on the American nation, the inherent sense of economic evolution among its people makes the United States the present-day leader in a world of chaos and distrust.

Britain's intentions in the Far East, using America as the buffer between herself and Japan, is so apparent that I am not surprised at the agitation in America for a navy of more effective fighting power. Sooner or later America will have to meet this issue, and to Canada it is of paramount importance. We all know the value of treaties when once war is declared, and Japan has definitely shown that she is quite capable of making them scraps of paper. What is Canada's position?

Alaska, which is American territory, and of great potential wealth, would, naturally, be one of the first objectives of Japan's naval and military forces. This would immediately give them access to the Pacific Coast land defences, for Canada would not be considered an obstacle.

Canada, in the position of a buffer state, would share the same fate as Belgium did in 1914. Obviously, the Japanese military authorities would not waste time landing troops in Alaska, and sending them down the wild coast of British Columbia. Not at all! The Japanese forces would be landed in Canadian territory as close to the American border as possible, unless the sea-power of Japan had already been smashed by the American battle fleet.

But Great Britain would not allow that sort of thing, say the unimaginative flag-wavers at Ottawa. Well, if Britain sticks her nose into the squabble, what is Japan going to do to British investments in China? And what will happen to the rule of Britain in her Indian Empire? What will the French—who have not forgotten the story of Waterloo—do, in such a situation? Right at this moment, the war-dogs are snarling and snapping at their leashes in the European capitals. Germany, under the mad Hitler, is again becoming a definite threat, not for what she may do alone, but for what she may do in collaboration with a fully armed Italy. In case of German and Italian unity, France is threatened with a loss of prestige in the Mediterranean.

Here again, Britain would face disaster. With the Mediterranean zone under Italian—or French—domination, Britain's route to India would be paralysed for all time, with, of course, the inevitable loss of all British dominance in the Far East. And what about us in Canada?

We, in Canada, would have two alternatives. We would either throw in our lot

with America in defence of this continent, or side with Britain, and thus compel the United States to forget all the after-dinner orations about the 3000 miles of unfortified frontier. In sheer self-defence, the United States would be compelled to "invade" Canada. Nonsense, exclaim the professional patriots. The Japanese would not dare violate Canadian neutrality! Well, who is going to stop them? Certainly not *our* army. Nor our "navy". Britain? Read again the preceding paragraphs.

Britain has over-reached herself in her greed of empire. She is no longer the workshop of the world. Guns, battleships, ammunition, and all the other requirements of modern war between "civilized" nations can be had without buying from John Bull. The resources of Germany, France, Italy, not to mention Russia and the newly acquired resources of Japan in China, make Britain's position the most dangerous she has been in since the beginning of the Nineteenth Century. The antagonism now generated against her has been, in great degree, the result of her economic policy, fostered and encouraged by such irritants as the Ottawa Economic Conference and that still-born bastard of international promiscuity, the World Economic Conference. True, the Right Hon. R. B. Bennett, Canada's Prime Minister, did his best as a political mid-wife, but his efforts at trying to save the life of the child he was partly responsible for have not added to his chances to become one of the titled gentry, and completely damned his hopes at the next general election.

We in Canada are at the cross-roads. One road points to our continued adherence to Britain's apron-strings, with all the danger that policy implies. The other road points to a political and economic understanding with the United States, as-

surings the complete solidarity of this continent against the predatory imperialism of the European states. The show-down has come at last. We in Canada, like the people of the United States, are over our heads in debt, a legacy of our insane attitude in 1914, when, with a Tory government in power, aided by the vilest of hate propaganda, we were pushed into European politics and hatreds. Mr. H. Butler has rendered a timely service to a real understanding of the international situation. *Montreal.* J. NAPIER

THE ENGLISH

ON THIS, my first extended visit to England (in the past I was never here more than a few weeks), I am learning a good many things that surprise me. One is that the English are not really a cold and standoffish people, as most Americans seem to believe, but extremely amiable and hospitable. Of course, they do not take complete strangers to their bosoms, but what sensible person does? Once they know you, they are very attentive, and go to a lot of trouble and expense to make you happy.

I am the author of two books that have been published over here. They got only indifferent notices, and have certainly not made big successes; nevertheless, I am treated very politely, and many men who are decidedly worth knowing show me attention. What strikes me is that these men are of all classes and professions. When an English author goes to New York he meets few people save writers, and nine-tenths of them are of no importance. I met an English novelist yesterday who told me that he has been in the United States three times, and yet has never met Dreiser, Dos Passos, Miss Cather or Hergesheimer. That could hardly happen in England.

The fact that most Englishmen dislike the United States only makes their politeness to Americans the more remarkable. It seems to me that they are entitled to their opinion, and deserve some credit for their tolerance. On my side, I have no great admiration for their country (politically speaking) and let the fact be known whenever the question comes up, but very few Englishmen seem to resent it. They try to argue me out of it, but they do not act as if my ideas were immoral.

The bad qualities of the English are written about a great deal. This note is intended simply to recall the fact that they also have some good ones.

AN AMERICAN AUTHOR

London, England

THE ARISTOCRAT

I NOTICE in the July issue of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* that Mr. Park Anderson returns to the charge against the aristocrats. According to him, "the dynamic force behind all national progress is mass psychology."

It would probably be difficult to prove that there has been any "national progress" in historic times. Certainly nothing that has happened in America during the last half century can, by any stretch of the imagination, be called progress, and this includes the period during which Demos has insisted most strongly in putting his four feet in the trough. If "national progress" be defined as that condition of affairs where individual rights have completely disappeared, where the individual has been plundered of all he possessed by thoroughly legal measures, where he and his progeny have been mortgaged and fettered for generations to come, then indeed have we had "national progress". But this does not conform to my ideas of progress.

It is an historical fact, however, that an aristocracy has never yet shown its capacity of conserving for any considerable length of time the fruits of its labors. The aristocrat plans, builds and conserves only to see his accumulations fall into the hands of the rabble, and himself left naked and forlorn. This to a large extent is the fault of the aristocrat himself, and offers the ground for such critics as Mr. Anderson to exclaim that "the aristocrat is not fit to govern." The aristocrat could govern long and well if he were intelligent enough to learn the one sound lesson which the mob can teach him. That is, to govern the mob, the aristocrat must apply the same measures that this same mob would employ to govern the aristocrat, were their positions changed.

The deposed aristocrat is stripped of his liberties and his worldly possessions when Demos gains the upper hand; therefore, the aristocrat, to maintain his position, must employ the same stern measures against those who would dispossess him. Just as soon as the aristocrat becomes careless of his rights and privileges, and no longer stands ready to fight for them, just that soon is he lost. He is also lost when, for sentimental reasons, he begins to swell his ranks by the admission of any considerable number from the lower strata. That is one of the great troubles in America to-day: there are multitudes parading in the ranks of the aristocrats who are merely swine.

The aristocrat of the kind defined by Mr. Lewis Randolph is all right, and the world and America need more of him if they are to survive. The essential thing to do is to segregate him, organize him, induct him into his legitimate offices of power and authority, and be ready to spill your blood in order to sustain him.

Michoacán, Mexico ROYAL P. JARVIS

ONE—HE—I—WE

SOME time ago a contributor to THE AMERICAN MERCURY was denouncing the *one—he* combination of pronouns. I agree that it is somehow disagreeable, but it seems to me that it is on its way into good usage, and that opposing it is thus vain. The other day, reading the *London Mercury* for July, I came across the following (p. 195):

The play, "The Late Christopher Bean," at the St. James's, looks like running for a year without any commendation from us. But having enjoyed it so enormously one cannot refrain from saying so: I cannot remember any modern comedy at once so funny, so "educated," so wonderfully well constructed; and, on this first occasion, so marvellously acted by Mr. Hardwicke, Miss Evans, and the whole cast. We were flattered to find the plot hinging on the publication in our pages of a dead man's letters. We were not flattered by the author's assumption that we should have let slip a palpably libellous sentence about a living medical man. When that came out my illusion of reality temporarily faded, and I almost shouted out: "I should have blue-pencilled that!"

Here are *us, one, I, we* and then *I* again in succession. The paragraph was by Sir John C. Squire, the distinguished editor of the *London Mercury*, and bore his signature. Surely it is useless to denounce anything supported by so respectable an authority.

London, England HAROLD W. WIGGAM

A DYING ART

IN THE killing of burlesque by vaudeville, and the killing of vaudeville by revues, and the killing of revues by the movies, and the killing of the movies by the radio, there has been killed what to me was the greatest art of the theatre, comedianism, and with it the greatest artists of the thea-

tre, comedians. The radio may do a lot for both silly and serious music, but it can never serve comedy, as the dreadful efforts of Wynn, Jolson, Cantor, Pearl and many others have proved, for comedy is unimaginable without antic, and antic is one of the treasures of sight. No radio can give us the stiff, bogus self-esteem of a W. C. Fields, or the scoundrelly good nature of a Bobby Clark. Which brings me to my point: what is holding back television? With that medium perfected the gayety of nations may conceivably be restored. By all means, let us have it before such as Fields, and Clark, and Wynn, and Groucho Marx shuffle off. Once they are gone the likes o' them will never come again.

Brooklyn

HERBERT A. ASHTON

CURRENT SHORT-STORIES

MOST intelligent and well-informed men and women will probably agree with me that the current American novels are generally better than the current short-stories. Why this is so I don't know. Perhaps there is no reason beyond the bare fact. Anyway, the most popular pattern of the short-story nowadays is the sophomoric reminiscence of infantile experience. All such stories may be classified into these forms: 1. When I was young I was sad; 2. When I was young I knew someone who was sad; 3. When I was young I loved a girl who did not love me; 4. When I was young I loved a girl who did not know about it; 5. When I was young I loved a horse; and 6. When I was young I was dead.

Memphis, Tenn.

HORATIO

DARKEY

TO ONE for some time convinced of the high tone and literary excellence of THE

AMERICAN MERCURY, the printing of the word *darkey* in the July issue in reference to a Negro was a decided shock and keen disappointment. The opprobrious—though quite American—epithet occurred in a letter written by one Alba W. Duke of Skene, Miss., in *The Soap-Box*.

May I inquire if it is the policy of THE AMERICAN MERCURY to debase its elevated standards by publishing dubious contributions so vulgarly and insultingly phrased? Anyway, I should like to ask Alba W. Duke of the Worst American State to explain, by virtue of his clairvoyant observation, what a "genuine Southern darkey" really is.

Morgan College J. W. HAYWOOD, JR.
Baltimore

NOTE ON LOVE AND PITY

It is impossible to pity without forgiveness. Love demands perfection in the loved one; it cannot forgive faults, and therefore it cannot truly pity. It can only scorn. Mere affection is no more than sympathy. It does not demand perfection; it is ready to forgive, and hence to pity. The legend that love is sometimes born of pity is wrong; all that is born of pity is more pity, which is to say an intenser and more pervasive sympathy. Pity cannot give birth to love. Pity is a looking down. Love, psychologically, is always a looking up. Or am I all wet?

Lincoln, Neb.

DELTA

OUTSTANDING; EXCITING

IN THE AMERICAN MERCURY, some time ago, a contributor made note of the extent to which the word *outstanding* is over-worked by pedagogues. It is seldom that one of them writes about anything without using it. I notice of late that the re-

viewers of books, plays, movies, music, etc., have developed a catchword to match it, to wit, *exciting*. During the past week I have found it twenty times in as many reviews.

AN AMATEUR LEXICOGRAPHER
Syracuse, N. Y.

QUERIES

56. RUGGED INDIVIDUALISM.—Did Mr. Hoover originate this phrase? If so, when and where?
Detroit

R. T.

57. THE BRAIN TRUST.—Who was the first to label the Moley-Tugwell-Berle trinity the Brain Trust? I hear that a New York reporter originated the phrase. If so, who was he, and when and in what newspapers did he first use it?
Eugene, Ore.

J. T. McL.

58. KERENSKY.—What has become of that perfect *New Republic* man, Alexander Kerensky, who tried to rule Russia for a while in 1917? The last I heard of him, which was two years ago, he was in Paris, playing cards.
Missoula, Mont.

VALUTA

59. WAR DEBTS.—When asked about the war debts Calvin Coolidge is alleged to have remarked, "Well, they hired the money, didn't they?" When and where did he say this?

Aetna, Kan.

CASSIUS

60. BLUE CINEMA.—Can some learned reader tell me the origin of the phrase *blue cinema*, used chiefly, it seems, in France and Cuba to describe bawdy movies? I have searched several French and Spanish books in an effort to trace the origin of this phrase, but I have so far been unsuccessful. Similar erotic films have a large surreptitious circulation in America. What are they called in the American vernacular? What is their trade name, if they have one?

Phoebus, Va.

JAMES W. IVY

61. SOLDIER.—John Quincy Adams, in his Diary for January 2, 1832, credits Gibbon with the remark: "The courage of a soldier is the cheapest quality in human nature." Where did Gibbon say it? It looks like something from the History, but if so I have missed it.

Floyd Bennett Field,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

FLYING FOOL

REPLIES

27. CANES.—In London, sixty years ago, the story went that canes were used by the swells to keep dogs at a distance. But they go back much further. Pope, in "The Rape of the Lock" (1712) describes

Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane.

Dean Swift, in his facetious "Directions to Servants," writes: "If the poker be out of the way, or broken, stir the fire with the tongs; if the tongs be not at hand, use the muzzle of the bellows, the wrong end of the fire-shovel, the handle of the fire-brush, the end of a mop, or your master's cane." Canes were evidently used in England in the reign of Queen Anne (1702-1714). Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary, quotes the poet George Herbert (died 1633) as using the word, but on referring to "The Church Porch" I find that it is not *cane*, but *can*,—which alone makes sense of the passage quoted.

La Palmeraie,
Hyères, France

A. J. MAAS

44. DRY HUMOR.—Sean McA. of Los Angeles—and his name suggests the humorless Scotsman whom Barrie quotes as saying, "They tell me that it takes a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotsman's head, but I don't see how you could get a joke into anyone's head by a surgical operation"—has started an interesting question by asking for the difference between dry humor and the ordinary humor. As I see it, dry humor is humor which consciously or unconsciously is

subjectively mirthless. The above quotation from Barrie is one example. We associate dry humor with Cassius: "Seldom he smiles and when he smiles, he smiles in such a sort as if he mocked himself and scorned a spirit which could be made to smile at anything." Perhaps our greatest exponent of dry humor was the late Calvin Coolidge. When that great and good leader of the whoopee era was spending his Summer in the woods of Northern Wisconsin, he traveled some twenty miles to church on Sunday, Mrs. Coolidge staying at home. When he returned she asked her spouse: "What did the minister preach about?" "Sin," said Calvin, monosyllabically. "What did he say about it?" she inquired. "He was against it," said Calvin. That was dry humor. But when Lincoln was asked how long a man's legs ought to be, he answered, "I reckon a man's legs ought to be just long enough to reach the ground." That was—what shall we say?—wet humor. He knew it was funny and he chuckled at it himself.

CLAUDE J. PERNIN, S.J.

Department of English,
Xavier University,
Cincinnati, O.

55. THE POTENCY OF BEER.—The Brau-Industrie Kalender for 1932-33 gives the alcohol content of some well-known European beers as follows, the percentage in each case being by weight:

Pilsner Urquell	3.40%
Münchner Salvator	5.19%
Kulmbacher (dark)	4.55%
Viennese (light)	3.60%
Copenhagen (light)	3.30%
Münchner Märzen	3.37%

This shows that the light European beers are very little stronger than the 3.2% brews now legal in the United States. Only the very dark and heavy Kulmbacher and Münchner Salvator are appreciably more potent.

Fond du Lac, Wis.

D. D.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

The Nordic Utopia

THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE FROM WASHINGTON TO HARDING: *A Study in Democracy*, by Herbert Agar. \$3.50. 5½ x 8½; 337 pp. Boston: *The Houghton Mifflin Company*.

ACCOMPANYING Dr. Agar's book, but not bound with it, is a chart showing his ranking of the twenty-eight Presidents from Washington to Harding. On the highest level he puts four of them—Washington, the two Adamses and Lincoln—and on the next highest, five—Jefferson, Madison, Cleveland, Roosevelt Major, and Wilson. Monroe follows, and after him Johnson and Taft, and then the curve begins to dip sharply, with Harding at the bottom, Grant but a short space above him, and McKinley no more than a hair's breadth above Grant. Of the fifteen Presidents before the Civil War, six are put above the median line; of the twelve following Lincoln and preceding Coolidge, only three.

Most Americans who know anything of their country's history will be disposed to agree, I suspect, with this classification, though there may be some differences over details. The surviving believers in democracy—if, in fact, any survive—will probably object to placing Jefferson and Jackson below the Adamses, and there will certainly be dissenters from the doctrine that Taft was superior to Tyler, but on the whole the chart has a considerable plausibility. It must be obvious to everyone that we have not been fortunate in our Presidents since Lincoln. We have had but four, indeed, who showed any noticeable superiority to a Grand Goblin of Rotary, and

of these Johnson was ruined by the aftermath of the Civil War and both Roosevelt Major and Wilson were demoralized and made ridiculous by the World War. This leaves Cleveland. He was probably the most honest man, since Tyler, to reach the White House, and in many ways he was the ablest ever seen there.

Dr. Agar stops with Harding, apparently on grounds of delicacy, for the slipcover of his book says that he is at present attached to the American Embassy at London in a confidential capacity, serving under the Hon. Robert W. Bingham, LL.D., the Louisville wet-dry, and one of the most glorious of all the appointees of Roosevelt Minor. Where would Coolidge go if he were on the chart? I observe two blank lines at the bottom: maybe one of them is being kept for him. And Hoover? It is too soon to attempt to rank him: a plebiscite today would probably put him far south of the two Harrisons, Buchanan, Fillmore and Taft, and possibly even south of Harding. But that may be only the injustice and contumely which descend upon Wife No. 1 during the honeymoon with Wife No. 2. By the time the country has had a full year of Roosevelt Minor and the Brain Trust it may be ready to find virtues in poor Hoover, and by March 4, 1937, it may be erecting monuments to him.

At the moment, of course, such thoughts smack of sedition. We are, as I write, in the midst of another Support the President campaign, and it is marked by even more blah than was heard during the high days of Wilson, Coolidge and Hoover. Washington is swarming with professional tub-

thumpers, and the corps of Washington correspondents, as always, is succumbing like a gang of hayseeds at a Methodist camp-meeting. We are not only asked to believe a great many things that are palpably not so; we are asked to believe an entirely new set once a week. Every pedagogue who is promoted from Freshman Economics XI or Mail-Order Selling XII to the General Staff of the Brain Trust arrives in Washington with another sure-cure in his brief-case, and a few days later it is launched upon the plain people with loud yells. Thus we make trial in a large way of government by hullabaloo, and the days are happy ones for persons of a confiding and lunatic turn of mind.

The current First Chief of the Republic is almost ideally fitted to lead this uproar. It would be something of an exaggeration, it seems to me, to range him among the towering intellects of the nation, but for the present purpose he has something that is far more useful than either learning or wisdom, and that is a magnificent natural talent for showmanship. In brief, he is a true Roosevelt, and in him all the peculiar qualities of the clan reach a high amperage. His ideas, such as they are, change frequently—he came into office, for example, denouncing inflation as immoral, and was advocating it within six weeks—but he knows how to make them sound plausible over the air, and not only plausible but also what might almost be called passionate. Perhaps this is what the Hon. Herbert Bayard Swope meant by speaking, in London, of his ærial sex appeal. It is really a great deal like the professional seductiveness of a handsome young evangelist. There is the same soothing and caressing voice, the same wide, reassuring smile, and the same easy certainty that all the dark secrets of the cosmos have been or will be penetrated. But most of all there is the

showmanship—the chiefest family treasure of the Rooseveltii, in which even the humblest and dumbest of them is richer than any nabob in Hollywood. Hoover, seeking to save us, made a horrible surgical operation of it, and ended by cutting off his own head, but Roosevelt Minor is turning it into a mixture of circus and revival, with millionaires roaring down the sawdust trail, high military personages doing flipflops from camel to camel, and the band playing “Funiculi, Funicula” *prestissimo*.

As I have said, Mr. Agar shuts down his book with Harding, whom he describes briefly as “a man without courage or character.” There is nothing about Coolidge and nothing about Hoover, save the somewhat cold statement that he was “respected” in 1921, when he entered the pungent Harding Cabinet. I am in hopes that the author will be encouraged by good sales, for his book is very interesting so far as it goes, and that he will be induced in some later edition to revise it a bit and bring it down to date. In particular, he should give more attention to the process whereby candidates for the Presidency are chosen, for in it lies the clue to many of the phenomena he discusses in such sad amazement. How did Hoover, after falling many miles short of the Republican nomination in 1920, get it so easily in 1928, to the rage and astonishment of old Charlie Curtis, Jim Watson, Andy Mellon and the rest of the insiders? And how did Roosevelt Minor achieve his walkaway last year, the while Al Smith howled and beat his breast?

Such questions interest me very much, but the answers that are commonly made to them are far from satisfying. In the days when Colonel George B. M. Harvey, LL.D., was still alive we were usually told that he had arranged the business at a

midnight conference behind locked doors. The authority here was always Harvey himself, but though I was commonly nearby when he was supposed to be operating I don't recall ever seeing any evidence of his magic. He was dead, alas, before Roosevelt Minor became a candidate, and so the arrangements fell into other hands. Who actually made them, and what were they in detail? At least to the end of 1931 Dr. Roosevelt was simply Governor of New York, and anything but a roaring success in that post: in fact, most of the New York publicists, including the tolerant Walter Lippmann, were very snif-fish of him. But by the opening of the ensuing Spring there was whooping for him all over the country, and when the Democratic National Convention assembled in June he had a majority of the delegates, and it was quickly converted into the necessary two-thirds.

All of this, you may be sure, involved hard work by someone, and the expenditure of a great deal of money, for delegates are not to be rounded up for nothing. The hard work, it appears, was mainly done by Jim Farley and Arthur F. Mullen, the one now rewarded with glories surpassing Solomon's and the other somehow overlooked. But who put up the mazuma? I have encountered but one answer to that question, and it is only a partial one. It is to the effect that the first \$40,000 was supplied in equal shares by four friends of the Republic, one of them being the Hon. William H. Woodin, Mus.D., now Secretary of the Treasury, another being the Hon. Jesse I. Straus, now Ambassador to France, and a third being Col. Edward M. House. The name of the fourth I forget, though I seem to recall that he has been suitably rewarded. The point is that this \$40,000 must have been much less than Dr. Farley needed for his missionary work. Unless I

am a complete duffer at political science, he had got rid of it before any newspaper had heard that he was on the road. Well, then, how much was spent later, and who supplied it? I believe that an answer to this last question would provide an extremely interesting gloss upon the history of the New Deal, and give Mr. Agar a lot of instructive material for his next edition.

He pauses to marvel more than once that so many obviously third-rate men have got to the White House since the Civil War and so many far better ones have failed, but he does not go into the causes thereof at any length. They lie chiefly in the fact that, under the convention system, a candidate needs delegates far more than he needs merit, and that having the latter doesn't give him much help in rounding up the former. When Hoover tried to get the Republican nomination in 1920 he was at the very peak of his fame, and no other man in the United States was so widely known or so generally popular. Yet he was beaten easily by Harding—in fact, he was beaten before his whoopers got to Chicago, and they showed that they realized it by shutting up their headquarters before the first ballot. But this same Hoover, in 1928, with eight dismal years in the Harding and Coolidge Cabinets behind him, Coolidge openly opposed to him, and his popularity worn to tatters, had himself nominated with the utmost ease. In 1920 he was a hero, but in 1928 he had the delegates. It was the difference between a melancholy failure and a gaudy success.

Al Smith had much the same experience. In 1924 he was at the top of his celebrity, and all the heroic deeds for which he will be remembered were already behind him. Moreover, the convention of his party was held in his own town, even on his own East Side, and the galleries were packed with his customers, armed with bullroar-

ers, bugles and fire-engine sirens. Yet the best he could do was to delay the proceedings for two weeks: in the end the nomination went to a Wall Street lawyer with no more flavor than a lump of glass. But four years later, after Al had begun to fade as a statesman and the Methodist and Baptist clergy had had plenty of time to heat up the Bible country against him, he went down to Houston in the heart of it and took the nomination from under the very nose of Archbishop Cannon, who sat on the platform sweating malicious animal magnetism. In 1924 he was a hero, but in 1928 he had the delegates. They had been rounded up quietly, long before the convention met, by his Jim Farleys.

Certainly this should have taught Al a lesson, but if it did so his subsequent defeat eradicated it from his mind. He appeared in Chicago last year in the joint rôles of martyr and old master, assuming fatuously that the nomination was his due as one who had suffered for the cause and was the titular head of the party. It may seem incredible that a professional politician should ever be so stupid, but Al somehow managed it. It took him four or five days to discover that Roosevelt actually had the delegates—a fact apparent to everyone else from the moment they began to stagger in, bawling for beer. Jim Farley had been out in the tall grass rounding them up, and there they stood in their pen, waiting to be voted. Large numbers of them were far from enthusiastic about Roosevelt; in truth, probably a majority of them hoped that there would be a break, and they would have a chance to vote for someone else. But Farley kept them in their pen and the chance never came. The break, indeed, was in the other direction, and scores of delegates who were violently opposed to Roosevelt leaped on the bandwagon with hearty outcries, hoping that Farley would

remember them if, when and as the time ever came for deserving Democrats to resume places at the trough.

Mr. Agar, pursuing his diplomatic duties in London, is in no position to exhume and examine the facts in this case. Many of them are naturally occult, and there are others that, in the judgment of persons privy to them, had better not be gone into. Nevertheless, they ought to be unearthed, for they throw a brilliant light upon the actual process of government under democracy. What everybody can see is that a man of no particular ability, and with little if anything in his public record to make the heart beat, yet managed to edge himself into the highest office in the nation. What lacks recording is the precise procedure, step by step, by which the business was achieved. The Hon. Mr. Farley could tell the story if he wanted to, but there is no sign that he wants to. There is, so far as I know, nothing scandalous about it, but politicians are constitutionally reticent. It awaits some historian, if any exists, who has had enough experience of politics to know the difference between a cheer in the gallery and a vote on the floor.

The Slav Utopia

THE TRAGEDY OF RUSSIA, by Will Durant. \$1.25. 4 $\frac{7}{8}$ x 8; 164 pp. New York: Simon & Schuster.

THIS book, if it had come out two or three years ago, would have made an uproar, for all the more romantic Young Thinkers of the Republic were then toying with Bolshevism, as they had been toying a bit before with the New Humanism; but now they have flopped almost unanimously to a Planned Economy, a Managed Dollar and other such safer arcana, and there is no one left to maul and advertise Dr. Durant save the deodorized Sex Boys and a few flatulent young professors who have

not yet heard that the old show is over. Thus he will probably get polite reviews, but his book remains a good one nevertheless. It is the report of a man who went to Russia saying "I am afraid that Communism cannot succeed, but I hope to God it does", and who came back holding his nose. Here I speak literally. Entering the Promised Land by way of Siberia, he encountered at Omsk the first blasts of solid, liquid and gaseous filth, and thereafter, until he finally crossed the Polish border at Stopce and found himself in a clean train operated by a clean crew, he seems to have been never far from acute olfactory discomfort. It was, in its way, a very interesting journey, and without doubt it was also instructive, but I can find no indication in the record that it was ever anything reasonably describable as pleasant.

Dr. Durant writes well, and so his story loses nothing in the telling. In a few extremely artful pages he gets Omsk upon paper—a dead and rotting town, its trade gone, its glories all departed, its people broken and hopeless. After a nightmare of a trip from the railroad station he found a nightmare of a hotel kept by a nightmare of a landlady and proceeded to enjoy a nightmare of his own. Meals: ten rubles each—five dollars in American money, for the Bolsheviks rook the stranger by making him pay pre-war exchange, though the ruble is now worth only a few cents. A room for the night: thirty-six rubles—eighteen dollars. No toilet—at all events, none that worked. The maid who brought in tea refused a tip (taking tips is forbidden by the idealists of the Kremlin), but begged for a slice of bread. The landlady, cross-examined, turned out to be a woman of gentle upbringing, robbed of her all in the revolution and now permitted to run this house of horror as a sort of act of grace. The landlord, of course, was the

Kremlin. Her salary: forty rubles a month—say a dollar. "What do you eat?" "Bread and tea". "Anything else?" "Sometimes."

The official conductors of tourists, naturally enough, do not take them to Omsk. Getting in and out of the town is a job requiring endless patience, and the heroic stomach of a garbage-scow captain. Seeking tickets to Moscow, Dr. Durant waited three hours for the station-master, was put off for three days, came back early the next morning, hung about all day, returned on the second day, got his tickets at last, found the train three hours late, had his tickets refused by the conductor, smuggled himself aboard, and finally induced the conductor to refrain from heaving him out on the steppe only after eight hours' argument. There was a four days' journey ahead, and the only berth available for Mrs. Durant was in a coupé with a Soviet functionary. This worthy was induced to move out, and the Durants moved in. The next day there was a wreck ahead, and a long delay. The day following there was another wreck, and another delay. On the fourth day the train reached Moscow at four o'clock in the morning, twelve hours late, and it took eight hours more to find a hotel with a habitable room.

Moscow turned out to be as frowsy and preposterous as all the other more realistic visitors have reported it. Dr. Durant had the usual baffling adventures with Intourist, but he seems to have used the official guides as little as possible. He had planned to stay all Summer, but a month of dreary knocking about, eating bad meals, gaping at banal sights, elbowing through dull and shabby crowds, and listening to heart-breaking tales of woe behind the door, was enough for him, and he prepared to move on. This turned out to be much easier said than done. Intourist blandly took his

American money (then still worth 100 cents to the dollar) for tickets on the Cannon Ball to Warsaw, but when he got to the station the conductor told him that they were no good, and he was advised to come back the next day. Fortunately, this conductor was a man of enlightened self-interest, and after some argument he was induced to rent his own little cubby-hole to the pilgrims. "It was dingy and dirty, and covered with crumbs from the damp bread which was almost his only sustenance," but at all events it was better than camping with the comrades and sharing their pediculi.

Dr. Durant, casting up the achievements and failures of the Kremlin, finds little to enter on the credit side of the ledger. They have built a great many grandiose dams and steel plants, but most of them are not working, and those that are seem to be working badly. They have greatly reduced illiteracy, but there is nothing for the new literates to read save Bolshevik propaganda, most of it too stupid to be amusing. They have emancipated women, but only to find them pleasant jobs in the rolling-mills. They have legalized both contraception and abortion, but the birth-rate remains appalling. They have delivered the plain people from the opium of religion, but forced them to smoke the worse opium of Communism. They have abolished Farm Relief, but failed to make the farmers go to work. They have thrown the universities open to the plain people, but barred out everyone else. They have built many new hospitals and dispensaries, but have room in them only for those patients whose politics are satisfactory. They have gone in for art and science in a Large Way, but it is Greenwich Village art and puerile science.

Their most spectacular performance, perhaps, has been the liberation of the Jews,

for centuries a depressed class in Russia. That this was undertaken in good faith I have no doubt, for many of the Kremlin moguls are themselves Jews, and not a few of them were badly used in the days of the Czars. But they seem to be Bolsheviks first and Jews only second, for the Jewish religion is as much under the ban today as Christianity, and it is dangerous for a Jew to be heard speaking Yiddish on the streets of Moscow. There is, to be sure, no law specifically forbidding it, but spies are everywhere, and one of their chief duties is to detect and report persons speaking foreign languages, especially to foreigners. When, after the late war, the Poles began organizing pogroms and the Jews of their country took to flight, the exodus was not to Russia, but to Germany. It was, alas, a bad choice, but certainly the Polish Jews must have had what appeared to them to be good reasons for making it. Even today the fugitives from Hitler show no eagerness to trust themselves to Stalin.

The chances seem to be good that Hitler will be gone and forgotten long before Stalin and company begin to slip. They have made a horrible mess of governing Russia, but they have fortified themselves so strongly that shaking them out will be a herculean task. Their strength, like that of any other political machine, lies in their control of the pie counter. The only decent job in Russia today is that of a public official, and they have multiplied public offices enormously. Thus they have a huge army at their call, part of it in uniform but a larger part in mufti, and in the face of it anything even remotely resembling revolt is impossible, and even unthinkable. Every whisper of discontent is reported instantly and punished violently, and when actual culprits run short the endless spies and snoopers frame the innocent. Even active Communists are not immune; they

are put on trial now and then for the good of their souls, and it is not uncommon for a comrade who has been insufficiently vociferous to be turned out of the party and shipped to Siberia. As a result, the whole population lives in terror, and all persons of any sense, including even many of the jobholders, long to escape the country.

The normal way for such a camorra to come to grief is through internal dissension, but so far Stalin has managed to put down all rivals. Certainly it seemed unlikely, when Lenin became *non compos*, that Trotsky could be disposed of, for he was a great popular hero, second only to Lenin himself. Yet Stalin knocked him off, and with him Zinoviev and Kamenev, Bukharin and Rykov. It was a really astounding feat of politics, and perhaps unmatched in the modern world. It was made possible only by the fact that whoever happens to be top dog in the Kremlin has complete control of every source of public information, of every agency of governmental power, and of every last Russian's livelihood. What the first part of this amounts to was displayed in this country during the late war, what the second part can achieve was shown by Tammany during Jimmy Walker's reign in New York, and what lies in the third part may be revealed by the Brain Trust on some near tomorrow. Stalin, with all three whips in his hand, was irresistible.

Dr. Durant, like most intelligent men, is against the Pecksniffery that has marked Washington's relations with Moscow since the days of Charles Evans Hughes in the State Department. He believes that it is none of our business if Russia has been converted into an immense chain-gang camp—that getting rid of the Kremlin Nietzsches is a job for Russians, not for us. Unfortunately, he is not content to leave

the case there, but proceeds to list some things that “Russia can teach us.” They are four in number—“a planned economy, the use of social motives in production, the abandonment of race prejudice, and the elimination of extravagance and display.” Only the third of these, it seems to me, has any reality. The planned economy of Moscow is surely the worst failure ever heard of, for the whole population of Russia, forgetting the public jobholders, is underfed, badly clothed and wretchedly housed. As for “the use of social motives in production,” I can see no sign of it: the Russians work simply because if they refuse the tasks assigned them they must starve. As for “the elimination of extravagance and display,” I fear that Dr. Durant has forgotten the vast and useless dams, the childish effort to fill the countryside with mills and factories out-Fording Ford, and the endless marching and counter-marching of the Red Army, its sabres rattling and its cannon belching.

One real achievement he overlooks: Stalin could teach our politicians more than they have ever learned on their own. He is the undisputed grand-master of their order in the world today. Beside him, Hitler is only the shabby Imperial Wizard of a belated Ku Klux Klan, and Mussolini no more than a militia colonel on strike duty. He is worth a whole army corps of Tammany sachems, with all the extant Huey Longs, Giff Pinchots, Big Bill Thompsons, Borahs, Tom Heflins, Brookharts, Jim Farleys and Alfalfa Bill Murrays thrown in for good measure. I add the Brain Trust and Barney Baruch, and call it a day. If I had a son, and he showed a taste for politics, I'd send him to Moscow at once. It is there that the science of forcing 'em to like it has been brought to its highest imaginable polish.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

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JAMES T. FARRELL's story in this issue is from his novel, "The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan," which will be published shortly. He is also the author of "Young Lonigan" and "Gas-House McGinty."

ELIZABETH PAXTON (MRS. JIM) FORSLING *was born at Independence, Mo., and educated at Hollins College in Virginia, and at Montecello Seminary. Her cabin on Casper Mountain stands at an elevation of 9000 feet above sea-level, and is seven miles south of Casper, Wyo. She has published poetry under the pen name of Neal Galatin, and is also interested in painting.*

CARTER BROOKE JONES *is a newspaper man. For the past four years he has been a reporter for the Atlanta Georgian.*

GEORGE R. LEIGHTON *is thirty-one years old, and was educated at Phillips-Exeter and Harvard. He left Harvard without taking his degree. He is now on the staff of Harper's Magazine.*

SAUL LEVITT *was born at Hartford, Conn., but has spent twenty-one of his twenty-two years in New York. Forced to work his way through school, he has served as a shipping clerk, a civil service employé and a factory hand. He is now studying in the evening classes of the College of the City of New York.*

E. F. ORR *was born at Kokomo, Ind., and for a number of years was superin-*

tendent of schools at Hobart in that State. He is now teaching at Manitowoc, Wis.

DANIEL C. SAYRE *was born at Columbus, O., and is a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, with the degrees of bachelor of science in civil engineering and of master of science in aeronautical engineering. Until recently he was a member of the faculty of the Institute in the department of aeronautical engineering. He has had practical experience in operating airports and airplane factories, and has served as assistant editor of Aviation, and as contributing editor of the Technology Review.*

CHARLES LEE SNIDER *was born at Denton, N. C., and still lives there. He is a frequent contributor to the magazines.*

EDITH M. STERN *was born in New York City and received her A.B. from Barnard College in 1922. During the five years following she was employed in an editorial capacity by various publishers. Her first novel, "Purse Strings," was published in 1927. It was followed by a second, "Scarlet Heels," in 1928. Since then she has been contributing to the magazines and lecturing on current books.*

JESSE STUART *was born at Riverton, in the Kentucky mountains, in 1907. At the age of nine he began working in the fields. After a brief schooling and three years in a mountain college, he taught school. Since then he has attended Peabody College and Vanderbilt University, but he still spends a large part of his time in the mountains, working his ancestral acres. The poems printed in this issue will form part of a longer series to be published in book-form presently.*

CHARLES FITZHUGH TALMAN *is the author of "The Realm of the Air" and "Our Weather." He has been a staff meteorologist for the United States Weather Bureau since 1896.*



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*Continued from front advertising section,
page vi*

for the hand of Queen Elizabeth, and later on he went into convulsions because Lady Mary Hastings refused to marry him. In his last years he was so furious at his bad luck with Englishwomen that he took up magic. In his saner moments he sought to relieve his feelings by playing chess, and he died at a game with Boris Godunof. Mr. Graham tells his story very well. There are some illustrations and bibliographical notes, and also an index.

THE MIRRORS OF WALL STREET.

Anonymous. G. P. Putnam's Sons
\$2.50 5½ x 8½; 268 pp. New York

The dignitaries dealt with in this book are J. P. Morgan, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., George F. Baker, Thomas W. Lamont, Winthrop W. Aldrich, William C. Potter, Charles E. Mitchell, Otto H. Kahn, Clarence Dillon, Walter P. Chrysler, Eugene Meyer, Jr., Charles G. Dawes and Bernard M. Baruch. There is nothing sensational about the sketches; they present some stuff that is not commonly known, but most of it has been at least suspected. The anonymous author has humor, but he flavors it with only a touch of malice. Perhaps his most penetrating study is that of the younger Rockefeller. It reveals a well-meaning but immensely stupid fellow. The sketch of Meyer is also well done, as is that of Baruch. But those of Baker, Lamont and Kahn are rather feeble. The book is illustrated with portraits by Hugo Gellert, most of them good.

POETRY

A MOUNTAIN TOWNSHIP.

By Walter Hard. Harcourt, Brace & Company
\$2 5¾ x 8½; 218 pp. New York

Mr. Hard tells his droll tales of the Vermont mountaineers in a kind of free verse that is free indeed, but there is still a sneaking rhythm in it, and only prosodical pedants will complain of it. The tales themselves are seldom of any dramatic complexity; more often than not they are simple anecdotes, full of the savor of the crossroads store. But despite their bareness of outline a great deal of sharp observation is in them, and many of the characters they deal with stand out as vividly as the people of the Spoon River Anthology. Most of them are reprinted from the *Manchester Journal* or the *Rutland Herald*. There is an introduction by Dorothy Canfield Fisher, and a woodcut frontispiece by Raymond Bishop.

POOL IN THE MEADOW.

By Frances Frost. The Houghton Mifflin Company
\$2 5¾ x 8¾; 75 pp. Boston

Miss Frost's first two volumes of verse, "Blue Harvest" and "These Acres", revealed a fine technique and a considerable freshness of phrase. Her latest book will probably add very little to her reputation. Two or three of the poems in it, particularly "Verities" and "Before Storm", are respectable accomplishments, but the rest are mainly trivial, and often come close to being doggerel. As a piece of bookmaking the volume also is open to criticism. Nearly all of the left-hand pages are blank, and some of the right-hand pages contain poems only four lines in length. To ask \$2 for a volume of but seventy-five pages, at least half of which are blank, seems rather excessive.

THE ARTS

AESTHETIC MEASURE.

By George D. Birkhoff.

The Harvard University Press
\$7.50 Cambridge, Mass.
8½ x 11¼; 226 pp.

Dr. Birkhoff, who made his investigations on a grant from the Bureau of International Research of Harvard, here attempts to find a mathematical formula for æsthetic measure. That formula, as he presents it, is simple enough. Let C be the complexity of the object, and O its "harmony, symmetry or order". Then $\frac{O}{C} = M$, which is "the

feeling of value or æsthetic measure." Dr. Birkhoff proceeds to apply his formula to geometrical forms, to poetry, and to music. Unfortunately, it collides at once with the difficulty of determining the values of O and C . Despite his ingenious efforts to give them a purely objective character they remain subjective, and show only his private taste. Certainly there can be little validity for anyone else in such rules as "A harmonic sequence of at least three notes lying in the same consonant chord is counted 1 for each note after the first, up to a count of 4". Many perfectly good musicians would stop at 3, and not a few would begin to knock off 1 for every consonance after 3. But though Dr. Birkhoff's formula is thus far from convincing he has written an interesting book, and some of his observations probably have real value. He is professor of mathematics at Harvard, and the author of a standard book on relativity.

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Continued from page x

TAPESTRY: THE MIRROR OF CIVILIZATION.

By Phyllis Ackerman. The Oxford University Press
\$4.75 6 1/8 x 9 1/8; 451 pp. New York

Tapestries, says Miss Ackerman, were once an important part of household life, but "they have ceased to have any essential function in our own life." The present book traces their history from the earliest Egyptian times down to the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century. The discussion throughout is carried on against the background of the current religious cults, politics, and social habits. The volume is to be followed by a comprehensive study of the tapestry of France and Flanders in the years 1350-1520, the so-called Gothic period. There are three appendices: one a discussion of "The Technique and Aesthetic of Tapestry," the second an analysis of the guild regulations in the Middle Ages, and the third a chapter on "Some Collectors and Collections." There are many notes, a bibliography, and an index. Near the end are forty-eight excellent plates.

FICTION

PETER ASHLEY.

By DuBose Heyward. Farrar & Rinehart
\$2.50 5 1/4 x 7 3/4; 316 pp. New York

Young Peter Ashley returns to his native Charleston from England in the 50's, convinced that the South should not go to war. He holds his views for a while, and even attempts to express them as a journalist, but the tide of opposing opinion is too great for him. He falls in love with Damaris Gordon, a Southern belle, and fights a duel for her. After that, Damaris declares her love for him, and he is swept into the war by his combined relatives. In the end he marches off with the South Carolina Rifles actually feeling that he has willed to go. Damaris, looking on, hopes that he will return soon, but old Pierre Chardon, his Unionist uncle, knows only too well that he will not. The social setting, which Mr. Heyward has faithfully prepared, is highly dramatic, and the novel is of unusual merit.

INVITATION TO THE WALTZ.

By Rosamond Lehmann. Henry Holt & Company
\$2 5 x 7 1/2; 309 pp. New York

Here we have a description of a born wallflower at her first dance: her misery and shame; her inevitable meeting with the least eligible men present, including a blind man and a mad vulgar poet; her pitiful attempts at seeming attractive, and finally, her excruciating boredom and despair. Miss Lehmann has drawn a sympathetic portrait of Olivia Curtis in her painful adolescence, but the story is scarcely of much importance.

Continued on page xiv

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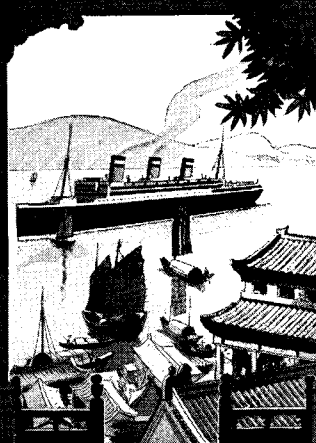
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WE BEGIN.

By Helen Grace Carlisle.

Harrison Smith & Robert Haas
\$2.50 5 x 7 3/4; 390 pp. New York

An historical novel, dealing with the people who went from Scrooby to Holland, and then, in the *Mayflower*, came to America. In particular, it is the story of John and Eleazar Dexter, brothers born near Scrooby, and of Anne, whom John marries and Eleazar long loves in secret. Miss Carlisle has done some interesting research, and at moments some interesting writing, but the book is an uneven piece of work.

MISCELLANEOUS

MODERN AMERICAN POETRY. MODERN BRITISH POETRY.

Edited by Louis Untermeyer.

Harcourt, Brace & Company
\$4.75 5 1/4 x 8; 1712 pp. New York

This omnibus is a reprint of the latest editions of its two constituent volumes, both of which are much esteemed and have sold widely. In the American section there are 730 poems by 153 poets, beginning with Emily Dickinson and running down to Nathalia Crane, and in the British section there are 760 poems by 150 poets, beginning with Christina Rossetti and running down to Stephen Spender. Mr. Untermeyer's selections, in the main, have the preponderance of critical judgment behind them, though there will be readers who will marvel at his omission, *inter alia*, of John McClure, Robert Loveman, Frances Frost, Thomas H. Ferril and Lou Wylie. The book is printed on opaque India paper, and despite its bulk is not unhandy.

PICTURESQUE WORD ORIGINS.

The G. & C. Merriam Company
\$1.50 9 3/4 x 6 3/4; 134 pp. Springfield, Mass.

English, more than most languages, is full of words of remote and hidden origin. Surely there is nothing in the word *bugle* to suggest that, in its primeval form, it meant a young bullock, or in *gossip* to recall that it once meant a godfather, or in *milliner* to indicate that it was originally the designation of an inhabitant of Milan. In the present volume the history of 200 or more such words is explored. The materials are taken from Webster's New International Dictionary, and so even the most incredible etymologies have authority behind them. At the end of the book are some notes upon the names of birds, animals, flowers, textiles and gems. There are many full-page drawings.

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